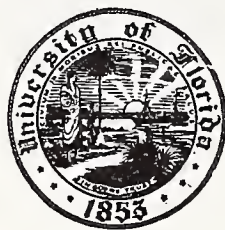






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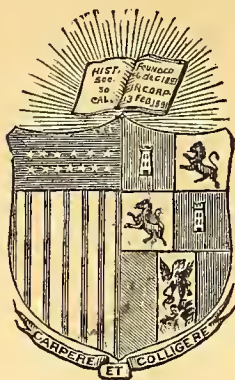




Organized November 1, 1883  
PART I

Incorporated February 12, 1891  
VOL. XIII

## ANNUAL PUBLICATIONS



# HISTORICAL SOCIETY

OF

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

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1924

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

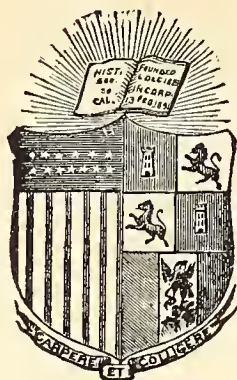
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COL. J. J. WARNER  
*First President of the Historical Society of  
Southern California*

## NEW LIGHT ON J. J. WARNER

BY LILLIAN A. WILLIAMSON

Note—The author wishes to acknowledge her indebtedness to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Warner for extensive quotations from the *Southern Vineyard*, and also to Mrs. Geo. Evans for copy of Col. Warner's picture and his home and other data.

In working out his pattern in life, Col. J. J. Warner wrought with a bold and fearless stroke, not with the idea of making his own design attract the approbation of those around him, but with the broader, bigger purpose of making his life fit into and complement the great life-pattern to which every one is supposed to contribute of his best.

The history of a nation is not recorded through the lives of its heroes alone, but through the life of the individual who daily touches the masses. Col. Warner had this close contact with people in all walks of life.

It is rather difficult to separate the threads of his life as they are so closely interwoven with those of other early pioneers who worked untiringly for the common cause. Col. Warner was a man who wrote and spoke very little of himself, and it is only by reading between the lines of his own writings, or interviewing those who knew him intimately (and there are but few of them left) that we can get at his real life story.

Perhaps the highest encomium paid Col. Warner by one of these early settlers is that of Dr. Joseph Widney, who came here in the late sixties, and who with Col. Warner and Judge Benj. Hayes wrote *An Historical Sketch of Los Angeles County in the Centennial Year*.

This is the most valuable and accurate history we have of our County. Col. Warner wrote that part of the "History" from 1776 to January, 1847. When we asked Dr. Widney about Col. Warner as a man, he said:

He was a good, clean, kindly man, just and fair in all his dealings, simple in his tastes, not a money-maker, but better than that—he was a man of whom the country may be proud.

His grand-daughter, Mrs. Evans, said that he was often called "George Washington the Second," because he never told a lie and never swore. He was very fond of company, and every holiday found a large gathering of friends at his home; and even when he was blind, the cabs and carriages of friends lined the driveway of his home, especially on Washington's Birthday.

Mrs. Evans says her grandfather never failed to take his daily walk and physical exercises.

He had a copper ring made by hand and carved by an Indian. This was given to him to ward off disease.

From the Indians he learned that the "Yerba Mansa" was good for coughs and colds and he would send out to the Cienega swamps, south of where the Los Angeles High School now stands, to get this by the sack-full. He learned from Washington, D. C., that the botanical name is *Anemopsis Californica*. A tea was made from the root of this plant and this was the panacea for almost all ills. He found it so beneficial to himself and family that he got Heinsman, the druggist, who had a drug store in the Temple Block, to keep it in stock. Whatever he had that was good, he always wished to share with others.

Judge N. P. Conrey, who came to Los Angeles as a young man in 1884 and had offices next to Col. Warner, (who was then a Notary Public) says Col. Warner was an excellent raconteur and told him stories of the old settlers, so that the names of the old families became very familiar to him, and he felt he almost knew them personally. It was about this time that Col. Warner's sight began to fail.

He was a man who, although he was affiliated with no particular sect, was a deeply religious man. He sometimes attended the Congregational Church and sometimes the Pro-Cathedral, Mr. Birdsall, the Rector of St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, being an especial friend. His grand-daughter says the "Golden Rule" was his religion.

In an editorial written in *The Southern Vineyard*, dated April 8, 1859, we get something of an idea of his philosophy of life and his views on the hereafter, when he says,

Suffering constitutes a large element in human existence. Who knows why? How is this consistent with the goodness of God? It is a wrong view of heaven which regards it as a place of rest in a sense of passive, indolent enjoyment. It is probably a sphere of action, of course varied, but like our life involving offices of benevolence and usefulness, requiring different training and different education and discipline.

We find here and there persons who seem already to have made more progress in the Christian life, even as respects those virtues which severe trials inculcate, than any people we know; and yet those are the very ones whom, of all others, Providence, if we may so speak, picks out to suffer again and again most keenly. Why is this? we ask. Why, if there be good in trial, why are not those selected that need it so much more? Perhaps were a correct answer given in an individual case, it would be something like this: "That soul suffers mainly that it may be prepared to serve others greatly. Its happiness in the other life is to be that of benefitting others, in a degree, and to an extent, not to be enjoyed by all." For that high, blissful office not only a general goodness is needful, but a particular kind of goodness, and this ripens only amid suffering.

If this be the case, we are sure Col. Warner is reaping the greatest happiness in that other, richer life; for his



cup of sorrow was often filled to the brim; but he accepted his fate with the courage of a martyr.

Mrs. Evans has a letter written by the wife of a prominent business man here in this City, dated January 1895, part of which reads as follows:

128 North Bunker Hill Ave.  
Los Angeles, Calif.,  
January 13, 1895.

Col. J. J. Warner,

Well remembered and Highly esteemed Friend,

If I may thus have the honor to address you.

Possibly my name and personality may have passed from your mind, but conspicuous among those whom my husband and I first met in the City of the Angels remains yourself. \* \* \* Your friends would have had it otherwise with you in the matter of your lost sight, but to know that you hold a position of honor in the hearts of your fellow-citizens must certainly afford you very pleasant thoughts. \* \* \*

Very sincerely,

---

Although this was but three months before Col. Warner's death, we see written in a good steady hand, "Answered, Jan. 17, 1895."

Some of the old settlers still speak of Col. Warner as "Don Juan."<sup>1</sup>

One of these says that she remembers when she was a girl, she often saw Col. Warner, when blind, come into St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, led by his grand-son, and he was then pointed out as one of the early pioneers and a prominent factor in the early history of Los Angeles.

This same lady says that he prophesied the flood of 1884. When he saw the people building their homes right in the river bottom, and along the edge, he warned them against it, for he recalled the earlier floods; but they only laughed at him. However, she said when the flood came, it washed out all the bridges except the covered Macy Street bridge; and houses, household belongings, railroad trains, sheep and cattle, and even an old cemetery with its dead, went floating down the stream.

Col. Warner's education was very broad, not from study in schools alone, but from that which he procured from close contact with nature, with people of varied habits and tastes, and through voluminous reading.

It may be well to speak here of Col. Warner's contribution to science in the pamphlet called *The Warm and*

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1. Jonathan Trumbull Warner, (Juan José Warner, his middle name being changed to José, as Trumbull had no equivalent in the Spanish language, and it was not easily pronounced by the Spaniards.

*the Cold Ages of the Earth in the Northern Latitudes*, published in 1884.

In this Col. Warner says that in 1830, when first seeing the rock formation with which the bluffs of the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers were faced, he felt that here was an incomprehensible phenomenon. But in the years 1830 to 1834 while traveling overland from Missouri to California by mule, and up the coast, and in the interior as far as the Klamath Lake country, geological phenomena were continually presented to his view and consideration. He was a keen observer and finally found a solution that satisfactorily explained the formation of the stone facings of the bluffs of the Illinois and Mississippi.

He also speaks of the rock reefs of San Miguel Island off Point Conception as being largely composed of fossil oyster shells. Large oyster beds were also to be found on the high land near the source of the Salinas River in San Luis Obispo County. These were of gigantic size. One of these oysters, he says, according to James Terry, measuring  $17\frac{1}{2}$  inches, and weighing 35 pounds, is now in the Museum of Natural History, Central Park, New York.

Colonel Warner calls attention to the fact that there are also fossil beds in the mountains between Santa Monica and the mouth of the Santa Clara River; and between the San Fernando Valley and the sea, and also in the hills north of Anaheim. He said that these oysters did not die a lingering death due to age, disease, or want of suitable food, nor by the gradual change in the elements, but were suddenly killed by a cataclysm, accompanied by an almost instantaneous chemical or other change in the properties of their bed, or of the water in which they had lived. He reached this conclusion by observing that the two halves of the oyster were firmly closed and that no sand nor dirt was in the lime petrification, and so death must have taken place when the valves were tightly shut, due to the shock of the cataclysm.

From this we can see he was a close observer of nature, and that while riding through the country, hunting the beaver and sea-otter (as he did in California in 1832 and 1833), and again while going East in 1840 to awaken an interest in the great Trans-Continental Railroad, his scientific mind was ever alert to delve into, and solve the great mysteries and phenomena of nature.

In his "Early Reminiscences of California in 1831," published by this society in Volume VII, Nos. 2 and 3, Colonel Jonathan Trumbull Warner tells of his purpose in coming to California.

He was born in Lynn, New London County, Connecticut, on March 20th, 1807, and according to the *Family Tree*, made by Andrew Warner and Colonel Warner (which is in the possession of his grandson, Albert Warner), he came of English ancestry on both sides. In fact, the families of his father and mother were distantly connected.

He was the youngest of nine children. His father was a Yale graduate, but preferred farming to a professional life and consequently took up government land in Ohio, and here most of his children were raised and given a fair education.

At the age of twenty-three, young Warner left home on account of ill health to hunt a milder climate. He had no fixed objective point, but drifted with the masses who were moving westward, and 1830 found him in St. Louis at the time that the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, which was at first controlled by Ashley & Smith, and later by Smith, Jackson & Sublette, had arrived with a wagon-load of furs brought from the Rocky Mountain region. He felt this was his opportunity, not only of gaining his health, but also of satisfying that strong urge for adventure that was welling up in his young heart.

He sought an interview with Jedediah Strong Smith; but that gentleman persuaded him that he was more likely to meet death than gain his health, and he also told him that a life of roughing it in the mountains would unfit him for civilized life, even if he escaped death from the Indians.

However, Smith, whose intention it had been to give up the fur-trading, as he had been following this pursuit for eight years, decided that it would be necessary on account of an unusually large shipment of goods, to go with his two younger brothers and the other two proprietors of the company; and so he hired young Warner to go with them as a clerk. As all of these men were good Christian men of temperate habits, young Warner was especially fortunate. It was on this trip that Jedediah Smith was killed by the Indians. After his death, Jackson and Sublette dissolved partnership, and Jackson entered into partnership with Dr. David Waldo and Ewing Young when the company arrived in New Mexico. The new company was formed to go to California and purchase mules for the Louisiana Market, and young Warner was hired by these men, and arrived in Los Angeles December 5, 1831.

It is hard to realize that this busy commercial city of over one million population, with its wonderful net-work of railroads, its magnificent buildings and honk and whistle



of automobiles, and hum and whiz of its factories and mills, was just a sleepy little Mexican village of less than one thousand population (not a half dozen of whom were Americans) when J. J. Warner came here with Jackson's caravan. The business and residence portion was confined within a few blocks of the Plaza. Instead of the cars and automobiles of today, the *carretas*, drawn by yoked oxen, with squeaking axle, rattled over the dusty roads.

Young Warner immediately left with Ewing Young and a few others to go up the coast of California as far as Point Conception, and into the interior as far as Klamath Lake.

Mr. Jonathan Scott, who often conversed with Colonel Warner in later years, says that Colonel Warner told him that up in the Klamath Lake country a band of Indians came down the waters on their rafts made of tules, and shot at them with their bows and arrows; but the men soon returned the salute from their quick rifles, and after killing several Indians, they were not further molested.

While going through the Tulare country, they encountered large numbers of elk, and they killed a number of these, and made what the Mexicans call "jerked meat." After pounding this up they poured over it the oil which they had extracted from the fat of the elk, and this made a nourishing and concentrated food, very acceptable to them, since they had been living chiefly on fish and nuts on this trip.

It had been Colonel Warner's intention to go back East again after this trip, but the year of 1833 found him again ill in Los Angeles, and he decided to remain and regain his health. In the latter part of this year and during the next he acted as clerk for Don Abel Stearns and John Temple, successively. He became a fluent Spanish conversationalist in the next few years and engaged in the mercantile business, part of the time in company with Henry Mellus, near the St. Elmo Hotel.

In 1837 Colonel Warner was married, at San Luis Rey Mission, to Anita Gale, the daughter of an English sea captain, who had brought her here, and, at the age of five, had placed her in the care of Doña Eustaquia Pico, the mother of Don Pio Pico. This good woman gave her a mother's care. (Mrs. Evans has the little testament that belonged to her grandmother, Anita Gale.)

In 1843 Colonel Warner went down to San Diego, and upon becoming a Mexican citizen, he was given eleven leagues of land which had belonged to Don Pio Pico the year previous. This was known as "Agua Caliente" from



its hot spring; but after Warner moved to the rancho, it was known as "Warner's Ranch."<sup>2</sup> During the war with Mexico this ranch was in the lime light, for the army officers procured their food and sometimes bought their animals of him.

In a footnote, in Colonel Warner's Historical Sketch, we read from Dr. Griffin's Journal:

On December 2nd, 1846, we arrived at Warner's, the extreme frontier settlement of California. He is living very comfortably; seems to have plenty of cattle, horses and sheep, and certainly has a fine range for them. This is called "Agua Caliente—boiling spring—a vineyard." We obtained some of the grapes, dried, and they were nearly as sweet as raisins, and of fine flavor; also watermelons from the Indians.

Lieutenant Emory of Kearny's Division in his *Reconnaissance in New Mexico and California*, published 1848, says that when their division was coming into California in 1846, they thought that they would never get to Warner's ranch; that the men were nearly famished for food. When they did arrive, they found a young New Hampshire man, named Marshall, in charge. He said that his employer was a prisoner to the Americans in San Diego. He describes Colonel Warner's house as a "back-woods American-looking house, built of adobe and covered over with a thatched roof. Around were the thatched roofs of the more than half-naked Indians, who were held in a sort of serfdom by the master of the rancheria. Near the house was the "Agua Caliente," "a hot spring of the temperature of 137° Fahrenheit, which discharged from a granite rock." He also says that there were hills on all sides, and great live oaks growing in the valley.<sup>3</sup>

A little later on the writer will explain, or let Colonel Warner explain, why he was imprisoned in San Diego by the Americans.

After two years, 1851-52, spent in representing San Diego in the legislature, and after several uprisings from the Indians, Colonel Warner decided to make his home in Los Angeles.

Although historians say he came back to Los Angeles in 1857, the grand-children say they are sure that it was in 1855. They know this to be correct, as Colonel Warner's youngest

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2. "The ranch takes its name from John or Jonathan Warner, a native of Connecticut to whom it was granted by the Mexican Government a few years before the cession of California to the U. S. Of him little is remembered beyond the legend that to his intimates he was known as Juan Largo (Long John)."—Chase, *Desert Trails*.

3. Lieutenant Emory says: "The day will come, no doubt, when the invalid and pleasure-seeking portion of the white race will assemble here to drink and bathe in these waters, ramble over the hills which surround it on all sides, and sit under the shade of the great live oaks that grow in the valley."

daughter, their mother, was born September 13, 1855, in Los Angeles, and because they had heard their grandfather say it was due to the state of health of the grandmother that he left the ranch, and that he sold it for \$250.00 in gold.

Mr. Isador Polaski, whose parents lived in a house back of the Carillo house, and later next to the Cathedral, remembers Colonel Warner as a very tall man, probably six feet three inches, straight as an arrow, coming down Main street from his home between Fifth and Sixth streets, which was then considered out in the country. He always walked in those days; never wore an overcoat, but was always dressed in a long, double-breasted frock coat and slouch hat. He was fearless in his convictions and would fight for what he thought was right.

This trait was a big asset, since in 1857, when a paper called *The Southern Californian* was dissolved, the material and press being purchased by Colonel Warner, he became, in 1858, the editor of the *Southern Vineyard*. This was a newspaper published every Saturday at first, but changed on December 10th to a bi-weekly. It is interesting to note that at first in this paper the city was called "Angelus," "Los Angeles" being first used when the paper became a bi-weekly. The motto used throughout the two years of its existence was: **"Men Competent to Govern Themselves Require but Little Aid from Those in Whom the Sovereign Power Is Deposited."**

It was then, as we have said, as editor of this paper, which had its life during such a critical time in the political situation of the country, that Colonel Warner needed those strong traits which were born and bred in his blood, and which his early adventures had materially strengthened.

One of his grandsons says it was while editor of this paper that a little clique of politicians came to his office one day and threatened to shoot him if he should print certain items in his columns. His answer was, "Gentlemen, you may do as you please, but this will be published in tomorrow morning's issue." He published this item in the next morning's issue up-side down to attract attention.

The next two years were sad and eventful years in Colonel Warner's life. On April 24, 1859, he lost his wife. Thompson and West's History of 1880 says she died in 1858, but Mrs. Evans has the funeral announcement which reads:

The sorrowful duty devolves upon me to announce to you the death of Anita G. Warner, at 8 o'clock yesterday evening.

The funeral will take place on Wednesday morning, the 27th, at 9 o'clock, from the residence of the deceased, to the Catholic burial ground.

Your assistance is sincerely solicited.

J. J. Warner.

Angelus, April 25, 1859.

The *Southern Vineyard* of April 26, 1859, printed the following announcement:

DIED—In this city, on Sunday evening, 24th inst., Anita G. Warner, wife of J. J. Warner, aged 37 years.

Following so closely on this and while in his deep sorrow, political troubles crowded upon him. Things were becoming very tense among the Democrats at about this time, and there was a split in the Democratic Party. Colonel Warner, who had been a whole-hearted Democrat, now allied himself with what were called the Northern Democrats, and he became a strong Douglas man.

Those of the opposite faction who had been his warmest friends, now, seemingly became his bitterest enemies. The fact that he had such a strong hold on the people at large and might have a still greater power of influencing the people through his paper, made his antagonists leave no stone unturned to try to undo him and down his paper. In the political campaign of 1859, Colonel Warner became a candidate for the office of Assemblyman from Los Angeles on the opposition ticket. Politicians in those days were no easier on their opponents than they are today; and so, knowing that Colonel Warner had been imprisoned in San Diego, and in Los Angeles, even though they knew it to have been unjustly, they felt here would be a strong weapon to wield against him and thus weaken his chance for election. Consequently a large mass meeting was called in Ira Thompson's Willow Grove picnic ground in what the people called "The Monte"—now known as "El Monte."

Perhaps it may not be amiss to give enough of the description and character of the meeting to give a better idea of the setting for the battle of words which follows:

The *Star* of July 30, 1859, says:

The place of meeting was well selected—a grove at the ground of Ira Thompson. The spreading branches of willows afforded an agreeable shade and protected the audience from the fervid rays of the sun.

Benches had been placed for the accommodation of a large assemblage, but so great was the desire to hear the eloquent gentleman (Col. Kewen, Candidate for District Attorney), who expected to address the Democracy, that standing room could scarcely be found within sound of the speaker's voice for the immense masses.

The ladies, God bless them, turned out in great numbers. By their presence they signified their sanction and approbation of the cause. They had a powerful influence. With their sweet smiles and gentle



plaudits, they encouraged the battle which is now being waged in the County against political fraud and upstart, mock Democracy. With such support, no wonder the speakers were eloquent in defense of right, and bold and fearless in their assertions.

Benches given to the ladies were fully occupied by an array of beauty such as no other portion of the State ever witnessed.

The dinner was served in a highly creditable manner. The meats were cooked to a turn, the tables were laid in most shady nooks. An abundance of wine flowed freely, everything being on a scale of princely magnificence. A band of music was in attendance and contributed its share to the enjoyment.

After a speech by Murray Morrison, Col. E. J. C. Kewen spoke. He said:

Since there is a split in the Democratic party, there are those who still claim to be Democrats, but under this deceptive disguise they have rendered themselves more dangerous than men who are the avowed enemies of our political faith.

After the editor had told how Col. Kewen said he disliked to indulge in personalities, etc., he went on to say that Col. Kewen had been made the target of especial assault from Col. Warner, and but for the fact that the individual referred to (Warner) was on the opposition ticket which invested him with an apparent respectability, he would not condescend to elevate him to the dignity of notice. After a few sarcastic remarks he went on to say:

During the war with Mexico, he (Warner) was a resident of California and solicited from the Officers of the American Army, and under pretense of taking them to a place where they could be suitably provided, he betrayed them into ambush of the enemy, and American blood was the price of his treason and his infamy.

Not content with the result of his ignominious betrayal of his countrymen, he had an itching palm for the limited animal property in possession of the American force, and becoming oblivious of the distinction between *meum* and *teum*, appropriated the mules of the American Army to his own use; for which singular act of forgetfulness as to the right of property, he was incarcerated for months in the prison of Los Angeles, a traitor to his Country, and a purloiner of his Country's property. He was eminently entitled to the consideration of the hangman; but the charity of the betrayed and despoiled rescued the betrayer and despoiler from the doom of infamy to which his peculiar merit had directed him.—That man was John J. Warner, the editor of the *Vineyard*, and candidate of the opposition for a seat in the Assembly of California.

The editor says these assertions were made by Col. Kewen upon the authority of Major Hensley of San José, Major Gillespie of Sacramento, and B. D. Wilson of Los Angeles. He thinks they are ample guarantees of "the truthfulness and integrity of their representations."

Col. Kewen further says:

And yet this man assumes to expound the principles of Democracy, and assail his superiors with the accusations of political apostacy. \* \* \* Pardon is for men—not for reptiles. \* \* \* We have none for

Warner, and no resentment. \* \* \* Things like him must sting, and higher beings suffer. \* \* \* By the adder's fang, the crawler may be crushed. \* \* \* [But Col. Kewen says he feels no anger.] \* \* \* 'Twas the worm's nature, and some men are worms in soul, more than the living things of the tombs.

After this bitter invective, only a part of which we have quoted, Col. Kewen takes up his own candidacy (that of District Attorney), and goes on further to assail General Drown, his opponent for the office.

Col. Warner's reply came out in the *Southern Vineyard*, August 1st, 1859, as follows:

The plotting, combining and conspiracies of E. J. C. Kewen and his band of satellites to wrest the printing office from which the *Southern Vineyard* is issued from the possession of the editor having proved a signal failure, a grand barbecue was brought out by himself and his coadjutors on Saturday last, for the purpose of demolishing the editor. This barbecue was held in the interior of the county, some fifteen miles from the city. Surrounded by those who, for the occasion are his co-workers, he took the opportunity to vilify and traduce both the *Vineyard* and its publisher.

It is publicly reported that he said: "A few years since there was a gathering speck of war. The Americans had a small army here on the shore of the Pacific. This little army, by the treachery of J. J. Warner, was betrayed into ambush of the enemy, and under the fire of their foes. There American blood was spilled by the treason of that man. For this offense he was long imprisoned in San Diego. This same man, Warner, was also imprisoned in Los Angeles in the house of B. S. Eaton for having stolen government mules, and he wasted in the jail for months until, through the intercession of Abel Stearns and B. D. Wilson, Esqs., he was released on the plea that he was crazy or a fool. It was only through the importunity of these same gentlemen that General Graham was prevented from ordering him shot."

Col. Warner then says:

The character of the persons who have related this is such as to raise the assumption that such was the language used on the occasion. The historical fact that the writer (Warner) deserted an honorable profession, abandoned his own country, with his accomplices, for the avowed purpose of despoiling the inhabitants of their goods, chattels, lands and homes, and converting them to their own private use, and benefit, for the purpose of butchering a people with whom his own government was at peace, that the spoils of the unhallowed crime might serve to pamper his vanity, and that of his compeers in piracy, strengthens the presumption.

If Col. Kewen did say what is reported as having been said by him, and which is quoted above, I denounce it as a base and malicious lie, and challenge him to come out under his own signature and publish in a tangible form and manner that which he said when surrounded by those who might hear to suit his base purposes. (Los Angeles, August 1st, 1859.)

In his August 6th issue of the *Vineyard*, Col. Warner publishes a letter addressed to Hon. B. D. Wilson, who until the political oppositions came up had always been a staunch friend of his. He also addressed notes with copies of the

*Star* to Dr. J. S. Griffin, Hon. Don Abel Stearns, Hon. Stephen C. Foster, Alexander Bell and others.

Col. Kewen had stated that he had procured his information from Hon. B. D. Wilson; but that gentleman said, and history bears him out, that he was a prisoner himself on the Jurupa Ranch at this time and so could not have been in San Diego County. To be brief, we quote a sentence from the reply of Hon. B. D. Wilson, whose letter in full of August 8th, was published in the *Vineyard*. It is—

As the facts necessary to establish your guilt were not within my personal knowledge, I have not stated as a fact that you were guilty.

An excerpt from the answer of Alexander Bell is as follows:

I have no knowledge except of seeing you as you came into the City. Observing your evident weak and feeble condition, I had prepared in my house, without delay, some food for you, which was taken to the guard-house by my servant whom I accompanied. On our arriving there, I was told by the Sergeant of the Guard that no person could be permitted to hold intercourse with you. I then applied to the officer of the day and obtained a written order to see you, and on presenting the order you were brought out of the prison room and an interview took place outside the guard-house. The general impression here in Los Angeles at the time was that you were unjustly and harshly treated and that the mules you were accused by Maj. Graham of having stolen were received by you from the Acting Quartermaster of the escort that accompanied Gen. Joseph Lane, and that the treatment of yourself by Major Graham was a gross outrage. The probability is that if you had ever attempted to lead a party of Americans into an ambuscade of the enemy I should have heard of it, . . . .

Dr. J. S. Griffin, who arrived in California December, 1846, as medical officer of Kearny's Escort, said:

He (Kewen) knew full well that the only drop of American blood shed was at San Pasqual when Warner was in the San Diego prison. The imbecility of the man led him to believe he could bolster up and keep in position a rotten and corrupt political dynasty about one who was the candidate in opposition to himself and associates, and the editor of a paper, which could not be muzzled, suppressed or made to bend to their machinations. (August 7th, 1859.)

Two days after this, in an article entitled "The Hon. B. D. Wilson and J. J. Warner," Col. Warner throws a great deal of light upon this whole situation.

Some years since J. J. Warner, a ranchero, by the circumstances which surrounded him and by a succession of events which he could neither control nor avoid, incurred the hatred of a Lieutenant of Marines, and from this the suspicion of most of the U. S. Army Officers then in the present State of California.

While resting under such odium, he was dragged away from his home and from his family, leaving a sick wife, and a sick child, neither of whom could raise themselves from their beds of sickness, on the charge of having stolen some starved and dying mules.

He was ignominiously treated by the officer at whose order he was arrested. Worn out with lonely watching by the bed of sickness, and



not a neighbor within thirty miles, to whose care he could commit a sick and helpless family, he was compelled to proceed to the camp where, under the ensigns of military authority, inebriation ruled with continuous sway.

Here his horse was taken from him and he was compelled to wend his way on foot, while his own horse was made to serve his malicious persecutors.

When unable longer to walk, he was thrust into a wagon, and thus brought to Los Angeles.<sup>4</sup>

The precaution had been taken by his oppressors to send word in advance of his arrival, that he had been detected stealing mules; and thus he was marched through the streets of Los Angeles between armed soldiers, to the common prison, where he was shut up with orders to his keepers to allow no one to have intercourse with him.

While he was thus incarcerated, the hand and voice of B. D. Wilson was extended to liberate him from close confinement; and although yet a prisoner, was by Mr. Wilson in the most friendly manner received into his family.

Nearly a decade of years has rolled away, and we challenge Mr. Wilson to point to one act, to one word, which J. J. Warner did or said to the injury of Mr. Wilson, or that could be construed into forgetfulness, on his part, of the great favor which he received.

If the innermost recesses of his heart could be exposed and brought to light, we know nothing there could be found, regarding Mr. Wilson, but a deep and continued sense of unrequited favor.

The times have changed. J. J. Warner is the editor of a paper which is not politically subservient to that immaculate clique of politicians into whose pure and innocent hands Mr. Wilson has committed his political being.

He goes on to say that the clique, in seeking the destruction of J. J. Warner, do not present themselves "with sword and pistol and a filthy prison like the hireling soldiers, but assassin-like they surrepticiously stab at his character and reputation."

And he now asks, "Why does not Mr. Wilson now come forward as he did ten years ago and defend him?"

He goes on to show how the little clique of political followers, by "flattery and sycophancy" have turned his "facile mind"; and how he has loaned himself to the "base purposes of his worshippers." So he, in order "to feed the hungry pack that surrounded him" went back to hunt up, not the record of one to whom he had extended the friendly hand, "but to dig up what he knew to be the slanders and calumnies of the traducers of J. J. Warner." He further says:

We sincerely and deeply regret that we should in the decline of life, find ourself compelled to animadvert so strongly upon one whom we have for years looked upon with respect and with confidence as our friend, but we are determined to die in the harness if necessity requires,

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4. There were two different arrests, one in 1846 for communication with the enemy, and one in 1849 when brought to Los Angeles by Lieutenant Givens for being charged with stealing Government mules.

and neither the stealthy darts of the assassin, who makes our character the sport of his vindictiveness, nor the pitiful aid and countenance of former friends to their maliciousness, shall turn us from the course which we have marked out for ourself, and which our judgment and our conscience demands.

The following items taken from a statement by Elijah Moulton, who was a member of Frémont's Battalion from 1846 until it disbanded, will throw still further light upon these unhappy circumstances:

When General Lane arrived and Lieutenant Hawkins came to Los Angeles on his way to Oregon about the commencement of 1849, I met Pierre Chaquet, a mountaineer that I had known on the Yellowstone and in the Rocky Mountains. He went to San Bernardino with me, and afterwards accompanied me to the mines.

He told me that he came through with Lieutenant Hawkins and General Lane, having been employed as a hunter for the party. He also told me that as they came down the Gila River, after striking the trail of Major Graham, they frequently found mules which had been left by, or strayed from the command of Major Graham.

He said that such of the mules as were in a condition to be of service were brought along and used.

He further informed me, that on their arrival at Warner's Rancho the animals of Lieutenant Hawkin's command were broken down, and unserviceable, and that Lieutenant Hawkins traded with Mr. Warner for animals with which to continue his march, and that in this trade, Lieutenant Hawkins sold and delivered to Mr. Warner a number of mules, among which were some mules which had been picked up by the party on the Gila River.

This information was first communicated to me by Pierre Chaquet at San Bernardino in 1849, and was frequently repeated by him while we were together in the mines. (Los Angeles, August 10, 1859.)

The article published on August 26, 1859, speaks for itself.

Having been urged by my many friends to put a statement of the many circumstances which caused my arrest by Lieutenant Givens, I have, in consideration that there are at this time many persons ignorant of the cause, determined to publish the facts.

In the winter of 1848-'49 Gen. Joseph Lane, with an escort of U. S. Troops, arrived at my home in the valley of San José, and County of San Diego (Warner's Rancho). He arrived during a severe snow storm and the whole county was covered with snow.

He passed the night at my house and on the following morning, to enable his escort to continue their march, at a sacrifice to my business, I sold to the commander of the escort, Lieutenant Hawkins, of the Mounted Rifles, some six or eight animals, and in part pay, I received from him some twelve or fifteen broken down and starved mules. At this time Major Graham with four companies of dragoons was at Vallecitos—30 miles east of my rancho—incapable of continuing his march, and waiting assistance from San Diego, after the arrival of which he was enabled to move only a part of his train, leaving Lieutenant Givens in command at the camp. Major Graham subsequently sent assistance to Lieutenant Givens to enable him to resume his march.

From the time of his leaving the camp, at Vallecitos, there were men in his company engaged in hunting up mules which were left or lost by Major Graham's command. These men took, and drove from my



rancho, some five or six of the mules traded to me by Lieutenant Hawkins. Lieutenant Givens, under pretense that these mules had belonged to the command of Major Graham, ordered my arrest and brought me to Los Angeles, where the Alcalde, upon my written application to know why I was imprisoned, and for a trial, informed me that his office and himself were subject to military authority and that he could not interfere in the case.

During my imprisonment I obtained these facts: that Colonel Washington and Major Graham, forming one command, marched through the northeastern part of Mexico to Sacramento, in Chihuahua, where the command was divided. Colonel Washington proceeded to Santa Fé, in New Mexico, while Major Graham continued his march to California.

After the arrival of Colonel Washington at Santa Fé, General Lane and his escort reached there on their way to California.

Being compelled to procure a fresh stock of mules, they were supplied from those taken to Santa Fé by Colonel Washington, and with these animals, together with some picked up on the road, they reached my place, and these were the animals delivered to me by Lieutenant Hawkins.

These mules, which were taken from me and brought to Los Angeles by order of Lieutenant Givens, and for the having of which in my possession, I was for a considerable period incarcerated, were never turned over to the Quartermaster of Major Graham's command. Captain Lane, who was the Quartermaster, told me that, having been informed that some mules had been brought in from my place, he had sent some of his men to examine them, but that they were unable to identify any of them as having belonged to Major Graham's command after the separation of Colonel Washington, and that consequently not one of them was turned over to him.

To the people and electors of Los Angeles County, who might not be cognizant of the circumstances, I made this statement, and to all I pledge myself for its absolute truthfulness.

J. J. WARNER.

Los Angeles, August 18, 1859.

Colonel J. J. Warner,

Dear Sir: In reply to certain inquiries made to me in relation to the charge of your being imprisoned for "stealing" Government mules from the command under Major Graham, I beg leave to say that I was in the employment of Captain E. K. Lane, a Quartermaster of main body, and arrived at your rancho—"Aguas Caliente"—on the 24th of December, 1848; that by an order which I then held from Lieutenant C. J. Coutts, acting commissary of said command, I received from you all the beef which we needed and were shown good camping ground.

Some time after my arrival in Los Angeles the rear command came up in charge of Lieutenant Givens, and you were brought in a prisoner. The question naturally arose, "Why was Warner a prisoner?" and the only reply I could hear was in the following words: "Because he had in his possession Government mules."

How your affair terminated I do not know, as I left Los Angeles early in the spring. I must say I never heard any one assert that you stole mules; nor at that time, nor at any time subsequently, have I had any proof or reason to believe that you did steal the mules in question.

GEO. D. FISHER.<sup>5</sup>

5. It is interesting to note that according to the *Southern Vineyard* of July 22, 1859, George D. Fisher discovered a vein of gold-bearing quartz in the gold mines, 25 miles from the mouth of the San Gabriel Cañon. (This vein was about 12 ft. across surface.) There were from 250 to 300 men at work in what was called the "San Gabriel Gold Diggins." The discovery of George Fisher's vein gave a new impetus to the mines in this region.

In the *Southern Vineyard* of September 2, 1859, Don Abel Stearns, to whom Colonel Warner had previously written, replied as follows:

Los Angeles, Aug. 31, 1859.

J. J. Warner, Esq., L. A.

Dear Sir: In reply to your inquiries with regard to any knowledge and conviction respecting the charges preferred against you as published in the "*Star*" newspaper in this city on 4th inst. I beg to state (as far as my recollection permits at this remote period), as follows:

In the months of January or February, 1849, you were marched into this city as a prisoner in the hands of Lieutenant Givens in charge of the rear trains of Major Graham's command, news of your arrest had reached here before your arrival, and the circumstance was generally condemned by the citizens of your acquaintance, and particularly so—as your wife and children were left alone among Indians and other exposures, and a very considerable distance from recourses of any kind.

On your arrival here the train stopped at the Quartermaster's Office, which at that time was the large room in my present residence, and now used by me as office purposes. You were on foot with two armed soldiers by your side when I first saw and saluted you. I requested that you would obtain permission to see Major Graham and offer bail for your appearance to answer to any charge that might be alleged against you and that I would become bondsman.

You obtained the permission, and you were escorted to Major Graham's office, and returning informed me that bail would be admitted. I proceeded with you immediately to the office of Major Graham, when and where a bond was made out by Stephen C. Foster (the Alcalde of this place), in sum \$1000. I signed the bond and you were at once released. I do not at this time recollect the number of days in the bond for your appearance.

You left here, as you stated to me, for purpose of removing your wife and children to a place of safety.

You returned some two or three days after the limit of the bond had expired, and stated to me that you had been delayed in consequence of a very severe storm.

The next day after your return (if I recollect aright), I was advised by Mr. Foster (Alcalde, and Judge of First Instance), that you were to be examined before his court by Lieutenant Givens, and that being your bondsman, I had better be present.

I heard the charges alleged by Lieutenant Givens and the testimony by two or three witnesses, by whom upon direct examination, it was attempted to prove he had found on your rancho two or more Government mules, ironed with your brand. Upon cross-examination by myself, no proof could be adduced that you had stolen Government property.

At that same time you presented a certificate from a man, or the man himself (whose name I do not recollect), who was with Lieutenant Hawkins, commander of the escort of General Lane, that passed your rancho some time previous and who exchanged with you some broken down Government mules for fresh horses in order to better enable him to pursue his journey to Oregon, for which Territory General Lane had been appointed Governor.

At the conclusion of the examination Mr. Foster decided there was no cause, nor had he jurisdiction, you belonging and residing in the San Diego District, and you were set at liberty.

The decision of the court not pleasing Major Graham, you were immediately arrested by his order, confined in prison, and all communication denied.



Having had an altercation with Major Graham in respect to your first arrest, I concluded that further interference, with what I considered a petty despotism would be prolific of no good. You were confined in prison, I believe, some eight or ten days, and finally released upon a manifest dissatisfaction at your confinement appearing in the community. I have always considered your arrest and imprisonment as illegal and unjust.

With regard to your arrest in San Diego in 1846 by this Lieutenant Gillespie, I can only say that a few days subsequent to the occurrence I arrived there, and in conversation with Captain Fitch, Miguel Pedrona, Captain Snook and José Antonio Estudillo, then living (now dead) and residing in that place, learned a day or two after the taking of San Diego by U. S. forces, that you arrived and were ordered to the presence of Gillespie, then in command of the town.

You were questioned as to whether Governor Pio Pico and Lieutenant Colonel Castro with their forces or any part of them had passed your rancho for Sonora, and in consequence of your laconic answers to his queries, you were placed in the guard house by his orders, and subsequently released at the request of some of the above named gentlemen.

Until lately I had never heard you accused of betraying U. S. troops into ambuscade of the enemy.

Yours respectfully,

ABEL STEARNS.

The fact that Colonel Warner was elected assemblyman from Los Angeles in less than two months after the statements made by his enemies, proves conclusively that he had the confidence of the people and that they recognized these charges as a "frame-up" of his antagonists.

One of his first acts, March 3, 1860, in the legislature, was to try and get a bill passed for the better management of the Indians of this State.

In *The Star* of Los Angeles, 1860, we find this item:

"Passed the Assembly March 17, 1860.

"An act to amend the act to provide for the protection of the Indians was ordered to engrossment."

This authorized the judges of the County to bind Indians out as apprentices for a term of not exceeding 10 years.

*Star*, April 7, 1860:

"Mr. Warner has introduced a bill to fund the indebtedness of the County."

In the next few years, we find Colonel Warner interested in national questions.

During the Civil War we again find Warner's Ranch in the limelight, as Camp Wright was at first in San Buena Vista, one of the five villages on Warner's Ranch.

Colonel Warner had the perfect confidence of the Union men and helped Colonel James H. Carleton by keeping him informed as to the movements of Showalter and his little band of Texas men who were banded together in

El Monte to get over the border into Texas to help the Confederates.

When too ill to go to the camps, he would write any information he could gain. He especially kept a sharp lookout for Ft. Yuma, and as soon as able, went on horseback, taking notice of the places where the rivers could be forded, and of unguarded spots which he thought might be an "open sesame" to the enemy. Knowing the country so well, and understanding the Indian nature so well, he was of especial help to the officers of the army and was royally treated by them at each of the camps at which he stopped en route. From the beginning of the war to the end of his life Colonel Warner was a strong Republican.<sup>6</sup>

During all this time Colonel Warner was living on his Main Street property in Los Angeles.

Two tall and stately palm trees are still standing in the front of the cottage in which Colonel Warner and his youngest daughter, Amanda Conception and her children, lived happily together from 1887 until his death in April, 1895. These trees at the age of 100 years were taken by Colonel Warner from the front of his Main Street vineyard and planted on what was then University Street, now Thirty-sixth Place. They are all that is left of what was called the Warner Tract, known in the Records as "The Vineyard." Monuments, they stand today to the memory of Colonel Warner. Fearlessly, "They look at God all day, and lift their leafy arms to pray" that since those early pioneers have passed away, at least the woodman may spare these silent tributes to their memory.

If these trees could only talk, how much of interest we might learn. They would tell us how for so many years they stood as sentinels on Main Street about where the Burbank Theater now stands. A semi-circular driveway led to the story and a half white plastered adobe dwelling, which was situated some 70 to 75 feet back from the street. They would tell that four of Colonel Warner's children, Isabelle, Mary Ann, Andres and John B., were born on Warner's ranch in San Diego County and came here as little children, and played around the courtyard and in the orchard. They would tell that the youngest daughter, Amanda Conception, was born here, and how when she was but four years of age, the young mother was taken

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6. This information is taken from Rebellion Records, loaned by Mr. Arthur Ellis.





The Two Warner Palms

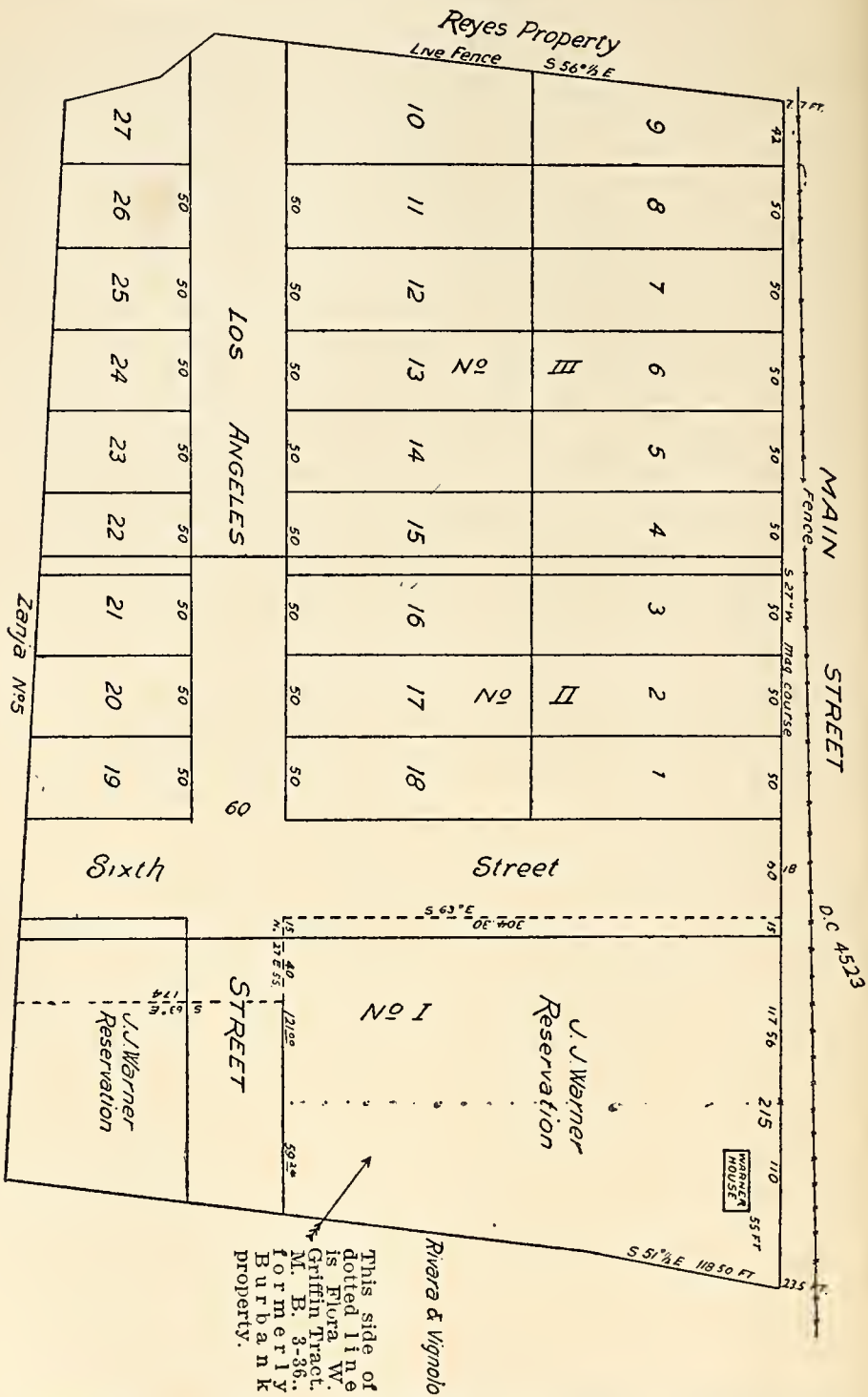


from her children; how Amanda Conception grew to womanhood under the zealous care of Fanny, the Indian woman, and how when her five children came, they too played around the adobe house, chased the butterflies and bees down in the vineyard, breathed the sweet scent of the orange and jasmine flowers, played among the purple clematis, and learned their first lessons from nature; watched the mocking bird rear its young and the orioles strip the palm leaves of their fiber to make their little pocket cradles and hang them in the orange trees where now the great Pacific Electric cars wind in and out of the city over a perfect network of steel; how they heard the music of the *sanja* numbers 5 and 9 softly murmuring as they flowed along the eastern and northwestern sides of the vineyard; how they watched the old Moorish wheel as it stretched its long wooden arms down and dipped its tin cans into the stream, and deposited the water in the home-made reservoirs, to irrigate the vineyard on the lowlands, and the orchard and corn field on the higher ground along what are now Main and Sixth streets.

They could tell of seeing the old stage coaches of Banning, Reynolds, or Tomlinson, coming down Main Street as they brought the weary passengers from the harbor at Wilmington after their tiresome ten-hour trip over the dusty, unpaved roads.

In the field, the brown-skinned Indian boys with red bandanas wound around their heads, worked in the vineyards and orchards. Two of these boys were purchased by Colonel Warner in early days for two bushels of corn; and Fannie, the Indian nurse, who lived in Colonel Warner's family for over 40 years, was purchased from a Yuma chief, Colonel Warner paying nine bushels of corn for her and her sister. She faithfully nursed all the children and grand-children and later, when Colonel Warner died, she went to live as housekeeper for Mr. Cruz who had married the oldest daughter, Isabelle, she having died in 1873. After Mr. Cruz died, Fannie inherited from them Weid Cañon, and at her death, it went to Amanda Conception Warner. This is near the Scenic Mulholland Drive today. It has long since passed out of the hands of the family.

We are indebted to Mr. Allin L. Rhodes, Manager of the California Title Insurance Company, for a copy of the map of Warner's Reservation, or Tract, with other data, and also through him, to Mr. J. B. Webber of the Title Insurance and Trust Company, for allowing us to copy from



Map of property at Sixth and Main Streets where the Huntington and Burbank buildings now stand. (Courtesy of Mr. Allin L. Rhodes, Manager of the California Title Insurance Co.)



their old records in regard to this property. Some of these records are translated from the old Spanish Archives.

The first citation we have of the place is that in the minutes of the Ayuntamiento of the Pueblo of Los Angeles in the Municipal Records, from Spanish Archives, Vol. 2, page 117, Official Translation Vol. 2, page 83, in their session of June 3rd, 1835, when Don Domingo Romero solicits a piece of land contiguous to his vineyard, citing that the same has been abandoned for some years. The corporation granted this by majority vote, although the President opposed it as he desired it referred to a committee.

Later, September 9th, 1836, Domingo Romero appeared before Manuel Requena, First Constitutional Alcalde of the Jurisdiction, and his assisting witnesses, and got permission to sell this property with adobe dwelling, free and unencumbered for \$800.00 half in silver and half in merchandise, to Antonio Maria Osio. The usual Spanish Warranty was given. This was not recorded until December 15th, 1858, at request of Mr. Clayton, in Book 4, Page 291 of Deed.

Again on the 28th day of September, 1839, before David Spence, Judge of First Instance of Port of Monterey, Antonio Maria Osio exchanges this property for a cattle ranch belonging to José Esnuc (Eng. Snook) known as La Punta de Los Reyes, situated between the Port of San Francisco and Bodega, with all land mentioned in the title and also eighty head of horned cattle which pasture thereon.

In Spanish Archives, Volume 4, page 195, Official Translation, Vol. 4, page 138, we read:

José Esnuc (Eng. Snook), a resident of the Presidio of San Diego, respectfully appears before your Honorable Town Council and says:

I own an orchard in this town, situated between that of Augustin Machado and the late Jacinto Reyes, which I feel compelled to protect by a wall so that it cannot be damaged by the animals which do so much injury to the vineyards of this city, and I therefore give notice to your Honorable Body that I intend to erect a wall in place of the fence which now encloses said orchard.

In view of the foregoing, I ask your Honorable Body to appoint a committee, should you deem it proper, for the purpose of looking over the ground where I intend to build the wall, and I hope, in justice to me, you will grant my request, and also that you will pardon my using plain paper because no stamped paper could be obtained.

Los Angeles, July 15th, 1847.

José Francisco Snook.

July 17th, 1847, this was turned over to the Police Committee with instructions to summon the adjacent own-



ers, demand production of the title papers, and to see whether any street lots or merely the fence of the orchard was involved.

José Salazar, President.

Ygnacio Coronel, Secretary.

Spanish Archives, Vol. 4, page 196. Official Translation, Vol. 4, page 140. Honorable Town Council:

Police Committee examined the lands referred to in these proceedings and on measuring it, in presence of adjoining owners, found its frontage to be 210 varas and its depth 51, varas, which comes to a line with the poplar tree standing within the vineyard, and your Committee, not having met with any obstacles, leaves the matter in the hands of your Honorable Body for deliberation and suitable action. This concludes the report.

Los Angeles, July 29th, 1847.

José Vincente Guerrera

Julian Chavez,

Spanish Archives, Vol. 4, page 488. Official Translation, Vol. 4, page 399. Session of July 31st, 1847.

In the matter of Petition of José Snook the following report was received. Police Committee formally submits the session of the Honorable Body, Page 17, Book 96 of Records.

Ayuntamiento of Los Angeles

to

José Snook

Concession—Dated July 31, 1847. Recorded December 15, 1858, at 2:30 P. M. Requests of Mr. Clayton, Book 4, page 293 of Deeds.

José Salazar, First Alcalde and Judge of First Instance and President of the 111 Ayuntamiento of the City of Los Angeles.

For that Don José Snook<sup>7</sup> has asked, for his benefit and that of his family, a lot which lies between that of Don Augustin Machado and the Senor Jacinto Reyes, the 111 Ayuntamiento, the proper investigation previously (made) has come by a decree of today to concede it to him, but under the following conditions:

First—Within one year, it must be enclosed and with building and inhabited house.

Second—When he makes the house and courtyard he shall observe the direct line of the street.

Third—He shall not prejudice (Los del paso del comun) the transit of the community.

Fourth—The dimensions of the lot are 210 veras front and 51 in depth until it aligns with a sycamore, and if he shall fail in these conditions, he shall lose the right, and it shall be denounced by another.

Wherefore and in virtue of what has been recorded, I direct that this instrument be issued, which shall serve as title of ownership.

Given in Los Angeles City, July 31, 1847. There is no stamped paper. Fees \$52.50.

(Signed)

José Salazar, President.

Ygnacio Coronel, Secretary.

7. José Snook married Antonia Maria Alvarado and died at San Diego in 1848, leaving his widow and no issue. He left a will by which he gave his vineyard in Los Angeles to his widow. The widow married one Henry Clayton and died in 1863, intestate without issue. Her estate was administered in San Diego. Since Col. Warner moved his family on this some time in 1855, he must have rented this of Mrs. Clayton before he had even a verbal lease which the records say he had in 1861 or 1862.

The following information in regard to Warner's property at Sixth and Main Streets was taken from Book 96 of Records:

June 19, 1865, the property was deeded to Col. Warner by the administrator of the estate of Antonia Maria de Clayton for \$700.00. There were 6 acres, more or less. In July of the same year Col. Warner deeded it to McCrellish and Woodward of San Francisco, and then August 5, 1867 they deeded it back to three of Col. Warner's children, Mary Ann, John B. and Conception Amanda Warner. Sometime in the year, December 19, 1862, after his wife's death and the property was in course of probate, Henry Clayton had mortgaged the property for \$612.00 to a Mr. J. C. Welsh, the interest to be 2% per month, for six months. He brought suit for this against the property in 1869, but Col. Warner won the suit, pleading the statute of limitation, being in possession under deed from the Clayton estate. On June 29, 1874, Conception Amanda, for filial affection, deeded her interest in the property to her father to have during his natural life and at his death to revert to her or her heirs.

In 1878 at the request of the owners of the vineyard, the court ordered Geo. Hansen to survey the property and re-divide it, as it had been parcelled out in three divisions in this year, and as the City was expecting to extend 6th Street through from Main very soon it would leave one portion with a strip of 15 feet by 304.3 feet. This would leave lot No. 2 with a useless strip, and Lot No. 1 cut off from 6th Street. Mr. Hansen re-divided the property, giving the strip 15x304.3 feet to Lot No. 1, belonging to Mary Ann Warner, and equalizing the lots by giving a strip at the rear of Lot No. 1, (Mary Ann's lot) being the part north of 6th Street on which the Kerckhoff Building and Burbank Theatre now stand, to Lot No. 2, (J. J. Warner and C. A. W. Rubio). On December 14, 1876 a mortgage of \$4,500 at 11½% per month was made on two-thirds of the property, to Robt. Moss of Mississippi, through J. M. Greaves, his attorney. This was foreclosed on December 31, 1878, and on October 30, 1879 Geo. Kerckhoff purchased Parcels 2 and 3, being the part South of 6th Street, of Robt. Moss, through J. M. Greaves for \$2,600.00. Greaves obtained two tax deeds for \$235.45 and sold his interest to Geo. Kerckhoff, October 30, 1879 for \$500.00. Kerckhoff quieted title to Lot or Parcel 1 based on said deeds, obtaining a decree against Mary Ann Warner and J. J. Warner, January 24, 1880. January 29, 1880, Mr. Kerckhoff deeded the north

part of the lot, about 115 feet, with dwelling to Mrs. Conception Amada W. de Rubio, at the request of Col. Warner, for her to have for life and at her death to go to her heirs. This was sold for \$24,000 through litigation to Dr. David Burbank, a dentist, July 27, 1887.

As late as November 1892, Messrs. Geo. and Wm. G. Kerckhoff, et al, found that there was a cloud on the title due to the fact that José Snook, although he had lived up to all conditions cited in the concession to him of the property, had not later appeared before the Ayuntamiento for a confirmation of said concession, after his having lived up to all agreements. However, with the signature of the mayor, and after clearing it through court proceeding, the property was finally quited in the names of William G., son of Geo. Kerckhoff, et al., in 1901 by compromise for \$6,000.00.

In 1887 Col. Warner moved to his University house and lived there happily with his daughter and surrounded by his grandchildren until his death (on April 11, 1895) at the age of 88.

We can say with the poets:

Life is more than a quick round of blood—  
It is a great spirit and a busy heart.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths,  
In feelings, not in figures on the dial.

"It is men, noble, high-minded men, governed by principle, controlled by patriotism, by high resolves, and a lofty, unsullied ambition which constitute a prosperous commonwealth."

The descendants of Col. J. J. Warner and his wife, Anita Gale Warner, are as follows:

Mary Ann, born Nov. 19, 1839, in L. A. City, died 1918.

Andrew Fernando, born on Warner's Ranch, San Diego County, 1846, married Chona Alaniz and died 1880, leaving one child, a daughter named Artemiza; Isabelle born 1848 on Warner's Ranch, married Jesus Cruz at Los Angeles, and died 1873, leaving one child, a daughter named Jane Artemiza, who married S. Mendoza, 1889, and died April 27, 1891, childless.

Juan Bautista, born on Warner's Ranch, 1851, married Annie Cross in San Francisco, Calif., and had two sons and one daughter, namely: John Francis and Oscar, living in L. A., and Maybelle (deceased).

Amanda Conception,<sup>8</sup> born Sept. 13, 1855, in L. A., married in 1874. She died in 1908 in L. A., leaving two sons and three daughters, namely: Albert and Reginald, living in this city; Dorothy (Mrs. William Vick), living in Santa Barbara, and Maybelle (Mrs. Geo. Evans), living in this city; Margaret (Mrs. Frederick Clarke), living in Glendale.<sup>9</sup>

8. Also called Amada.

9. Warner Family Tree, courtesy of Albert Warner.





The plate taken in 1887 is of the cottage, bought 1887, where Col. Warner resided with his daughter Amanda Conception and family, from 1887 to his death in 1895. It was then on University Street, but now called 36th Place. The palm trees were in front of this place. The photo was taken April 13, 1925. The number of the house where the palms are is 1598 W. 36th Place.

Figures in plate of cottage: Col. J. J. Warner, seated, Amanda Conception, standing by carriage; Joseph Warner, a nephew, standing; Mrs. Joseph Warner, niece by marriage, standing on porch, (visiting from Glousterbury, Conn.), Reginald, grandson, on steps; Francis, grandson, on extreme right; Maybelle, Dorothy and Margaret, grand-daughters, standing.





A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF R. B. TAYLOR, INCLUDING  
STORY OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF IDA GROVE,  
IOWA; WAYNE, NEBRASKA; THE FOUNDING OF  
CORONA, RIVERSIDE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA,  
AND NOTES ON A TRIP TO  
SOUTH AMERICA

By Frank Rolfe

A history of South Riverside, now called Corona, one of the successful fruit colonies and prosperous communities of Riverside County, California, would be incomplete without a sketch of the life of Mr. R. B. Taylor, founder and father of the enterprise which resulted in the establishment of this beautiful town. He is the only one of the original corporation, the South Riverside Land & Water Company, now living.

Robert B. Taylor was born October 26th, 1849, in Wayne County, Ohio, at Millbrook. He is a descendant of a colonial family, his great grandfather fighting for seven years on the colonial side in the Revolutionary War and his grandfather serving in both the War of 1812 and the Mexican War.

Mr. Taylor was educated at a college located in Granville, Licking County, Ohio. In 1866 his father removed to Columbia City, Whitley County, Indiana, then a town of some 1200 population. It was a large shipping point, however, for walnut and other hardwood lumber; it was also especially noted for its sixteen saloons, where most of its business was transacted, and for its almost daily street fights—a source of amusement for some people.

After leaving school in 1867 Mr. Taylor taught school until 1868, when he formed a partnership with Alex McHugh, engaging in the grocery business, shipping grain and other products of the country, and also carrying on a flouring mill and a planing mill. His father being then a director in the Ell River railroad, which was under construction, was able to secure contracts for the firm of Taylor & McHugh to supply its camps with food and other supplies.

October 24th, 1873, Mr. Taylor was married to Miss Emma S. Mason. Three children were born to them, James D.—better known as Verne—who served nineteen

years with the U. S. Navy. At the age of 44 he was killed in an accident. He is buried at Corona. Another son, Harry G., who died at the age of 21, is also buried at Corona. One daughter, Emma J., married Clark E. Sanger, of Corona. Their daughter, Lucille C., is the pride of her grandparents, she and her parents now residing with the R. B. Taylor family in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor have now celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary and, from appearances, may yet celebrate many more wedding anniversaries.

In 1878 Mr. Taylor decided to make a change, and with his own family and his father and family removed to the new town of Ida Grove, Ida County, Iowa. The nearest railroad station was thirty-two miles distant; but a survey for a branch road had been made through the site of the new town and the road was then under construction, and was completed within about a year. Mr. R. B. Taylor, in partnership with a Mr. Weaver, opened a general store in Ida Grove. The entire county at this period had a population of about 800.

In the spring of 1880, Mr. McHugh moved to Ida Grove, and the firm of Taylor & McHugh was revived. They opened a general store; built the first grain elevators of the town and bought farm lands and improved them. The completion of the railroad caused an influx of people and both town and county increased very rapidly in population.

In 1882 Mr. Taylor learned through a friend, A. S. Garretson, cashier of the Sioux National Bank, of Sioux City, Iowa, that a new railroad was about to be built on the Nebraska side of the Missouri river, which would pass through Wayne county to Norfolk, Neb., and that a new townsite to be called Wayne was being laid out about six miles west of the county seat, Laport. At this time the settlement of the county—some 225 population—was located in and about Laport.

In January, 1882, Mr. Taylor drove a team to Sioux City, crossed the river and continued on to Laport and beyond to the new townsite. After looking over the country he decided that the rich prairies about Wayne must make it a good farming section. He returned to Ida Grove and explained the inducements of this new country to his father and partner. Mr. McHugh, however, decided to remain in Ida Grove. Mr. James Taylor, the father, who had recently lost his wife, decided to join his son, and from that

time until his death, in Corona, he remained a member of his son's family.

Returning to Wayne, Mr. R. B. Taylor secured the names and addresses of the land-owners in and about Wayne townsite and succeeded in buying about sixteen hundred acres at an average price of about \$3.00 per acre. In March he sent teams with lumber and hardware ahead to the location and followed himself with a good team, spring wagon, two carpenters and a camping outfit and supplies. He arrived at the townsite in a big blizzard, put up a tent for the horses, spread a canvas over the wagons, under which he and his men slept and ate until a building was completed. This was the first house built in Wayne, Nebraska.

At this point in the interview Mr. Taylor related a little incident occurring while he was erecting his office. Late one evening while his carpenters were on the roof and he himself on the ground handing material to the men, two men in a buggy drove up, stopped and inquired, "Who is doing this building?"

"Oh, some fellow from the east," Mr. Taylor replied.

They then wanted to know for what it was intended. When told that the party expected to go into the real estate business and also to start a bank, one of them remarked that the builder was either a big fool, or else he had a lot of nerve to start out in any business where there was only the prospect of a railroad and not another building in sight. At this Mr. Taylor left them to prepare supper for his carpenters, as it was quitting time.

As the men came down from the roof, the newcomers asked who was the owner of the building. Not knowing of the previous conversation, they answered, "That fellow over there, cooking supper."

The visitors came over, then, to apologize for their remarks. Mr. Taylor told them that what they had said might prove true, and insisted that they should stay in his camp until morning, as a big storm was showing in the northwest. During the evening one of the strangers asked Mr. Taylor if he would sell 160 acres of his Wayne lands. When Mr. Taylor told him that he might have 160 acres about a mile from the townsite for \$7.50 an acre, the party answered at once, "I'll take it. Send the deed to my bank at Omaha; I want to buy something from a man who has the nerve to start a town in this lonely spot."

Mr. Taylor advised the new purchaser to hold on to the



land for four years and he would probably be able to sell for \$100.00 an acre. The buyer agreed and before the expiration of the four years refused the price named—an example of the foresight which has been one of Mr. Taylor's best assets.

Mr. Harry Woodall, now living in Los Angeles and also well known to many residents of Corona, was employed to take charge of the office at Wayne, while Mr. Taylor with a camping and surveying outfit and accompanied by a teamster, spent most of the summer of 1882 selecting the best lands, getting from the tax collector the names and addresses of the owners. During the following fall and winter he bought up these lands—as the county records and the books of Mr. Woodall will show—to the amount of 17,000 acres of choice land, secured at prices ranging from \$1.25 to \$5.00 per acre, or an average of about \$3.00 per acre.

In the fall of 1883 Mr. Taylor completed a fine residence and moved his family and his father to Wayne. In the summer of 1884 he built a two-story brick block, moving his bank into the corner store and renting the balance for stores and offices.

But the westward movement again caught the Taylors in the summer of 1885. It was decided that the father should go on to California and look over Los Angeles and the country about it. After a few months spent in Southern California, the elder Taylor wrote his son that, in his opinion, Los Angeles and the section about it promised a wonderful future.

Acting upon this advice, Mr. R. B. Taylor and family arrived in Los Angeles January 5th, 1886, and went to Anaheim, where his father had decided to locate. The latter now advised his son to buy a home and settle down permanently, since the Pacific ocean was only a few miles west and there was not much chance to move further west. R. B. Taylor at once bought what was known as the Couen Ranch, 105 acres, with a brick house on it. Most of this land has since been subdivided and included in the city of Anaheim.

In February Mr. Taylor met Adolph Rimpau and William Witte, who were holding an option on 5,050 acres of land secured from Vicente Yorba.

The option called for the payment of \$40,000 within 90 days. In company with the option holders, Mr. Taylor visited the mesa lying near what is now Prado, Riverside

County, formerly called Rincon. He also inspected water-bearing lands in the Temescal canyon and then made an agreement with Rimpau and Witte to pay them \$10,000 for their Yorba option, provided they could secure options on the mesa land and on certain water-bearing lands. As a result, Mr. Taylor secured options as follows:

Vicente Yorba, 5,050 acres, including bonus.....	\$50,000
Cota family, 960 acres, at \$5.00.....	48,000
Pulaski & Goodwin, 5,500 acres, at \$10.00.....	55,000

This made 11,510 acres of mesa land to cost \$109,800.

In Temescal Valley the following options were secured:

Pat Harrington, 160 acres.....	\$30,000
Gregory canyon, 80 acres.....	1,500
Barney Lee, 160 acres, including lake.....	3,000
Ambrose Compton, 160 acres.....	3,000

Coldwater canyon, the Rolfe, Riley, and other ranches, were not secured until later and were not included in the first purchases. Corona now is located upon the mesa lands secured under these options and supplied with water from these and other water-bearing lands.

Mr. Taylor immediately returned to Sioux City and laid the proposition of founding a new colony which should be modeled on other successful settlements in California before Mr. A. S. Garretson, cashier of the Sioux National Bank, who called in for conference Mr. George L. Joy, president of a \$16,000,000 Trust Company—the largest trust company in the state. A telegram was also sent to ex-Governor Samuel Merrill, of Des Moines, asking him to join them in Sioux City. Governor Merrill had recently been in Los Angeles but knew nothing about the lands under consideration. After spending but fifteen days in Sioux City, Mr. Taylor was assured the sum of \$200,000 with which to take up the options and start work, with the promise of more money if needed.

Returning to California, he organized, under the laws of this state, the South Riverside Land & Water Company, with Governor Merrill, A. S. Garretson, George L. Joy and R. B. Taylor as directors. To comply with the law, requiring a certain number of directors, the name of Adolph Rimpau was added to this list. The options were taken up and the lands transferred to the new company and by the latter part of May Mr. Taylor, acting as manager, with practically unlimited power, was ready to begin active work.

William Sweeney was employed as chief engineer of

the water lines and H. Clay Kellogg as chief engineer for the subdivision of the mesa lands, with Tom Wade in charge of the team work for plowing and grading streets. In order that Mr. Taylor might oversee the work at all points, he bought a span of runaway ponies and a spring wagon, putting them under the charge of Charley Wall, then but a boy, of whom he says, "A better and more trustworthy boy never lived."

Before the colony lands could be placed on sale, it appeared that some arrangement must be made to give each purchaser an equitable interest in the water; this was accomplished at a later date by having all water lands, pipe lines, etc., transferred by the land company to the water company—two organizations having been made—in exchange for capital stock, which was then issued to purchasers of colony lands.

In the late summer of 1886 the land company donated a block at the southwest corner of Main and 6th Streets to A. S. Garretson for a site for a hotel. He built and furnished, at a cost of \$15,000, the "Temescal," which for years was the leading hotel of the town. Mr. Garretson's father-in-law, O. A. Smith, was put in charge and operated this hotel for many years.

Upon completion of the hotel, Mr. Taylor brought his family and his father to stay there until their own home, then under construction, was ready for them. When the house was finished, arrangements were made to occupy it upon a Thursday morning. But when the morning arrived, no house was to be seen—a fire had destroyed the building, which had cost \$3,300, during the night. It was a complete loss. The family was compelled to remain at the hotel until another house was built.

Messrs. Taylor, Joy and Merrill built the first brick block of the town at the northwest corner of Main and 6th Streets. The corner room was occupied by Mr. Taylor, who conducted the Citizen's Bank, which was duly incorporated, with Mr. Taylor as president.

In 1888, as Mr. Taylor remembers, W. H. Jamison and N. C. Hudson located in Corona. With their associates they bought of the land company 2,000 acres of the Temescal wash and laid out a town site called Auburndale, building a hotel, offices, and other structures. This enterprise proved a failure, however, and the land was turned back to the company.



Later, Mr. Taylor obtained an option on a run-down, narrow-gauge railroad, operating between San Bernardino and Colton. He then resigned as manager of the South Riverside interests and Mr. Jamison filled the position he vacated. Mr. Taylor organized the Southern California Motor Railway Company, rebuilt the road to standard gauge and extended it to Riverside. It was later sold to the Southern Pacific Company, which still owns and operates it.

With regard to the water supply of Corona, Mr. Taylor worked on the theory that California streams run upside down, and in order to secure their waters it is necessary to do down to bed-rock and bring the water to the surface by means of tunnels and pumps: on that theory he started the tunnel on the Serrano Ranch, but resigned before it was completed. He is now of the opinion that had this tunnel been finished as planned, Corona would have secured an abundance of fine water at a much less cost than that required by the present system.

The founder and first manager built pipe-line No. 1, the first water supply of the new settlement, at a cost of \$45,000. The long years of service rendered by this line show the care and efficiency of its builder. Mr. Taylor says all important business affairs which he undertook were discussed with his father before anything was done, and the son attributes much of his success to the good council and judgment of the elder Taylor.

The first church of the settlement was the First Christian, organized by Mr. James Taylor, Charley Figgins, Miss Hand (Auntie), Mrs. Bear, Dr. McCarty, Miss Macneil, and a few others. The land company donated the lots and R. B. Taylor moved a building onto them, put it in shape and donated it. He and his wife united with this church and still retain membership in it.

In August, 1897, this town builder removed with his family to Los Angeles. In December of the same year he decided to investigate the gold fields of South America. He sailed from Mobile, Alabama, on a small steamer which came near going down in a big storm on the Gulf of Mexico. Leaving the steamer at Port Columbia, he traveled by rail and water into the interior of Columbia until he reached Caracolio. There his two companions turned back—they had had enough. Mr. Taylor went on by mule to Medellin. Here he met an Englishman, Mr. Oliver Pike, who had married a Colombian and established a home. As he knew



no Spanish and as no English was spoken in the country, the American remained a month with Mr. Pike, learning Spanish enough to make himself understood. He then traveled for many days by mule, finally reaching Carocolio again. During his trip this explorer had secured options on some 60,000 acres of good mining and timber lands.

In 1901 Mr. Taylor organized a company and started back to Colombia with machinery and equipment to open up mines. However, a civil war had broken out and the country was infested by bands of robbers who were not connected with either of the warring factions. Mr. Taylor succeeded in getting his machinery, by pack mules, to his mines; but at the end of the war, three years later, he found the country still in bad condition, over-run by robber bands who had no regard for life or property, so he was compelled to abandon the project for the time being and return home.

It is very interesting to hear Mr. Taylor talk of Colombia, its people and their manners and customs; the variety of timber and vegetation found there; the wild animals and snakes, as well as many other features of that section. The traveler, however, seems to think all of this of no interest and hesitates to speak of his experiences.

The dates in this narrative referring to the history of South Riverside—now Corona—are given largely from memory; but at the time of the relation Mr. Taylor had the facts clearly in mind and they are approximately correct.

The assessed valuation of the city of Corona is now over \$5,600,000; by the 1920 Federal Census, its population was over 4,000. A beautiful and prosperous settlement and city has grown up in less than forty years, from the seed sown by that energetic pioneer, R. B. Taylor.

## HISTORY OF THE CALIFORNIA STATE DIVISION CONTROVERSY

By Rockwell D. Hunt

Note.—This paper is a chapter from the author's forthcoming "History of California—American Period," which is to be a volume of the larger work "California and Californians," and is here printed with the courteous permission of the Lewis Publishing Company of Chicago, Illinois.

From the beginning of its existence as a commonwealth California has experienced recurring periods of restlessness or active agitation on the subject of dividing the State. Indeed, the antagonism between Northern and Southern California, in certain phases at least, antedates by many years the period of the American conquest.

First of all, there came the separation into Alta California and Baja California, the spiritual conquest of the former being entrusted to the Franciscans, and of the latter to the Dominicans. Nevertheless, during virtually the entire period of the Spanish régime there was but one territory, though with plural name—Las Californias—and the seat of administration was maintained with fair consistency at Monterey.

One of the early Mexican governors (Echeandia) took up his official residence at San Diego, thereby deeply offending the politicians of Monterey. The demand that the governor should reside at Monterey gave plausibility to the claims of Zamorano, who promptly announced himself as governor. After certain war-like gestures, the issue was compromised by a division of California into two territories—Echeandia's dominions extended northward to San Gabriel, and Zamorano's claims reached southward to San Fernando. This arrangement was of slight duration, the territories being re-united by Figueroa and Monterey being restored as capital.

In 1835 the Mexican Congress decreed that Los Angeles should be raised to the dignity of a city and made capital of the two Californias. The Alvarado Revolution of 1836 quickly followed, however, resulting for a time in "The Free State of Alta California." San Diego joined Los Angeles in opposing the plan to make Monterey capital; and thus again were North and South arrayed against each other. It was not long, however, before Alvarado gained complete ascendancy, winning official recognition as Mexi-

can governor, and re-establishing official residence at Monterey.

Let it suffice here to add that the feud between the *arribanos* and the *abajenos* (uppers and lowers) was only finally forgotten in the presence of the common enemy, *los Americanos*. In the words of Mr. J. M. Guinn:

For twenty years the internecine strife between the North and the South had existed. Three times the territory had been rent asunder by the warring factions. For ten years Los Angeles had struggled to become the capital. It had won, but the victory was dearly bought, and it was but half a victory at best. The archives remained at Monterey. The standing army of the territory, if it could be called an army, was stationed there and there Castro, the military commandante, resided.

We now come to the American period, with which this paper is primarily concerned. That the state division controversy has from the beginning been worthy of more than merely incidental mention in any history of California is well illustrated by a statement made in 1880 by John G. Downey, who served as Governor from 1860 to 1862:

From the morning of our existence as a commonwealth, the southern counties of this state have been uneasy and restless under the lash of unequal taxation and the unequal distribution of the benefits derivable therefrom.

The matter occupied the deep consideration of the members of the first constitutional convention at Monterey, in 1849, and the members from the southern counties only yielded a reluctant assent to the formation of a state government when they obtained a declaration that taxation should be "equal and uniform throughout the state."

How unfairly this guarantee has been carried out will be made manifest by the persistent attempts to free ourselves from the unnatural geographical and economical relations with the central and northern portions of the state.

Gwin's plan in the Constitutional Convention of 1849 to make the crest of the Rocky Mountains the eastern boundary, thus forming such a large state as to bring about subsequent division by an east-and-west line, has been discussed elsewhere.

While the national slavery issue undoubtedly had a bearing upon some of the early efforts to bring about a division of California, the dominant factor was usually some phase of local sectionalism, arising out of conditions peculiar to the areas involved. Before the gold discovery, California was almost exclusively pastoral and agricultural, and the preponderance of population was to be found in the south. The on-coming of the gold hunters suddenly shifted the centers of population to the north, where mining became the dominant interest. The Southern Californians, mostly Hispano-Californians, had little liking for the new conditions, preferring to be left to the enjoyment of their



wide-spreading estates. There was a natural divergence, therefore, between the two sections, "one an old, Mexican, sparsely settled, land-owning community, the other a new and numerous mining people, who leased their lands."

In the Constitutional Convention of 1849 the southern delegation was completely overshadowed by the north. Delegates from the old settled portions were opposed to the immediate formation of a State government. "They were afraid of the newcomers," wrote Mr. Gwin, "who formed a vast majority of the voting population." Carrillo, a prominent native Californian, perceiving that a great majority appeared to favor a State government, proposed—that the country should be divided by running a line east from San Luis Obispo, so that all north of that line might have a State Government, and all south thereof a Territorial Government.

The six delegates present from the extreme south voted against the resolution to form a state government, which nevertheless was carried by a large majority.

The reason for the southern opposition to early statehood was brought out in the debates, and has been thus stated by Doctor William H. Ellison:

The native land-holding class felt that the representation should be on a basis that would take into consideration the permanence of their interests and the transitoriness of those of the population in the San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys. They saw the difference between a settled, land-holding class and a transitory population, and believed that injustice could easily be done the permanent class. The issue was even clearer when the subject of taxation was being discussed. It was revealed by this discussion that the people in the south had feared from the first that a state government would bear heavily upon them, and that they doubtless wanted a territorial government, under which taxation would not be a burden.

In 1850 the Mormons from the State of Deseret proposed a new constitutional convention which should provide for the temporary inclusion of the Salt Lake region, with the plan for subsequent division. Scant consideration was given to the Mormon delegation, and the request was promptly tabled.

Notwithstanding the southern element had been completely outvoted in the Constitutional Convention, separate conventions and meetings were held in 1850 and 1851 at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Diego. On September 12, 1851, a special meeting of the citizens of Los Angeles County was held in the interest of separate organization for southern California. A representative committee was appointed to draft an address in relation to a proposed convention, "with a view of effecting the speedy



formation of a Territorial Government for the southern counties of California." Excerpts from this address will clearly reveal the widely-prevalent feeling of dissatisfaction:

It is our aim to set forth in detail the grounds of this momentous enterprise in which the southern counties are engaged, with an entire unanimity. Such a movement cannot be mistaken for the temporary ebullition of party excitement, that may be counteracted and checked, by another party antagonism; nor need it be supposed that the enthusiasm everywhere displayed in its behalf is to die away with its first efforts. *No!* The manifestations of the Public Will, already made, are truly the voice of one people, feeling deeply in their inmost heart a common evil that is attributable to one sole cause and has no other remedy than the one now sought and which must continue to be prayed and struggled for by all peaceable and constitutional means, until Justice shall triumph in its glorious accomplishment. There is little to please in the reflection, nevertheless it is the plain truth, that whatever of good the experiment of a State government may have otherwise led to in California, for us, the southern counties, it has proved only a splendid failure. The bitter fruits of it no county has felt more keenly than Los Angeles. With all her immense and varied and natural resources, her political, social and pecuniary condition at this moment is deplorable in the extreme; her industries paralyzed under the insupportable burden of taxation; her port almost forsaken by commerce; her surplus products of no value on account of the enormous price of freights; her capital flying to other claims; a sense of the utter insecurity of property pervading all classes and everything tending to fasten upon her, in the guise of legislation, a state of actual oppression which will soon exhaust the energies of a population that deserves a better fate.

As with Los Angeles, so it is in various degrees with our sister counties. . . . A prey to incessant Indian depredations from without and destitute of internal protection for our lives and property, under laws applicable to our wants, and the character of the population and withal a continued and ruinous taxation impending over us, our future is gloomy indeed as a community if we shall fail in this appeal to our brethren of the North, for the only redress consonant with our national interests—a *separation*, friendly and peaceful, but still complete, leaving the North and South respectively to fulfill their grand destinies under systems of laws suited to each. A melancholy experience, now of sufficient duration, coming home to every man in the South, has produced the wide-spread conviction in which the present movement originated. We claim for it the purest motives which Patriotism and Philanthropy dictates.

The time has arrived for prompt, firm and decisive action. Let each friend of the cause faithfully do his duty and we promise a fortunate consummation of our dearest wishes. True to ourselves, we shall have no reason to complain of the Legislature of California, nor the Congress of the United States.

We are respectfully your Obedient Servants.

(Signed) Augustin Olvera  
Pio Pico  
Benj. Hayes  
J. Lancaster Brent

Lewis Grainger  
John O. Wheeler  
José Antonio Carrillo  
(Committee)

In the meantime it should be noted that there were early attempts in Congress to divide California. A chief proponent of the project was Senator Foote, who during the struggle for California's admission favored admission of only that portion lying north of  $36^{\circ} 30'$ . Persistent efforts were put forth and numerous proposals were made looking to division; but all failed to carry, and the bill admitting the new State with boundaries as originally proposed finally won congressional approval. It is obvious that the movement in Congress for division was part and parcel of the dominant national issue—the slavery question.

During the first decade of statehood the question of division came up in some form in nearly every session of the Legislature. Specific reasons for the creation of a separate state or states included the following: (1) the very extent of territory, with dissimilarity of resources, was deemed too great for a single state; (2) the former inhabitants of California, now largely confined to the south, were not sufficiently acquainted with American institutions; (3) the expenses of the state government necessarily bore heavily upon landholders, who in some cases were threatened with ruin, while no commensurate benefits accrued to them; (4) the stable—though relatively sparse—population of the south was virtually under the political domination of the more transient population of the north; (5) the distance from the southern centers to the northern capital imposed a heavy burden on the south and greatly discommoded the people. In addition to these local considerations, there was always, running in the minds of certain pro-slavery men, of whom Gwin was the most prominent, the hope that a new state on the Pacific might be made a field for slavery extension, or bring about the accession of two Southern senators to restore the balance of power in national political circles.

Few would now deny that the southern part of the State really suffered injustice during the first years of statehood. A number of persons migrated to Mexico in order to escape the oppressive taxation of the State government. The feeling was widespread that in matters of current legislation the wishes of the southerners were not consulted and their interests were largely ignored. They complained that they were no better treated than step-children—"more like a conquered province than as a free and independent state."

After a series of local meetings, each looking toward

a general convention, involving impracticable considerations and misunderstandings, which remind one of the provisional government meetings preceding the Monterey Convention of 1849, a convention finally met at Santa Barbara on October 20, 1851, and continued in session four days. Practically all of the delegates were from Los Angeles, San Diego, and Santa Barbara; many were of Spanish origin, two had married Spanish wives. The convention urged the dissolution of the political union, which was held to be— . . . in contradiction to the eternal ordinances of nature, who herself had marked with an unerring hand the natural bounds between the great gold regions of the northern and internal sections of the State and the rich and agricultural valleys of the south.

It expressed the desire for the formation of the southern counties into a territorial government, "under the paternal guardianship of the General Government."

There can be no doubt that many individuals residing in the south sincerely desired a new State or Territory; but association with Gwin and other pro-slavery leaders of national aspiration caused the northern part of California to see "an attempt to add more slave territory to that already existing rather than to endeavor to escape heavy taxation." Moreover, there was adverse comment in the East, where the idea was current that California had forced a way into the Union against bitter opposition; hence true patriotism dictated that southern Californians should remain in the State—disruption, indeed, might prove fatal to the Union.

Issues raised in the Santa Barbara Convention could only be settled in the State Legislature. Accordingly, attempts were made in the sessions of 1852 and 1853 to provide for calling a constitutional convention to revise the State Constitution, since it appeared that a general convention would be necessary before legal separation could be effected. In his message to the Legislature in 1852, Governor McDougal clearly recognized the unsatisfactory conditions obtaining, pointing out that taxation was "equal and uniform throughout the state" only in a legal sense, since the six agricultural counties of the south, with a population less than 87,000, paid into the treasury during the preceding year close to \$42,000, while the twelve mining counties, with a population of nearly 120,000, paid less than \$22,000. Some southern citizens, he continued, were actually forced to alienate portions of their land and sacrifice many head of their cattle to meet the burden; and worst of all, "the cords of amity between the sections were being broken."



The recommendation that a convention be called, "either to greatly reduce the limits of the state" or to authorize special legislation, was vigorously discussed both in and out of the Legislature. The measure passed in the Assembly but—perhaps on account of the injection of the slavery question—was finally rejected by the Senate.

Again in the Legislature of 1853 a bill was introduced recommending the calling of a constitutional convention. This passed the Assembly without difficulty, but met serious opposition in the Senate. While division of the State at some future time was admittedly probable—and regarded even desirable—immediate division was held by the majority report to be inimical to the development of the south and was likely to lower the world's esteem for the Pacific Coast. Public opinion was divided, likewise the press—with the balance probably against the measure. The religious press stood generally opposed to state division, largely because of the possible introduction of slavery. Near the close of the debate in the Legislature Mr. Hubbs proposed a vote on the question of dividing California into three states, "El Dorado" (the south), "California" (middle), and "Sacramento" (north). This proposal was speedily rejected, and the following day the original measure was lost for lack of the necessary two-thirds majority.

While the subject of state division continued to be agitated during 1853 and 1854 in certain quarters, it was not till 1855 that it again came prominently before the Legislature. Jefferson Hunt, assemblyman from San Bernardino, introduced a bill for the creation out of the territory of the State of California of a new state to be called "Columbia," which was to embrace the territory included in the counties of Santa Cruz, Santa Clara, San Joaquin, Calaveras, Amador, Tuolumne, Stanislaus, Mariposa, Tulare, Monterey, Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, Los Angeles, San Bernardino, and San Diego, together with the coast islands. On April 4 the committee reported a substitute measure providing for the creation of three states out of California.

The discussion revealed but little real opposition to some form of state division, but did show serious difference of opinion as to questions of constitutionality. Moreover, slavery and the negro question would not down, though any connection between the two issues was vigorously disclaimed. At any rate, the Legislature adjourned before state division received any adequate consideration in the Senate.

During the Legislative Session of 1856 the question received only listless attention: it was virtually crowded off the docket by the big issues of that memorable year—the split in the Democratic Party, the ascendancy of the Know-Nothings, and the intense struggle for the United States senatorship.

In April, 1858, resolutions were introduced in the Legislative by Senator Andres Pico, representing Los Angeles, San Bernardino and San Diego counties, looking toward the formation of a Territory from that part of California situated south of  $35^{\circ} 45'$ . This request was based upon the usual considerations of differences between south and north in climate, soil and production, as well as dissimilarity in language and customs and the great distance between the two sections. Pico's resolutions were not pressed at the time, however, because it was urged that a general discussion at that late date would interfere with the legislative work of the session.

Next comes the year 1859, memorable in the state division controversy. In early February, Pico introduced resolutions in the Assembly favoring segregation of the southern portion of the State from the more populous north and the creation from the segregated area of the "Territory of Colorado." In the proposed Act the desired boundaries of the new Territory were described as—

all of that part, or portion of the present territory of this State, lying all south of a line drawn eastward from the west boundary of the State along the sixth standard of parallel south of the Mount Diablo meridian, east to the smmit of the Coast Range; thence southerly, following said summit to the seventh standard parallel; thence due east, on said standard parallel to its intersection with the northwest boundary of Los Angeles County; thence northeast along said boundary, to the eastern boundary of the State, including the counties of San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Bernardino, and a part of Buena Vista [a part of Tulare, later Kern County].

Section 2 provided for submitting the question to a vote of the electors of the portion sought to be segregated at the next general election, and in the event of a favorable vote of two-thirds majority, the Secretary of State was to send a certified copy of the Act together with the result to the President of the United States and to the senators and representatives in Congress.

As was to be expected, the discussion of the bill revealed considerable bitterness. At that time there were in California sharply defined Lecompton and Anti-Lecompton parties. The Lecomptonites had been successful in the elections; hence there was in the Legislature a strong pro-

slavery sentiment. There were those who did not hesitate to charge that the proposed division was but "a revival of the old scheme to cut the State in half and bring the southern part into the Union as a slave state." The *Sacramento Union* was particularly bitter in its denunciation of the measure. On the other hand, the majority report of the special committee, on the basis of reasons consistently and repeatedly advanced, fully endorsed the expediency of the measure, without expressing any opinion, however, on the subject of its constitutionality.

While this measure was under discussion, another bill was introduced proposing to allow "the citizens of the State of California residing north of the fortieth degree of north latitude to withdraw from the State of California and organize a separate government." The area affected included Siskiyou, Del Norte, Klamath, Humboldt, Trinity, Shasta, Plumas and Tehama counties. Nothing came of this rather grotesque proposal, which seems to have been presented as a possible checkmate on the more serious demand of the southern members.

On March 25 the Pico Bill passed the Assembly by a vote of 33 to 25; about three weeks later it passed the Senate by a vote of 15 to 12. All members of the Legislature from southern California voted for the bill. On April 19 it received the approval of Governor John B. Weller, who submitted to a vote of the people of the affected districts the question of dismemberment. The election, which was held in September, brought out a total vote of scarcely 3,300, being in favor of division nearly three to one.

The next step was to bring the matter before Congress. Accordingly the new Governor, Milton S. Latham, in January, 1860, just before resigning the governorship to take his position as United States Senator, sent a communication to President Buchanan in which he advanced an argument for the constitutionality of the proceedings. In his letter he stated that—

... the origin of this Act is to be found in the dissatisfaction of the mass of people, in the southern counties in this State, with the expenses of State Government. They are an agricultural people, thinly scattered over a large extent of country. They complain that the taxes upon their land and cattle are ruinous—entirely disproportioned to the taxes collected in the mining regions; that the policy of the State, hitherto having been to exempt mining claims from taxation, and the mining population being migratory in its character, and hence contributing but little to the State revenue in proportion to their population, they are unjustly burdened; and that there is no remedy, save in a separation from the other portion of the State. In short, that the union of southern and northern California is unnatural.



It was pointed out, however, that the people of the State at large were against the measure, and that the people being the proper judges upon that point, "the measure must be deemed, for the present, at least, impolitic."

Both houses of the State Legislature adopted a resolution to carry out the provisions of the Act of 1859;—it remained only for the National Congress to ratify the action of the State. Before final action could be secured at Washington, the whole country had become deeply agitated over the vital issues of secession and impending conflict; thus the measure failed to receive serious attention in Congress, and thus California narrowly escaped state division.

It may be of some academic interest to inquire as to the status of the Act of 1859—which has never been repealed—after the lapse of these many years. One prominent attorney of Los Angeles, Robert N. Bulla, who had served two terms in the State Senate, has thus expressed himself:

I believe that there is no inhibition contained in the Federal Constitution against the creation of a new state from within the boundaries of one already existing, and that if the Statute of 1859 is still in force, the only thing legally necessary to secure the division of the State of California is the consent of Congress. . . . My own conclusion is that the said Act is still in full force and effect.

Viewing the question practically, however, and calling to mind the widely changed conditions that obtain at present as compared to those of two-thirds of a century ago, it would seem to be safe to aver that in any future consideration of State division there is not even a remote prospect that the Act of 1859 will ever be invoked.

For nearly two decades the question quietly slumbered. In the late seventies it was mildly revived, as certain Los Angeles papers brought it before the public. But slight significance attached to the movement till the year 1881. As a result of some agitation a mass meeting was held in February of that year, which adopted resolutions approving State division and authorizing the appointment of a legal committee of nine attorneys. This committee reported that the Act of 1859 was still in force and that Congress was competent to admit the new State.

The call was issued for a special convention of southern California delegates in Los Angeles for September, to take further action. While Los Angeles County was well represented, few delegates were in evidence from other southern counties. It was complained that Los Angeles wanted to be the capital of the prospective State of "South-

ern California" and planned to monopolize the offices. On the whole the sentiment favored division, but there was little enthusiasm outside of the Los Angeles delegation, and, the movement being deemed inopportune, nothing further was done.

New impetus was given the subject in 1885, when the State Board of Equalization raised the assessment of Los Angeles County—an act claimed by some to be a part of a conspiracy to check Eastern immigration to southern California. The most persistent of all the causes of the dissatisfaction in the south has been the alleged injustice with which that section has been treated by the north in matters of assessment and taxation.

In 1888 General William Vandever, Congressman from the sixth California district, introduced a bill proposing to divide the State and create the State of "Southern California." This bill was never reported out of committee. During that same year another State Division Convention was held, the subject threatening for a time to become serious; but the revival of interest was without result.

That the political leaders took cognizance of the question—though by no means always favorable to State division—is illustrated by the following declaration made by the Democratic Convention of 1890:

The Democratic Party of California declares itself unalterably opposed to all schemes having for their object the division of the State of California, and pledges itself to maintain this great Commonwealth, brought into the American Union by Democratic statesmanship, undivided in its greatness.

In 1909 State division flared up anew and with great vigor in Los Angeles, assuming a more serious aspect than at any time since the Civil War. The State Board of Equalization included two southern members but was controlled by the three members from north of Tehachapi. The horizontal advance of forty per cent in the assessed valuation of Los Angeles County aroused intense indignation in the minds of certain citizens, and as a result a meeting of protest was held at the call of the Los Angeles Realty Board. This meeting was presided over by George N. Black and was addressed by several speakers who seemed to take delight in excoriating the three northern members of the Board of Equalization. A long series of resolutions were adopted, including the following:

**Whereas**, the entire course of conduct pursued in this matter by the majority of the State Equalizers has demonstrated conclusively that the injustice of which we complain was premeditated:

Therefore, be it resolved by the citizens and taxpayers of Los Angeles County in mass meeting, that we earnestly protest against this action.

Resolved, that we feel that the men guilty of perpetrating this outrage have added fuel to the flame of sectional animosity, thereby crystallizing into an issue of the first magnitude the question of State division.

Resolved, that we demand of the Legislature of this State a readjustment of the equalization districts on the basis of the distribution of assessed valuation, thereby giving to Southern California an equal half of the membership of the State Board of Equalization.

Several speakers raised their voices against division, among them being Percy H. Clark, who declared it would be but a short time before "the biggest portion of the population will be in southern California. Then we can bring the capital down here and locate it where we please."

Nevertheless the division sentiment strongly predominated, and delegates were named to plan for a later conference. A single paragraph from an editorial in the *Los Angeles Express* will serve to illustrate the pitch of excitement that prevailed in the minds of southern divisionists:

Southern California has reached a crisis in her history. Recent events have demonstrated that her safety, security and progress demand the division of the State. Otherwise each act of injustice will but lead to another, each discrimination to greater discrimination, and every tyranny to larger tyrannies. If we tamely submit to the outrage heaped on the southern section of the State by the Board of Equalization, we shall find ourselves the victims of injustices even more outrageous. Let us have done with speech and prepare for action.

But it would be a serious mistake to imagine that extreme sentiment obtained among the people generally. As a matter of fact, the question was of lively interest to a small minority of the citizens of Southern California. And the *Los Angeles Times* pointed out that under conditions of aroused sentiment, "it is always well to sleep upon the matter and not permit ourselves to be carried away by passion instead of reason." Continuing, it said:

We are smarting under the injustice inflicted upon us. Our blood is hot and our minds excited, and if a campaign is opened at this time for division of the State it will be acrimonious and in every way detrimental to our business interests. Whatever is done in the end would better be let go over for a more convenient season.

For some time during the autumn of 1909 the discussion continued. There was a revival of the historical aspects of the controversy, there was debate on the constitutional phases, there was rehearsal of all manner of reasons for and against State division. It was of no assistance to the waning cause of southern divisionists when another plan was put forward at the northern end of the State for the creation of a new State of "Siskiyou," to embrace Del Norte, Humboldt, Trinity, Siskiyou, Tehama, Modoc,



and Lassen counties of California together with the seven southernmost counties of Oregon. Let it suffice to say this project was never taken very seriously—perhaps one of its principal effects was to speed the whole question of state division on its way towards forgetfulness. So strong was the opposition in northern California and so lacking in unanimity was the movement in the south that the matter was finally dropped.

A recent outcropping of the ancient and traditional feud between the *arribanos* (uppers) and *abajenos* (lowers) was seen following the autumn election of 1914, when southern Californians were charged by a few representatives of the "free spirit" of the north with revealing a dangerous proclivity for prohibition and other measures which, they held, were "bad for business and keep capital out of the State." Los Angeles was charged with being composed of Easterners and not true Californians. Here and there a newspaper lashed itself into mild fury in the fear that the inhabitants of the southland might endanger the "free spirit of California," and so there was again talk of State division abroad in the land.

This time, however, the north was the aggressor, and it was solemnly proposed that the eight southern counties—Santa Barbara, Ventura, Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Orange, Riverside, San Diego, Imperial—should be cut off entirely and thus that the State should be divided at the Tehachapi. Initiative petitions were to be circulated, bringing before the voters of California the question of amending that section of the Constitution relating to boundaries so as to exclude the eight southern counties. When it appeared that the movement might take on serious proportions, during the early months of 1915, it was urged by at least one southern writer that a counter petition should at once be circulated providing for a line of division that would include, in addition to the counties proposed in the northern petition, four additional counties—San Luis Obispo, Kern, Inyo, and Mono,

the two latter so that the Los Angeles Aqueduct and its sources of supply shall not be inadvertently left out of the new state, and the two former because by right of physical configuration, business associations, climatic conditions and products, they belong to this section.

The agitation of 1915, however, attained very slight momentum—it was rather a mere flurry than a sustained and definite movement, and the only new reasons for division appearing at the time, while somewhat naïve and picturesque, were generally regarded as quite preposterous.

On one pretense or another the ghost of State division has appeared bienially with the recurring sessions of the Legislature; but the very frequency of the appearance has greatly reduced the fear of consequences. Most latterly there has been more or less desultory talk of division because of the failure to arrive at a satisfactory solution of legislative reapportionment based on the 1920 census, the south setting up the contention that it has not been accorded the recognition demanded by its rapidly growing population in the matter of senatorial and assembly districts.

In concluding this paper it will be appropriate to pass under rapid review the principal considerations that have, with considerable persistency and at times with much energy, been urged for the division of California and in rebuttal of such contention, and finally to make brief reference to the forces that have militated against division and now uphold the unity of the commonwealth.

One of the strongest arguments for division is that based upon nature and the natural forces. The State is very large geographically, with more or less sharply-defined mountain walls between north and south; there are marked climatic differences; the longitudinal distances are very great, interposing serious handicaps in travel and transportation—repeatedly has it been urged that the present boundary is lacking in unity—that nature herself decreed division.

Resting upon the forces of nature the diverse interests of north and south have been pointed out from the early gold days to our own time. Occupationally—so it is said—Californians have been as two peoples, unnaturally held together within the bounds of a single commonwealth, while the diversity in the characters of the two populations has been scarcely less marked.

Politically, great gain has been seen in division. Two or three states where now there is one would be represented at Washington by four or six senators instead of two and by added numbers in the House of Representatives, Southern California would have its own capital, make its own laws, and administer its own affairs instead of being subjected to the inconvenience and the injustice of an absentee rule that has on many an occasion been a disturbing factor in the past.

Tradition itself records a spirit of rivalry—frequently bordering on separation—between north and south, that

antedates statehood in California. This age-long feud, always maintained in a spirit of levity, now and again assuming graver mien, has been symptomatic of a subjective division that—it is said—might well be given objective reality.

If then, as a prominent writer has said, "California is divided," as a result of natural, occupational, political, and traditional factors, why not consummate the legal recognition of the fact? Why not avail ourselves of the advantages of a new and additional state?

The very fact that California has endured without division or separation for three-quarters of a century suggests to the thoughtful that there have always been powerful elements making for unity. While it cannot be said that California is a unit topographically, there is nevertheless much in our geographical and other physical features that constitutes a marked degree of unity.

Our long, comparatively unbroken sea-board presents a striking contrast to that along the Atlantic or of the west coast of Europe; our mountain ranges stretch virtually the entire length of the State; and, considering the great distance from north to south, California is to a remarkable extent a climatic unit. By selecting points of varying altitudes and distances from the coast, locations of comparatively even rainfall may be indicated over the length of the State. Even the flora and fauna show wonderful unity in variety. The California poppy is found from Oregon to Mexico.

Occupationally the different sections have been drawing rapidly together. To be sure there was a time when mining was the dominant interest of the north and agriculture of the south. The '49 tradition was exceedingly strong in San Francisco, and Los Angeles was dubbed the "Queen of the Cow Counties." All this has been radically transformed by a conspiracy of forces—exhaustion of mines, increase of population, irrigation both north and south with consequent intensive farming and horticulture, the rise of the petroleum industry, phenomenal development of manufacturing and expansion of foreign trade, the changed methods of transportation and communication, and corollary factors. If for a time the need for irrigation was more obvious in southern California, its benefits are now likewise clearly perceived in central California and even in the extreme north. Commerce of incredible volume has sprung up in the south, particularly at Los Angeles Harbor; while the citrus industry has attained very significant



magnitude in certain sections of central and northern California. Great power lines now extend the length and breadth of the State; the marvelous advances of modern science have made it possible to use power generated in the Shasta region along the lower Colorado River. The great railway net has been supplemented by the most wonderful highway system in the world, and the automobile has become a powerful promoter of unity, while the navigation of the air is now well begun. Journeys to and fro that once consumed days and almost weeks are readily accomplished in scant hours of time.

Such a transformation of industry must necessarily reflect itself in political conditions. The integration of business and commerce and the annihilation of distance tend to destroy ancient political differences and resolve problems that once were serious. To be sure, two or three states where now California is would insure larger numerical representation in the United States Senate from the Pacific Coast, but this representation would not be California's! Consolidation is the watchword of the day, not disintegration. If in looking backward there appear in our history reasons for the division of the State and the setting up of a new government, reflection upon the changed conditions of today and a thought for the unfolding drama of the future will impress one with the conclusion that those reasons have lost their cogency and are no longer convincing. Already the course of history has proven William M. Gwin a false prophet when, in advocacy of the larger boundary of California, he thus expressed himself before the Constitutional Convention in 1849:

If we include territory enough for several States, it is competent for the people and the State of California to divide it hereafter. . . . So far as I am concerned, I should like to see six States fronting on the Pacific in California. I want the additional power in the Congress of the United States of twelve Senators instead of four: . . . And the past history of our country, sir, developes the fact that we will have State upon State here—probably as many as on the Atlantic side—and as we accumulate States we accumulate strength; our institutions become more powerful to do good and not to do evil. I have no doubt the time will come when we will have twenty States this side of the Rocky Mountains. I want the power, sir, and the population. When the population comes, they will require that this State shall be divided.

H. W. Halleck proved the better seer when in 1851 he advised against division. In a letter to Pablo de la Guerra he wrote:

For God's sake don't commit yourself to the state separation. California will rue the day she ever seriously enters into the question, or I am no prophet.

The history of the controversy for State division in California is an interesting story, of many chapters; but now it is as a tale that is told. The forces that make for unity have triumphed. Having survived many a struggle—sometimes serious but oftener merely ephemeral—unified, loyal California, majestic and puissant, sees on her horizon no ominous cloud threatening division. On the contrary, the very forces that seemed to make for feud and separation—physical, occupational, political—have become cementing bonds of unity.

And still more potent than these is the irresistible force of tradition; and chief among the cherishers of the tradition of unity are the legions of native sons and native daughters. These are lovers of the whole great State of California, and great is their faith in her high destiny. If physical unity were unattainable, if occupational divergence were fixed and permanent, if political anomalies were incorrigible, it is doubtful whether the logic of division could overcome the momentum of the spirit and tradition of unity in a hundred years; but when geography and climate itself become the hand-maids of unity, when the conscious interdependence of north and south in industry and commerce binds the sections ever more firmly together, when the common problems of the Empire State of the Pacific bespeak the strength of unity—then the heritage of a loyal people, the tradition that binds as with hooks of steel, give full assurance of a Commonwealth fronting the Pacific and the future with the strength of union,—California, one and indivisible!

## SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA IN CIVIL WAR DAYS

By Percival J. Cooney

California was fortunately spared the horrors of actual fighting during the Civil War period, but, nevertheless, soldiers were very much in evidence, and nowhere was partisan feeling more bitter. And there is much reason for believing that there was a widespread conspiracy to deliver southern California to the Confederacy, a conspiracy that was frustrated by the prompt action of the military authorities.

No comprehension of the time or the events can be had without first taking a bird's-eye view of the land and the people as they existed in '61 to '65. Los Angeles was a town of less than 2,000 persons; San Gabriel a village of a few hundred. Between San Gabriel and San Bernardino there was but one settlement of note—El Monte—where, on the subirrigated lands of the San Gabriel Valley, the American pioneers who had come out on a wagon train in 1852 were clearing the swampy land and establishing homes. There was a native California village at the site of the old mission at the turn of the river a mile or two north of Montebello and a tiny hamlet at Cucamonga. The great cities of today—Pasadena, Glendale, and the beach towns—did not exist. The whole territory from the west end of the San Fernando Valley to San Bernardino was devoted to but two industries—cattle and grain raising. But it was primarily a cattle country; there was no fencing law—that is, a man engaged in farming was obliged to fence his land to protect it from the encroachments of the half-wild range cattle. Through this sparsely settled land ran the San Bernardino road, which later has become the Valley Boulevard. San Bernardino was a town of about 1,000 people, composed of Mormons and southerners.

The entire population south of Tehachapi was not more than 12,000. Three-fourths of these were southerners by birth and ancestry. Until October, 1861, news arrived by pony express from the east to San Francisco and was wired to Los Angeles. Stages ran two or three times a week, and later daily, eastward by Warner's Ranch, the Imperial desert, and to Yuma.

The events of the early months of 1861 brought home to the people of California that matters in the east were



approaching a crisis. Lincoln was inaugurated March 4, and Jefferson Davis was inaugurated as President of the Confederacy four days later. The eyes of the State were fixed on the California Legislature, and a sigh of relief went up from all Union men when, on April 4, 1861, it elected McDougall, a Union man, as United States senator.

On April 26 came the news of the firing on Fort Sumter, and in May, after a prolonged and fierce debate, the California Legislature passed loyal resolutions placing the State squarely behind the Lincoln government.

The rage of the southern sympathizers at these last two events was so violent, their denunciations so bold and defiant, that even the military authorities were amazed and anxious. Brigadier-General Sumner, writing on April 28, 1861, to the Adjutant General at Washington, said:

I have no doubt that there is some deep scheming to draw California into the secessionist movement. The troops now here will hold their position on all government property, but [and this admission is significant, coming from the general of the military district] if there should be a general uprising of the people it would be impossible to put it down.

Santa Barbara reports that the native population of California will join the secessionist movement to a man. Captain Hancock, in Los Angeles, states "that persons who have been influential in politics are active in encouraging acts of hostilities." The Bear Flag (then considered an assertion of state's rights) was paraded through the streets of El Monte, and a company known to be secessionists was said to be drilling. Editor Sherman of a San Bernardino paper reports that "secret meetings in San Bernardino and El Monte are being held by secessionists; the Stars and Stripes are openly cursed," and he begs that a company of cavalry be sent to San Bernardino.

In 1862 we find, in a report from Major Carlton, who was in command of the troops later stationed at San Bernardino, the first reference to an unusual congregation of miners in the mountains, particularly in Bear and Holcomb valleys. He estimated their numbers at from 1,000 to 1,800 men. Attempts to form a Union club failed and the streets in the evening rang with cheers for Jeff Davis.

San Bernardino and El Monte were regarded by the authorities as the two dangerous spots. Troops were kept at San Bernardino until the end of the war and were stationed at El Monte intermittently.

Henry Willis of San Bernardino reports, on August 5, 1861, that a man named Kelsey, a man "enterprising,

cautious and brave," has held meetings in Holcomb Valley. A friend of Willis, by arrangement, attended as a spy and reported to him that the purpose of the meetings were to ascertain the fighting force of the seceders in the county, and enroll them as a force to act in connection with other forces throughout the state, having for its object the seizure of public property here and to raise the standard of rebellion, and bring on a civil war in the state.

August 6, 1861, Charles Bennet reports from San Bernardino:

They are enlisting all they can. The headquarters is in Holcomb Valley. . . . They expect to go via Texas to the Jeff Davis Confederation. They are to go in squads, and to travel in the night.

It will be noted how close a resemblance this plan—which will be treated of again—bears to that of Judge Hastings, with whom we shall deal later.

The two Los Angeles papers at the time were the *Star* and the *Southern News*. The *Southern News*, oddly enough, supported the government in a rather mild manner, while the *Star* openly stated that Lincoln was responsible for "this unholy, unjust, unconstitutional and unjustifiable war." It criticized Lincoln's immortal first inauguration speech as "not meaning anything in particular."

The principal hotel at the time in Los Angeles was the Bella Union (now the St. Charles block on Main Street). It was a gathering place for the southern chivalry, and guests wearing the uniform of the United States were treated with such scant courtesy that the military authorities finally ordered the soldiers to cease patronizing it. On one occasion a large picture of General Beauregard was displayed and hung in the hotel with much acclaim. These events doubtless led to the organization of the Home Guards in Los Angeles, the moving spirits in which were Don Abel Stearns and Henry Barrows, United States Marshal.

Visalia, in the San Joaquin Valley, was another town where secession spirit ran rampant.

"It is an everyday occurrence," writes the officer in charge of Visalia in 1862, "for them to cheer in the streets for Jefferson Davis and follow it with groans for the Stars and Stripes. They insult the soldiers by calling them 'Lincoln's hirelings.' Dr. Russell, one of their leaders, paid his license and posted it in his window with this notation: 'I pay this license to help murder my people back east.' " He further reports that fist fights between soldiers and citizens are of daily occurrence and in the previous week a soldier had been shot and killed.

The election which took place in September, 1861, saw a near-riot on the streets of San Bernardino. Captain Davidson, in command of the soldiers there, says:

I drove to the polls in a buggy about the time of their closing and found a mob of two or three hundred people standing around, most of them with sticks in their hands. They began shouting: "Hurrah for Jeff Davis! Hurrah for the Southern Confederacy!", in spite of the fact that my men were only 300 yards away. Most of them had revolvers as well. One of them shouted at me that "If the Union men felt they were stronger that they could start in"—that they could beat them robbing and burning any day.

The captain stood up in his buggy and denounced them as enemies of the country. Then whipping up his horses, he drove straight into the crowd; and he adds, rather naively, "that he believes that he rode over one man." He returned in a few moments with a squad of dragoons on horseback and spoke to the crowd from the saddle, warning them that treasonable sentiment would not be tolerated. This brought a cheer from a small group of Union men who had gathered about, and the crowd sullenly dispersed.

September 30, 1861, General E. V. Sumner, in command of the Pacific Department, with headquarters at San Francisco, gave the following orders to Colonel Wright at Camp Drum (as the military post at Wilmington was called):

The secession party in the state numbers about 32,000 and they are very restless and zealous, which gives them great influence. They are congregating in the southern part of the state, and it is there they expect to continue their operations against the government. . . . Put a stop to all demonstrations in favor of the rebel government, or against our own. You will establish a strong camp at Warner's Ranch and take measures to make Fort Yuma perfectly secure.

### **The Knights of the Golden Circle**

Behind all these apparently sporadic outbursts was undoubtedly the consciousness that the disturbers had back of them a wide-spread organization, the Knights of the Golden Circle. At a comparatively early date, however, the government was well informed about this organization, partly through detectives employed for that purpose and partly through Union men who, pretending to be southerners, succeeded in entering their lodges.

Clarence E. Bennett of San Bernardino, by means of a friend who posed as a secessionist, in August, 1861, secured a copy of their pledge and constitution, and forwarded it to General Sumner of San Francisco. It reads as follows:



*Whereas*, a crisis has arrived in our political affairs which demands the closest scrutiny and strictest vigilance of every true patriot as an American citizen; and *whereas*, we view with regret and heartfelt sorrow the existence of a civil war now waged by one portion of the American people against one another; and, *whereas*, we also believe that this war has been called into requisition by the present executive of the United States without the guarantee of the constitution and without the consent of either branch of the American Congress in their legislative capacity, and believing this is an unjust, unholy, iniquitous war; therefore be it

*Resolved*, that we, as a portion of the citizens of the United States, will support the constitution as it now stands, together with the amendments thereunto appended, and that we will strictly adhere to the decisions of the United States supreme court made under said constitution where a difference of opinion has heretofore or may hereafter occur between the citizens of one state and those of another, or between the state and the federal government, foreign citizens, subjects, etc. Second, be it further

*Resolved*, that, in our opinion, the president has violated the most sacred palladium of American liberty by the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, and thus depriving an American citizen of having the cause of his imprisonment inquired into by the proper tribunal. Third, be it further

*Resolved*, that we are in favor of sustaining the southern states of the American Confederacy in all their constitutional rights; that we believe an unconstitutional war is now being waged against them to subject them to a taxation enormous and unequal and to deprive them in the end of their species of property called slaves. Fourth, and be it lastly

*Resolved*, that we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our property, and our sacred honor to sustain our brethren of the southern states in the just defense of their constitutional rights, whether invaded by the present executive or by a foreign foe.

#### OBLIGATION

I, (.....), here in the presence of these witnesses, before Almighty God promise and swear that I will not divulge or reveal any of the secrets of this institution to anyone except I know him to be a brother (or to instruct candidates). I furthermore swear that I will obey the proper authorities when ordered to do so, and that I will assist a brother of this institution in his rights, individually or constitutionally, when required of me by him, if need be with my life. All this I solemnly swear to obey under penalty of being shot.

Not only the ritual, as given above, but the grip, the pass words, and the words of recognition used by members of the order were discovered by the detectives and are to be found in their reports. The words of recognition ran as follows: "Do you know Jones?" "What Jones?" "Preacher Jones." "Where does he live?" "At home." "Where is his home?" "In Dixie."

#### Memories of Pioneers

The memories of the men now living give ample corroboration of the events touched upon in the records. Henry Guess of El Monte, now well over 70 years of age, says:

I remember well the meetings that used to be held at my house and at other houses in those days, and dozens of times my father woke me up in the night with orders to "Get up and get that fellow a horse; he is going to fight the Yankees."<sup>1</sup>

Mrs. Dodson of El Monte, who was 20 years old at the time, recalls meetings being held in the houses about El Monte.

One man still living, who took part in these stormy times, is "Tooch" Martin of Pomona. Mr. Martin is 87 years of age, with a mind as keen and active as a man of 40. During the '80's he served a term as one of the Los Angeles County supervisors. He was one of those who took part in the famous Bear Flag parade in El Monte during '61.

We had formed a home guard in El Monte, and every one of them were Southerners. Our first purpose was to protect our property, for we feared a general confiscation in case of a Union victory, and of course, our sympathies being with the South, if the Confederacy had captured Washington we would have struck a blow here. We were ready and determined and well organized. Our home guard asked Governor Downey for guns. Being a Democrat, we believed he was secretly with us, but probably we were mistaken in that. At any rate, the governor sent the arms—so we were informed—but the army officers at San Pedro discovered the truth and we never got them. I took part in that Bear Flag parade. There were about 200 of us, and we carried the Bear Flag. We marched around Jonathan Tibbetts' house in the moonlight, as we wanted to give him a scare. He was a Black Republican, and we knew he was giving information to the government.<sup>2</sup>

In July, 1861, I had finished a year as teacher of the little one-room school in El Monte, right where the cement bridge is now, but before the trustees would employ me for another year they demanded that I take the oath of allegiance to the United States. Being a Texan, of course I refused, and they refused to pay me my last half year's salary, \$119. I was only 17 at the time, so I went up-state to Healdsburg, where I had relatives, and went six months to the high school there. I organized a lodge of the Knights of the Golden Circle—of which I was already a member—in Healdsburg. We had a big lodge in El Monte, almost everyone belonging to it except the three or four living down on what was known then as "Black Republican Alley"—the Durfees, the Johnsons and a few others. I returned to El Monte in 1863. Gettysburg had been fought and Vicksburg had been taken, and there wasn't much chance of the South winning, so I took the oath and got my \$119.

"Do you know Jones?" I inquired.

"What Jones?" he answered promptly.

"Preacher Jones."

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1. Henry Guess of El Monte, states that the soldiers under a Captain Hancock were camped just west of El Monte on the Taylor tract, recently subdivided. Chance Lewis remembers well that at a later period they were camped on the spot where the ice cream factory now stands, east of El Monte on the highway. Both of these pioneers were boys at the time.

2. This Bear Flag parade is mentioned in the histories of Bancroft, Guinn and others, and many times in the military records. The Tibbetts homestead about which the parade took place was located west of El Monte, on the corner of Valley Boulevard and Walnut—an old red building which was torn down about a year ago.

"Good Lord!" the old man gasped. "Where did you get that? I thought that everyone who knew about it was dead but me." I told him of the reports of the government detectives, and he remarked: "Well, we suspected as much at that time, but we couldn't tell who they were."

Jonathan Tibbetts of Riverside, a son of the Jonathan Tibbetts mentioned by Mr. Martin, confirms the story of the El Monte Bear Flag parade:

I was only a boy, but I remember it well. My father, I think, must have been in the secret service. He traveled about the country buying cattle, taking me with him, and he was always in consultation with army officers. "Tooch" Martin was always an incorrigible old "reb," but he is right about my father giving information to the government. That night one of the paraders mounted the high fence about our place and dared him to come out. Dad put a gun out the window and called, "Get down, Bill; I know you. Get down or I will shoot you off that fence." Bill got down.

### **The Showalter Expedition**

Among the leaders of the Southern element in California there were undoubtedly some who grew impatient, and among these was Dan Showalter, an interesting and remarkable character. Though born and raised in Pennsylvania, he was an ardent secessionist. He was a member of the legislature in 1861, and in the debates on the resolution which finally placed California on the side of the Union, he took a prominent part. Bitter, indeed, must have been this discussion, for, on May the 23rd, Showalter and a Union member of the legislature from San Bernardino County, named Piercy, met in a duel on the outskirts of Sacramento. Piercy was shot through the heart.

The election of 1861, which resulted in the victory for the Union forces in California and the election of Leland Stanford as governor, evidently determined Showalter to leave the State and join the Confederate army. There was nothing new in this move, as will be seen later. Young Southern sympathizers had for many months previous been making their way out of the State over the trail through Temecula, Warner's Ranch, and across the desert to Yuma. There was little difficulty in this, the official reports of army officers to their superiors show, as nearly all of the residents along the route were Southern sympathizers.

Immediately after the election, Showalter organized at El Monte, in November, 1861, an expedition of eighteen men and started south, giving out publicly that they intended to cross the border and engage in mining operations in Mexican territory. This plan of escape bears an evident



resemblance to the plan of Judge Hastings, to be dealt with later. They probably would have made good their escape, as they traveled by night and rested during the day, had they not made the fatal mistake of taking a Union man into their confidence. One E. M. Morgan, an avowed Southerner, one day in the last week of November, 1861, brought to E. E. Cable, living at Temecula, a letter and requested that he should deliver it to one Sumner, who was to arrive in a few days. Morgan must have been unaware of Cable's real sentiments, for he immediately forwarded the note by messenger to Major Riggs, who was in command of a detachment of the First Volunteer California Cavalry, stationed at Oak Grove, a few miles away. Riggs opened the note and found that it was from Showalter warning Sumner (whom Showalter's party had evidently expected to find in Temecula) that the party had already passed that point and instructing him to follow as soon as possible. Major Riggs at once sent out the force under Lieutenant Welman and, guided by a native Californian named Ocampo, they located Showalter and his armed men concealed in a grove on the Winter's Ranch, not far from Warner's.

The party put up a bold front and at first refused to surrender, as they claimed to be innocent miners on their way to Sonora. Showalter announced that he was willing to fight it out then and there, but was finally overruled by his men, and the expedition surrendered. When brought into the camp of the cavalry at Oak Grove, they were all found to be armed with a rifle and two revolvers each, and every one except Showalter himself was a native of a seceding state. A number of letters captured on their persons and addressed to friends in the State showed that they had intended to cross the Colorado River thirty miles below Yuma. In one letter, which was addressed to Allison Powell and written by Showalter himself, there were instructions to "Get in touch with Sam Brooks in Sacramento." This indicates how far the conspiracy had gone, as Sam Brooks was at that time comptroller of the State of California. Major Riggs, in his report of the affair, called the attention of his superior to this and said: "Brooks, one of the State officers, who is to vacate his office soon, is as deep in the mud as they are in the mire."

The entire membership of the party expressed themselves as willing to take the oath of allegiance. This was done and they were taken to Fort Yuma, where they were held for a while and later released. We shall hear more of this Showalter later on in a more pleasing guise.

### **Californians Reconquer Arizona**

This incident aroused the military authorities to the necessity of more effectually closing the road to Arizona. The forces along the trail were immediately strengthened; all boats and ferries on the Colorado were seized; Yuma was reinforced and orders were given that all crossings of the river should be guarded and that no one should be permitted to cross without a pass from the military authorities.

During the latter months of 1861 small forces of Confederates had entered Arizona and taken charge of it in the name of the Confederate government. The attempt of the Showalter expedition was responsible probably, for the organization of the California Column. No draft was ever necessary in California during the Civil War, as her volunteers exceeded the number of men called for. The California Column was composed, not of regular troops, but of Californians who had voluntarily enlisted,—a regiment of infantry, one of cavalry and some artillery, about 1,500 men. They marched on the San Diego road on April 13, 1862, following the trail through Temecula, Warner's Ranch, Cariso Gorge, and across what is now Imperial Valley. By September 20, 1862, they had reoccupied all of southern Arizona and New Mexico. The small Confederate forces in the territories either scattered or withdrew before their advance. While there were no battles of serious importance except occasional brushes with marauding Apaches, the march of 1,500 men through this stretch of arid country, carrying with them their baggage, in the hottest season of the year, was a remarkable military feat, and one which has elicited the admiration of military experts. It effectually closed the eastern gate to southern California.

### **Jefferson Davis Asked for Help**

Widespread as were the organizations of Southern sympathizers, yet, when they found themselves face to face with the continued military occupation of all towns and strategic points in California, they hesitated to act. It was plain by the middle of 1863 that an armed uprising would not have much chance of success, but they still held their organization intact until the end of the war, as is evident from the reports of detectives late in 1864. The continued concentration of miners in the San Bernardino mountains, the numerous reports of camps in the canyons filled with idle men who eked out an existence by hunting,

trapping, and possibly a little placer mining, all indicate that the sympathizers from the South in southern California were still in hopes that something would happen which would give them an opportunity to strike a blow for the Confederacy.

That this is not a speculation is shown by the fact that an emissary from California did actually visit Richmond and solicit aid from Jefferson Davis. This was not known at the time, but it was strongly suspected by Union men who knew of the increased number of miners in Bear Valley, in Holcomb Valley, and in the San Gabriel, San Antonio and other canyons. There are intimations to be found everywhere in the records that the discontented, especially about San Bernardino, seemed to be awaiting a chance to "cut loose." What they were undoubtedly waiting for can be found in the Confederate records which were captured in Richmond when the Union troops entered there in 1865, and from which this information is taken.

The man who carried the appeal for help to the president of the Confederacy was Judge L. M. Hastings of Los Angeles. He arrived at Shreveport, Louisiana, on Sept. 18, 1863, having come by the way of Guymas, Mexico, and El Paso, Texas. At Shreveport he interviewed General E. Kirby Smith, in command of that Confederate military district. Smith, however, was suspicious of Hastings, and says, in his communication to Seddon, Confederate secretary of war in Richmond, that Hastings "has failed to satisfy him as to the propriety of trusting him in so important a matter." Smith also advised Hastings to proceed to Richmond and lay his proposal before the Confederate government.

Hastings, not at all discouraged, arrived in Richmond in December, 1863. In order to secure access to Davis he prepared a long letter of introduction and recommendation, which was signed by several names, among which was that of M. H. McWhite, the territorial delegate from Arizona to the Confederate Congress. Whether the others were Californians or congressmen from Southern states is not clear, but the letter strongly indorses Hastings and concurs in the "necessity and feasibility of Judge Hastings' plan," and states further: "Judge Hastings has resided in California upward of twenty years and has been a prominent and influential citizen of that State, holding various important positions of public trust."

The memorandum of Hastings' plan which was pre-



sented personally to Davis (he refers to this in a subsequent note dated December 29) was as follows:

Hastings was to return to California via Guaymas, Mexico. As soon as he arrived in Los Angeles he would publish a pamphlet describing in alluring terms the mineral resources of Arizona and Mexico. He would then organize fake mining companies composed of sterling Southerners, who would immediately advertise extensively for men. None were to be chosen for the expedition, of course, except those known to be favorable to the Southern cause. All were to have their expenses guaranteed by the company—and here is a significant statement which connects Hastings' mission with the much wondered at concentration of miners in the San Bernardino mountains and the Knights of the Golden Circle:

**These pamphlets will be published and distributed through the influence of secret organizations now existing throughout the state.**

The men are to leave and cross the desert in small companies in order not to attract attention and to rendezvous near the Colorado river. When a sufficient number have arrived they will reduce Fort Yuma (Showalter and his companions were prisoners there at the time), release the Confederate prisoners, seize the three steamers plying between Yuma and the mouth.

Meanwhile another group, who, also disguised as miners, had taken ship from San Pedro to Guaymas, were to march overland through Mexico, carrying proper passports. They were to move in small parties as mining prospectors, avoid difficulties with the inhabitants, and to rendezvous south of the line not far from Yuma. When the proper moment arrived the two forces were to combine, attack Fort Buchanan and then move overland from the Rio Grande to El Paso, where they would place themselves at the disposal of the Confederate authorities.

That Hastings was confident that he could raise the required number of men in California under these conditions is shown by his statement:

I can raise in California from three thousand to ten thousand superior troops, and every six months I can throw an additional force into Arizona from California during this unholy war.

He then concludes by asking that the government supply him with sufficient funds to carry out this plan, which, as he detailed it, would not require a very large expenditure, as most of the men would supply their own horses.

Jefferson Davis, after a ten days' consideration of the project, referred it back to Seddon, Secretary of War, and Seddon reported against it. Hastings, in a letter to Davis, January 11, 1864, "regrets to learn that the government cannot enter upon the enterprise for lack of funds."

But Hastings was not a man who gave up easily, and he submitted another plan to Davis. He will return to California via Mexico, further perfect the "secret organiza-

tions" now existing, raise 1,500 men "without the financial support of the Confederacy." All he asked was that the Confederate government would give him a promise that in case of success they would reimburse himself and the members of the expedition for their outlay.

But it was too late. In January, 1864, the Confederacy had more pressing matters than the recapture of the road to the Pacific. Gettysburg had been fought; Vicksburg had fallen. Did Hastings receive this authorization from Davis or did he receive a final refusal? At any rate, nothing more of him is to be found in the Confederate records captured at Richmond, and the writer has found no further record of him in California. It is probably fortunate for California and Arizona that his mission was deferred until 1864, for, if he had arrived in Richmond earlier in the war, when the Confederacy was in the first flush of its early successes, his plan might have been adopted and history for southern California and Arizona might have had to be written very differently.

The frequent references made by Hastings to "secret organizations in California," the statement that they could be depended on to distribute his mining prospectuses, the men "gathering in camps" in the San Bernardino Mountains, the statement in one report of an army officer that boast had been made that "within a year you will be living under the finest government on earth—the Southern Confederacy," all indicate that these are not mere coincidences, but that the plan was well understood by the leaders and the rank and file, and that Hastings himself was an emissary of the Knights of the Golden Circle. Additional confirmation may be found in the fact that, six months after Hastings' failure at Richmond, Judge Terry (a prominent Democratic politician, who twenty years later was shot by a deputy sheriff in the northern part of the state, some time in the 80's) arrived in Houston, Texas, with a commission from Jefferson Davis, to raise a brigade for the rescue of Arizona, and the statement of Bennett of San Bernardino, in an official military report, that "the men are to leave in squads so as not to attract attention." That Terry later revived the Hastings plan is proved by the letter of J. A. Roberts, who was in Houston at the time Davis was there in 1864. He writes that "Terry has represented to Davis that 'if the road was opened to California he (Davis) could get in California an army of from 20,000 to 30,000 men.'" It is evident that Davis had as much confidence in the

Knights of the Golden Circle being able to supply the men as Hastings had.

### A War-Time Romance

It is interesting to find, amidst the dry military records of the time, a veritable romance. Reference has already been made in the article to Dan Showalter and the capture of his expedition in November, 1861. After being in prison at Fort Yuma for some months he was released, on what date is not clear, but he again appears in the records in the guise of a lover.

As previously noted, Arizona and New Mexico, and Texas as far as El Paso, had already been recaptured for the Union during the year 1862 by the California Column under Colonel Carlton. In January 1865, writing from Mesilla, Arizona, Carlton reports that one of his scouts had killed the notorious rebel spy, Skillman, and that on his body he had found a letter, which he forwards with other military papers, from Dan Showalter addressed to one Miss Anna Foreman. The letter had been evidently given to Skillman in the hope he would forward it by some friendly hand to California. The army officer notes dryly at the bottom of the letter: "This Anna Foreman is the daughter of Col. Ferris Foreman, formerly in command of Camp Drum in Los Angeles." Referring back in the records, we find this to be a fact. Col. Ferris Foreman was in command of the district of Southern California for some months in 1863, and he was suddenly relieved, and henceforth his name appears no more in the records. Showalter's letter to Col. Foreman's daughter indicates that he had just heard of the colonel's withdrawal from the service.

This letter is a very human document and a revelation of war-time psychology—a love letter from a northern born man who was devoted to the cause of the Confederacy—a man who though he had taken the oath of allegiance under duress, had ignored it and joined the Confederate Army—a man who had killed his enemy in a duel over a point of honor. At the time it was written, Showalter was at San Antonio, Texas, and had been in command of a regiment of cavalry operating along the border of Indian Territory.

He tells of his delight in meeting in San Antonio some people from California whom he had known in Sacramento, while a member of the legislature, and among these people was Mrs. Terry, wife of Judge Terry, before referred to. He speaks of receiving from Mrs. Terry "your most welcome message." He continues:



I would have written to you long since, but feared that it might bring you or your parents into trouble if it were known that you corresponded with an "arch rebel" like myself. Silent as I have been, I have often thought of you while walking my lonely beat at night and on the battle field when comrades were fast falling around me.

Pathetic and eloquent is his description of the gallant struggle the South was making:

The noble women of the land, unaccustomed to labor, working day and night knitting, spinning and weaving to clothe our gallant soldiers, taking the carpets from their parlors to make blankets, and surplus wearing apparel to make shirts.

Though even then the fortunes of the Confederacy were waning, he expresses no fear of the result:

Having purchased liberty at such a frightful sacrifice, they cannot be conquered—better that the last man should perish than live the despised serfs of a Northern despot.

Strange words, these, from a Pennsylvanian born and bred! He continues:

The enemy have landed at several places on the Texas coast, but we have determined to lay waste every field, burn every building, and leave to the invaders but the ruin of once happy homes, deserted fields and the mangled bodies of the slain.

Referring to her father's resignation from the service, he says:

I was truly gratified to hear of it. We were always firm friends and it pained me to think that we should be arrayed against each other.

Of himself and his family he speaks dispassionately:

I have never seen cause to doubt the wisdom or justice of the course I have taken. I fear my brothers in Pennsylvania have gone into the Northern army. If so, I can only pity; I have no desire to see them again.

The missive closes with a pleasing but restrained touch of sentiment:

If I had only twenty years to live I would give ten years to see and talk with you for but an hour. I may survive this war; if so, we will meet again, but should I fall you shall have the last kind thought, the last fervent prayer. Yours devotedly, Dan Showalter.

It is the letter of a man of education and fine feeling, and one cannot help hoping that, in some later and happier time, the "arch rebel" and the daughter of the blue-coated Yankee colonel found one another and happiness.

### Conclusion

The healing hand of time has been laid on the old fears, and the old hatreds, that once wrung the hearts of the pioneers of the San Gabriel Valley. The decree of Providence, made manifest through the stern judgment of

war, has given us one country and one flag with not a star missing. The men of the Golden Circle were honest and sincere according to their lights. And among the people of the southland none are more devoted to the flag and to the nation than the descendants of the men who misguidedly planned to snatch California from the Union in the day of the past.

**CALIFORNIA IN COMMUNICATION WITH THE REST  
OF THE CONTINENT, WITH REFERENCE  
CHIEFLY TO THE PERIOD BEFORE  
THE RAILROADS:  
By Helen L. Moore**

Note: This paper was prepared as a Seminar Report in Pacific Coast History at the University of Southern California, and it is submitted as an example of the work done by seminar classes upon the history of the West.—R. A. V.

**Introduction:**

It is the purpose of this paper to give an account of the methods by which communication was established and maintained between California, the farthest outpost of both her parent countries—Mexico and the United States—and the home land.

During the Spanish and Mexican periods, the communication was governmental and ecclesiastical rather than personal. As a consequence, there was no great diversity of opinion as to method or route.

With the coming of the American group to California many different opinions showed themselves.

In this paper we shall attempt to give the points of contact established from California to the outside world, the routes over which communication was maintained, the motives for establishment, and change, the men chiefly responsible for each, and a few of the details which may clarify and enliven the recital.

Taking communication to mean oral or written intercourse, there will be but scant mention of transportation for the purpose of travel or trade.

**The Geographic Position of California and  
Its Inaccessibility**

In the beginning Nature seemed to have planned that California should not be so easily accessible as to allow man to fail to recognize how great was the prize when once he had attained it. On the remote edge of the continent, California slopes to the Southern Sea from a fine natural defense line of rugged mountains, and basks in the light of the western sun with her back turned to the rest of the continent. From the Sea, winds brought her rains, when Nature saw fit to send them, and she gave back what was left to the Pacific again, through the streams running westward. Strangely, perhaps, the Sierra Nevada rivers took no great interest in what might be seen on "the other side of the



mountain," and as a consequence, cut no deep channels, through which inquisitive mankind could enter the "far country."

Thus fortified, with the mountains to the east and the ocean to the west, California was the last scene of exploration and settlement.

From Mexico City overland to this remote possession of New Spain was a distance of practically 2,000 miles. The frontier of the United States was at a similar distance. In either instance the overland connection presented difficulties and hardships.

Early sea communication from old Mexico was hampered by the dangers of winds and pirates.

At the time of the American occupation, the available sea routes were either from New York southward around South America and up the west coast, or the shortened way, which was by sea to Panama, overland across the isthmus, and by boat again to the California coast. The first, a distance of about 6,000 miles, took from six to eight months to compass, while for the shorter route the time was from one to three months, depending on the vessel and the weather.

### Early Spanish and Mexican Communication

As has been said, the general purpose of communication during the Spanish, and later Mexican, régime was to keep a military governmental connection with the presidios, and an ecclesiastical contact with the Missions.

Since California belonged to the *audiencia* of Guadalajara, she naturally received her most important messages from the south. In the latter part of the 18th century, a courier system had been established to connect Alta California and Mexico City.

On the first day of each month a soldier started from San Francisco, traveling along the King's Highway (then called *Camino del Rey*). He paused for an hour at each settlement, gathering as he went letters and messages from each Mission, presidio, and pueblo.

The line of communication extended 1,500 miles, from San Francisco to Loreto in Baja California. From there, the messages were transported across the gulf of San Blas and continued on an overland route to Mexico City.

This mail service was not a thing of the moment, carried on as occasion demanded. It was a definite monthly affair, and also kept to a definite schedule, arriving at and leaving the presidios and missions at a set time.

In the pueblo the mail was handled either by the Alcalde (Mayor) or a regularly appointed postmaster (*el administrador de correos*) who distributed the mail from (*Las Casa O' administracion de correo, las esafeta*) the postoffice.

The *habitado* (paymaster) of the presidio collected and distributed the mail, receiving as his recompense 8 per cent of the gross receipts. This was at no time very large. In the period from 1790 to 1800 the revenue from all of Alta California was approximately \$700.

At a later date (beginning in 1797), much of the mail for Alta California was brought by boat (the Manila Galeon stopped yearly at the ports for nearly 250 years) unless of such a character that haste in delivery was necessary. These messages were usually government documents—*bandos*, *reglamentos* and *pronunciamentos*—and were carried by courier as previously.<sup>1</sup>

New Spain had kept her contract with the northern provinces around Santa Fé for over 200 years by means of pack trains, belonging to the king, which had worn a rut up from Vera Cruz, the port of entry through Mexico City, . . . north along the highlands through San Luis Potosi and Zacatecas to Durango, and thence to Chihuahua and up the valley of the Rio Grande to Santa Fé<sup>2</sup>—a distance of some 200 miles. Once a year this long line of mules and an occasional *carreta* (ox cart) brought to the Mexican frontier supplies and what word they had from Mexico or Spain.

Occasionally messages were sent on from Santa Fé (particularly after the coming of the Americans to the region of New Spain) along the route of Oñate, down the Gila to the Colorado and across to San Gabriel Mission.

The padres at the Missions at times received communications which came along Anza's route from Tubac to Yuma past the Salton Sea (which they knew only as a marsh) to San Gabriel.

On the question of mail the padres and the military authorities found another point of disagreement. The epistles of the father-president, in particular, to his superiors at the College of San Fernando were, to say the least, bulky. Claiming the privilege of the Church, he insisted that all his messages be carried without charge by the soldier couriers. Father Serra received from the Viceroy of New Spain, in 1773, "this franking privilege for all the friars under his charge."<sup>3</sup>

1. Guinn, J. M., "Early Postal Service of California." *An. Pubs. Hist. Soc. of So. Calif.*, Vol. IV., 18-26.

2. Paxson, F. L., *The Last American Frontier*, 53.

3. Guinn, *op. cit.*, 19.

At one time the *visitador* insisted upon payment, and Father Lasuen complained that it cost him \$18 to send a letter. In the end the padres won.

Local communication between the Missions was kept up by the use of Indian runners, whenever occasion demanded. Carrying one letter, which probably was the only object of his journey, in the slit of a stick over his shoulder (to keep it safe and clean), the Indian, traveling at a dog trot, covered from 60 to 70 miles a day, receiving as his reward an extra portion of mush (*atolé*) for his evening meal.<sup>4</sup>

### The Pacific Mail Steamship Company and Its Forerunners

Since the best way to travel to California was by sea, so it was also the most likely way by which mail should be brought to the western coast.

Before the discovery of gold, California had been a refuge for many Americans who had no particular desire to keep in touch with the world they had left behind them. Like the British "remittance men," of whom there were always several to be found in any settlement along all the American frontier, these Americans had for some unexplained reason severed their connections with family and friends and hoped to lose themselves among a strange people. Whatever mail came was brought in by trading ships which had been a long time on the way. In 1841 the news of President Harrison's death was three months and twenty days in reaching Los Angeles.

### The Clipper Ship

Of the sailing vessels, the most unique were the *Clippers*, boats especially constructed, with sharp bow and compact rigging, to make speed. From 1840 to 1855, these ships were used in the trade with China and India. Their usefulness was greatly increased by the discovery of gold in California and Australia. Unofficially the clippers carried mail, and "the increase of speed in ocean travel was especially appreciated by the letter-writing public."<sup>5</sup> "In 1851 the *Flying Cloud* went to San Francisco from New York in eighty-four days—the fastest trip ever made by a sailing vessel."<sup>6</sup>

After the American conquest, a military mail service was maintained between San Francisco, Los Angeles, and

4. Guinn, *op. cit.*, 20.

5. James, Thos. L., "The Ocean Postal Service," *Century Magazine*, Vol. 43 (Nov.-April, 1891-92), 946.

6. *Ibid.*, 945.



San Diego on a two weeks' schedule. Soldier carriers met half way along the route, exchanged pouches, and returned to their own stations. When the soldiers were discharged in 1848, the service was discontinued.

In the latter part of that year, sailing vessels, which were used in coast-wise trade, carried occasional mails between the cities of San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego. These ships made the trips in four or five days, if the winds were right. The masters of the vessels took charge of the mail, turned it over to agents or owners of the shipping houses, and from there it was distributed to those who called for mail.

With the discovery of gold and the consequent increase of immigrants, there was a great demand for regular mail service from the east.

In 1848, the *Pacific Mail Steamship Company* was organized in New York under the direction of William H. Aspinwall. Three small steamers, of a thousand tons each, were constructed to run from New York to San Francisco. The government had intended originally that Astoria should be the western terminus, but the official contract with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company called for a service to San Francisco, while overland connection with the interior of California and Oregon disposed of mail intended for those regions.

The first steamer, the *California*, left New York, October 6, 1848, and after a journey around South America arrived in San Francisco February 28, 1849. Besides mail, it brought the first load of Argonauts, who, hearing of Marshall's discovery after the *California* had sailed, had taken passage to Panama, crossed the Isthmus, and awaited its arrival at the western coast.

Later, the Pacific Mail Steamship Company transferred most of its vessels to the Pacific. The mail was carried to Panama, relayed across on mule-back and reloaded at Panama City for its final trip.

At first, the mail service was monthly, and for this the government paid \$700,000 annually. In 1851 the service was made semi-monthly and the subsidy increased to \$800,000.

The postage rate, when the service began, was forty cents on letters and three cents for papers. The charge on letters to the interior of the state was twelve and one-half cents more. Regularly appointed postmasters were rare, and many good-sized communities were without mail entirely.

The service, particularly for southern California, was very poor. Los Angeles frequently did not receive mail for seven or eight months after it was sent; but Los Angeles, or any other part of southern California, was not mentioned in the contract for service.

Southern California was very much exercised by the indifference with which the ships carried its mail to San Francisco and back to Panama again without unloading it.

A movement was instituted in 1854 for the building of roads which should make an overland mail possible, and appeals were sent to the government to take some action in the matter. The Californians hoped to find some method of mail delivery which would set them free from the dependency upon the Pacific Mail Steamship Company.

Every movement before Congress, however, even that for the trans-continental railroads, was combated fiercely by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, who feared the loss of their subsidy. If not entirely successful this opposition did, nevertheless, delay immediate action on the overland mails.

### **Camel Caravans on the American Desert**

Considering the urgent appeal from California, Congress heard many proposals for an overland mail, none of which were more spectacular than that for the camel caravans, which was earnestly sponsored by none other than Jefferson Davis, the senator from Mississippi. After several refusals, Congress finally passed a bill for the purchase of camels, appropriating \$30,000 for the purpose.

In December, 1854, the government sent Major C. Wayne to Egypt and Arabia to purchase the camels and bring back drivers. He bought them at Cairo and Smyrna at prices ranging from \$75 to \$300.

Shipped on the naval store ship *Supply*, seventy-five camels and two drivers were landed at Indianola, Texas, February 10, 1857. This herd was divided, one-half being sent to Albuquerque and the other was employed on the plains of Texas and through the Gadsden Purchase.

January 8, 1858, the first caravan of fourteen camels arrived in Los Angeles, under the direction of Lieutenant Beale, having come along the 35th parallel route. The camels had made from thirty to forty miles a day and had been able to go from six to ten days without water. The load which the camels could carry ranged from one thousand to two thousand pounds. While the original plan had been for them to carry mail under the direction of the Adams

Express Company, they were used chiefly for transporting provisions and military stores.

The story of the camel caravans is an interesting as well as amusing one. All of Los Angeles came out to see the arrival. If the spectators found the camels interesting, the same can not be said of the *mule whackers*, whose duty it was to drive them, nor of the soldiers who formed the guard. The camels did not win the respect nor affection of either men or mules. Philip Tedio ("Hi Jolly") and "Greek George," the imported drivers, were the only persons who seemed to understand the camels.

The period of the camel service was not long. For a short time they were sheltered in a corral on the property where C. F. Lummis built his home. They were later sold at auction, were used by two Frenchmen to carry salt in Nevada, and were finally turned out on the desert in Arizona. It is said that a few wild ones may be seen there yet.

### The Overland Mail 1851-1869

Various early lines had been established connecting the Missouri frontier with the nearer settlements. The government contracted in 1849 with Woodson to carry a monthly mail from Independence, Missouri, to Salt Lake City. A line was already running between Independence and Santa Fé, while the Great Salt Lake Valley Carrying Company, a Mormon organization, connected those settlements with the east.

To connect with the Salt Lake lines, Absalom Woodward and George Chorpensing, in 1851, made a contract with the United States government to carry a monthly mail service from Salt Lake around the northern end of the Lake through the sinks of the Humboldt and Carson rivers, crossing the Sierra at Carson Canyon to Placerville, Folsom and Sacramento.

In good weather, the distance was easily covered in thirty days. During the winter months, the mails were carried by boat to San Pedro and then taken overland along the old Mormon Trail to Salt Lake.

In the winter of 1856, the mail from Northern California was carried by John A. ("Snow Shoe") Thompson on snow shoes from Placerville to Carson Valley, a distance of ninety miles. Because of the height of mountains and the snow drifts, Thompson was three days in going to Carson Valley, but he made the return trip in two, since it was largely down hill. Ordinarily he carried from sixty to eighty pounds in sacks on his back. Upon one occasion, however,



he made the entire trip carrying a one hundred-pound load. Thompson was working for Chorpenning while he made these trips.

The government paid Chorpenning \$14,000 a year for his first mail service, and later increased the subsidy, but the enterprise did not pay. Because of the difficulties of travel and the losses from Indian attacks, the cost of operating the mail was excessive. The equipment, horses and stages used by Chorpenning was sold later to the Central Overland, California and Pike's Peak Express.

The Adams Express Company, which was suggested to supervise the camel caravans, had, since 1854, been running a stage line from Salt Lake through American Fork, Provo City, Payson's, Summit Creek, Nephi City, Fillmore City, Red Creek, Parowan, Johnson's Springs, Cold Creek, San Bernardino, and El Monte to Los Angeles. From Los Angeles connection was made through San Fernando, Ft. Tejon, Visalia, Pacheco's Pass, Gilroy, and San José to San Francisco. Operating along the same route was the California Stage Company.

While the primary purpose of these companies was staging, they, nevertheless, carried irregular mails, charging usually 50 cents a letter—and promising no sure delivery.

Early California, too, had its era of road building. While the inhabitants of the coast state were importuning Congress to do something about an overland mail, they were not idle themselves. By building roads, they hoped to have everything in readiness to help the mail along. In 1854 the people of Los Angeles raised a sum of \$6,000, which was expended in the building of a road to Ft. Tejon. The job was begun in September and was completed in December of the same year.

The state legislature, in 1855, appropriated \$100,000 for a road through Johnson's cut-off in the Sierras; \$20,000 for a road from San Pedro through Cajon Pass to the State line, in the direction of Salt Lake; and \$7,000 for a road from San Diego over the desert to the Colorado River.

The Federal government at about the same time, appropriated \$50,000 for a road between Los Angeles and Salt Lake.<sup>7</sup>

Everything was ready for the government to provide a definite mail system.

Another contract for a temporary service was granted in 1857 to James Birch to run a mail line from San Diego

7. Cleland, R. G., *History of California*, 60-61.

to San Antonio, Texas. The mail was first carried on pack animals and later in wagons, being quite as long in transit as any freight. The arrangement was merely temporary, awaiting government action on the "Overland-California Mail Bill."

The greatest delay in its passage arose from the contention over land routes and the opposition of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company.

There were three main routes proposed. The first was the northern, Old California route, which had really been proved impracticable by the experience of Chorpensing.

The middle course, and the one most favored by mail carriers, was Beale's route, or the 35th parallel route, extending from Springfield, Missouri, southwest to the Canadian River, down to Albuquerque, and thence west to the Colorado River, crossing the Mojave Desert and entering California over Tejon Pass. There were to be two branches within the State, one to Los Angeles and the other to San Francisco. This route had the advantage of following the general direction of the old Santa Fé trail, and also escaped the severe winter storms. It did, however, cross the desert region, and it passed through the territory of the fierce Apaches.

The southern route escaped the terrors of the northern one entirely and those of the middle way, to a large extent. Its course from Missouri led south through western Arkansas, eastern Texas, and along the border of the newly acquired Gadsden Purchase.

The bill for the overland mail service was passed in 1858 and was immediately put into operation. Following the instructions of the bill providing for the overland mail service, the Postmaster-General of the United States received bids and granted to the Butterfield Overland Mail Company, who had chosen this southern route for their own, the six-year contract to carry mail from St. Louis to California.<sup>8</sup>

The Butterfield Stage line operated over a route 2,881 miles in length, from St. Louis to San Francisco. This line made connection with the railroad from St. Louis at Tipton, Missouri, so while the stage line was said to go from San Francisco to St. Louis, it in reality did not reach to within 160 miles of the latter city.

The time schedules issued by the Butterfield Company show the route of the stages: from Tipton to Ft. Smith,

8. Paxson, *Last American Frontier*, 181.

Arkansas, where a branch line from Memphis connected with the main route to Colbert's Ferry on the Red River, to Ft. Chadbourne, to Franklin (El Paso), to Tucson, to Ft. Yuma, to Los Angeles and from there along the route previously mentioned to San Francisco.

H. D. Barrows, who made his wedding journey by this stage from Los Angeles to St. Louis (and thence to Philadelphia) in 1860, names on the way from Yuma these stations: Gila Bend, Tucson, Apache Pass, Mesilla, El Paso, across North Texas to Ft. Chadbourne, the Fort on "Phantom Hill," Springfield, Fayetteville and Smithton (which he undoubtedly had confused with the name "Tipton").<sup>9</sup>

The government contract with the Butterfield Company called for a semi-weekly mail with a subsidy of \$600,000 a year. Later the service was increased to six stages a week and the subsidy to \$1,000,000, and the schedule was decreased from 25 to 21 days.

On this route mail was transported, with the passengers, in Concord stages drawn usually by four or six mules. Occasionally horses were used. Each stage carried three mail sacks of about 170 pounds and a sack of newspapers of 140 pounds. The postage rate was three cents on each half ounce for letters.

At no time was the business profitable for the government. In 1861 the total revenue was only \$27,000.

The first stage left Tipton September 15, 1858, and arrived in Los Angeles October 7, 1858.

The *Los Angeles Star* at this period said: "The arrival of the overland mail is as regular as the index on the clock points to the hour; as true to time as the dial is to the sun."

This regularity was made possible by reason of the fairly easy route to travel, the efficiency of operation along the way, and the fact that the Indians soon learned to leave the stages alone.

In the operation of the line, good business sense was used by the Butterfield Company. They built stations at a distance of from 10 to 25 miles apart, where relays of mules and fresh supplies were obtained.<sup>10</sup> At the height of its service the company had an equipment of over a hundred coaches, a thousand horses, five hundred mules, and employed about eight hundred men.<sup>11</sup>

Usually the company furnished its own guard for the stage through particularly hostile country, but at times

9. Barrows, H. D., "A Two Thousand Mile Stage Ride," *An. Pubs. Hist. Soc. of So. Calif.*, Vol. III, Part 4, Page 42.

10. Barrows, *op cit.*, 42.

11. Cleland, *op. cit.*, 365.



United States troops convoyed the stage. There were, in the early days, several severe attacks, notably the Oatman and Wickenburg massacres. It was the latter, said P. W. Dooner in an account of an overland journey in the seventies, that brought about the subjugation of the Apaches.<sup>12</sup>

The contract between the government and the Butterfield Company was made for six years. During the early part of the war, the Confederates captured a large part of the equipment, and to continue the line at all, the route was changed to the Beale (or 35th parallel) route. Later the eastern terminus was moved from St. Louis to Omaha; and the Central Overland California and Pike's Peak Express purchased part of Butterfield's equipment.

### The Pony Express

Northern California had been greatly chagrined by the choice of the southern route for mail service to California. Through Senator William Gwin, she urged that some direct connection be made from the Missouri to the northern part of the State. A New York corporation in 1860 had lobbyists in Washington to obtain a contract for carrying mail from New York to San Francisco in less time than it required for the Butterfield line—with a \$5,000,000 subsidy.<sup>13</sup> The measure was opposed by Gwin and Thomas H. Benton, the steadfast friend of the west.

W. H. Russell, of the firm of Russell, Majors and Waddell, was in Washington to see about freight contracts. Gwin made a wager with him on the overland mail proposition. Russell offered to carry the mail from the Missouri to Sacramento in ten days, if the wager were \$200,000<sup>14</sup> (one authority said \$10,000).

When he returned to the west, his partners demurred at such an undertaking, but because the firm was known always to fulfil its pledges, they "stood behind" him, and set to work immediately to prepare.

They organized the Central Overland and Pike's Peak Express, with a charter from the State of Iowa. The incorporators were Russell, Majors, Waddell, B. F. Ficklin, F. A. Bee, W. W. Finney and John S. Jones. All the latter had been employees of the old freighting company.

The company took over the old stage line from Atchison to Salt Lake; purchased the mail route and outfit of Chorpennig, which was operating between Salt Lake and

12. Dooner, "From Arizona to California in the Early 70's," *Am. Pubs. Hist. Soc. of So. Calif.*, Vol. III., Part 3., p. 3.

13. Guinn, "The Pony Express," *Am. Pubs. Hist. Soc. of So. Calif.*, Vol. 5, 168.

14. *Ibid.*

Sacramento; and absorbed the Leavenworth and Pike's Peak Express (for passengers and freight). The route was divided into three sections; the eastern from St. Joseph to Salt Lake was managed by Russell. Ficklin was stationed at Salt Lake and Finney at San Francisco.

Quietly and without fuss, inside of two months, everything was ready. April 8, 1860, the race started. The rider reached Sacramento just in time to claim the wager. The mail service was established.

Regular weekly mails were carried thereafter over a well defined route between St. Joseph and Sacramento for sixteen months. There was no government subsidy for this mail service.<sup>15</sup>

The route of the Pony Express traversed largely that of the emigrants to California: From St. Joseph across the Missouri, southwest to the old military road, forty-five miles away, at Kennekuk, north and west across the Kickapoo Indian Reservation, by the way of Grenada, Logchain, Seneca, Ash Point, Guittard's, Marysville, Hollenburg up Little Blue Valley to Rock Creek, Big Sandy, Liberty Farm, over prairies to Thirty-two-mile Creek, across the divide, over sand hills and prairies to Platte River, and due west up that valley to Fort Kearney. From Fort Kearney it led 200 miles "along the Platte to old Julesburg, then across the South Fork of the Platte northwesterly to Fort Laramie, then over the foothills at the base of the Rockies to South Pass, by Fort Bridger to Salt Lake."<sup>16</sup>

From Salt Lake the mail was carried on by riders who made a trip out from Sacramento, the western terminus. This line went from Salt Lake to old Camp Floyd in Rush Valley, to Deep Creek, Ruby Valley, Smith's Creek, Ft. Churchill, Reed's Station, Dayton, Carson City, Genoa, Friday's Station, Placerville, Folsom, and Sacramento. From Sacramento connection was made by boat with San Francisco. All mail for Oregon, Washington Territory, British Columbia, the Pacific Mexican ports, Russian possessions, Sandwich Islands, China, Japan and India was re-mailed in San Francisco.<sup>17</sup>

Russell, Majors and Waddell had established a highly efficient system for the operation of the Pony Express.

One hundred and ninety stations were established at intervals of ten miles, where the relays of horses were kept

15. Cleland, "Transportation in Cal. Before the R. R.," *An. Pubs. Hist. Soc. of So. Calif.*, Vol. XI., 66; Bradley, *The Pony Express*, 167.

16. Visscher, *The Pony Express*, 34.

17. Advertisement published March 26, 1860, in the *New York Herald* and *Missouri Republican*, reprinted by Visscher, *The Pony Express*, 29.

and the rider could obtain food. Two hundred men cared for these stations, while there were eighty riders. Each rider was to make three stations during the ride—a distance of thirty-three and one-third miles according to Visscher and Inman.<sup>18</sup> J. M. Guinn<sup>19</sup> in his account says the regular distance for one rider to accomplish in eight hours was seventy-five miles. He is probably basing his account on Bradley.<sup>20</sup>

About five hundred horses, ranging from a cayuse of the prairies to an Iowa thoroughbred, were used along the line. The horses were chosen for lightness and speed, and were so well cared for that they should be ready for any extra spurt if it became necessary. Horses were changed every ten miles.

Like the ponies, the riders, too, were chosen for light weight and particularly for courage and trustworthiness. It was said that pony express riders were of a higher type of plainsmen. Russell, Majors and Waddell were themselves of the finest kind of frontier business men. No one was required to work on Sunday whenever it was possible to avoid it.

This could not hold true with the Pony Express rider. The oath required of those employed by them as pony express riders is characteristic of the men:

I, ....., do hereby swear, before the Great and Living God, that during my engagement, and while I am an employee of Russell, Majors and Waddell, I will, under no circumstances, use profane language; that I will drink no intoxicating liquors; that I will not quarrel or fight with any employee of the firm, and that in every respect, I will conduct myself honestly, be faithful to my duties, and so direct all my acts as to win the confidence of my employers. So help me God.<sup>21</sup>

The riders, besides being of light weight, averaging 125 pounds, rode lightly also. They carried no unnecessary equipment, and even their clothing was fashioned to suit the occasion, if one might believe Mark Twain in *Roughing It*, spoken of as an excellent contemporary account; but because of the discrepancies relative to the arms carried by the riders, this statement, too, may be exaggerated. Twain says they carried no arms at all, relying entirely upon speed for protection. Visscher says they were limited to a revolver and a knife.<sup>22</sup> Bradley in quoting directions given newly hired riders said they carried, at first, a rifle slung from the saddle and a Colt's revolver, but later dispensed

18. Visscher, *The Pony Express*, 25.

19. Guinn, "The Pony Express," *Am. Pubs. Hist., Soc. of So. Calif.*, Vol. V, 173.

20. Bradley, *The Pony Express*, 102.

21. Visscher, *op cit.*, 28; Bradley, *Pony Express*, 52.

22. Visscher, *op. cit.*, 28.



with the rifle when they discovered how it was possible for them to outdistance the Indians.<sup>23</sup>

In order that the mail, also, might not be cumbersome, all letters were written on a specially prepared tissue paper. The letters were placed in oiled silk, sealed, and placed in a locked pouch (called a *mochila*) which swung from the saddle, and was opened only at the military posts—Forts Kearney, Laramie, Bridger and Churchill and at Salt Lake City. (This is the only instance of the mail of early period being carried in a locked case.) The maximum weight of mail was 20 pounds.

The rate charged for the transportation of the mail was at the inception of the project, \$5 for each half ounce. Consequently, only important business communications were sent. On the first trip to the west, eighty-five letters were carried.<sup>24</sup> Toward the end of the service of the Pony Express, the rate was reduced to \$1.50 (Visscher says \$1.00) per half ounce.<sup>25</sup> Even at this rate, there was no profit in the undertaking. The riders received from \$100 to \$125 per month.

Several of the riders of the Pony Express were well known in pioneer history. Johnny Fry made the first trip from St. Joseph, "Pony Bob" Haslam and Buffalo Bill Cody rode the greatest distances at "one stretch"—380 and 384 miles—and William Pridham, said to be the last survivor of the group, died in Alameda, November 14, 1923.<sup>26</sup>

The service of the Pony Express to the west chiefly provided a romantic episode, but it did make possible a mail communication from the Missouri to the Pacific in less than half the time (21 days) required by the Butterfield Stages. The record time made by the Pony Express was in delivering Lincoln's Inaugural Address, which reached San Francisco in 7 days and 17 hours. While it did not include "Los Angeles as one of its terminals," the Pony Express greatly shortened the time required to communicate

23. Bradley, *op. cit.*, 56.

24. Bradley, *op. cit.*, 47.

25. Guinn, "Early Postal Service of Cal.," *An. Pubs. Hist. Soc. of So. Calif.*, VII., IV., 25.

26. ("Pony Bob") Haslam, ("Buffalo Bill") Cody, Harry Roff ("Boston"), Sam Hamilton, Jay G. Kelley, H. Richardson, George Thacher, Johnny Frey, J. H. Keetley, Alex Carlyle, Gus or Chas. Cliff, Melville Baugh, Jim Beatley (Foote), Will Boulton, Don C. Rising, ("Little Yank") Hogan, Theodore Rand, James Moore, Bill Cates, James W. Brink, Will D. Jenkins, W. S. ("Tough") Littleton, John Sinclair, Bolivar Roberts, Sam and Jim Gilson, Mike Kelley ("Black Sam"), Jim and Bill McNaughton, Bill Carr, H. J. Faust ("Irish Tom"), Jose Zowgaltz, Jim Clark, George Spurr, Henry Wallace, George Towne, Jim McDonald, William James, John Burnett, Jim Bucklin, Wm. Carrigan, Major Egan, J. K. Ellis, John Fisher, Jim Gentry, ("Let") Huntington, James William, Bob Martin, J. G. McCall, Josh Perkins, Johnson Richardson, Bart Riles, Dan Wescott, William Pridham, John Seebeck, Jack Slade and William Strohm.

with the east and naturally, if indirectly, benefited the Southland.<sup>27</sup>

With the final completion of the telegraph line from Kearney to Carson City (the latter place had been in telegraphic connection with San Francisco for some time), the Pony Express had fulfilled its purpose and was officially discontinued October 7, 1861. The Butterfield Stage and the Pony Express were the only routes to keep up a regular service all the year round.

One of the most interesting incidents in the history of the Pony Express was the celebration held in September, 1923, when the race was run again. A cowboy team made the trip from St. Joseph along the old line, stopping at the old stations as nearly as they could be found. Leaving the Missouri on August 31, the last rider, carrying mail, arrived at Sacramento about 8 o'clock of the evening of September 8. One of the riders, on the last lap, was John Seeback, one of the original Pony Express riders.

The ride was started by President Coolidge's pressing a button in Washington (an item not historic) and passed through six celebrating states, while for all Americans who care at all for the past, the famous express was again in action. Each rider was presented with a gold medal, embossed with an express rider on his horse, symbolic of the deed and the anniversary.

### The Telegraph

The earliest telegraph in California was one established in the fall of 1853 between the Golden Gate and San Francisco to report the arrival of vessels. Shortly after this, a line was completed between San Francisco, Sacramento, Stockton and San José.

Early in May or June, 1860, R. E. Raimond, president, and Fred J. McCrellish, secretary of the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company—which had been organized in 1858 to reach San Antonio and Memphis—came to Los Angeles to promote a line from San Francisco and to Ft. Yuma. Stock was subscribed in Los Angeles.

In a very short time, Banning had fifty teams hauling poles and depositing them ready to be set. The line was to have been completed by July 4, but there was not enough wire, so work had to be discontinued. By the middle of

27. The Pony Express used a stamp of its own, with a Wells Fargo label. An interesting bit of the human in the express was the habit of putting news of the day on the outside of the letters so everyone along the route could hear something.

August, twenty tons of wire were sent out from the east by a *clipper* around the Horn. The wire arrived, ultimately.

On October 8, 1860, the line was finished. Los Angeles celebrated the event royally. At 8 p. m. Mayor Henry Miller sent this message to the Mayor of San Francisco:

Allow me, on behalf of the citizens of Los Angeles, to send you greeting of fellowship and good feeling on the completion of the line which now binds the two cities together.<sup>28</sup>

In February, 1861, dispatches received on the Butterfield Overland Mail were telegraphed from Los Angeles to San Francisco, arriving before the Pony Express.<sup>29</sup> There was great rejoicing over "beating" the Pony Express.

The telegraph line was constantly out of repair. Between February and July, 1861, there was practically no communication between the two cities.

In this period all of the companies of the State were consolidated into the California State Telegraph Company.

There were no lines to Santa Barbara nor San Bernardino, and it was not until the spring of 1870 that one was opened to San Diego.

The first transcontinental telegraph was begun in 1858. Edward Creighton, who had built many lines in the east, made the overland journey to California in 1860, to urge the completion of the transcontinental line, and consolidation with the association of the California company.. He found the Mormon leader, Brigham Young, keenly interested, and the California company was, *at least*, willing to enter into competition.

The Western Union Company made a preliminary survey and the line was decided upon.

Spurred on by the offer of a government subsidy of \$40,000<sup>30</sup> to the company first completing a line from Omaha to Sacramento, "the Creighton forces" and the California company raced—one from the east and the other from the west—to be the first into Salt Lake City. The Creighton group had to build 1,100 miles of line, the California company 450 miles—over country equally hard. The line of Creighton was built into Salt Lake City October 17, and that of the California company a week later. It had taken a little more than six months to construct the whole line.

October 24, 1861, the first message was sent:

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28. Newmark, *Sixty Years in Southern California*, 283.

29. Cleland, *History of California: American Period*, 367.

30. Visscher, *The Pony Express*, 69.



The Pacific to the Atlantic sends greeting, and may both oceans be dry before a foot of all the land that lies between them shall belong to any other than one country.<sup>31</sup>

By 1870 the Western Union had taken over most of the lines, including the California company. Its greatest task was to repair lines and get the system into a usable shape.

When the telegraph was first established between Los Angeles and San Francisco, the rate for *ten* words was \$1.50 and 50 cents for the next *five* words. Later the price was reduced to \$1.15 for the first ten and 25 cents for the extra five words.<sup>32</sup> During the war, the citizens of Los Angeles subscribed \$100 a month for *daily* dispatches of events.<sup>33</sup> In February, 1871, B. L. Pell and Company, commission agents, installed in their offices the first private telegraph line in Los Angeles. It was not until early in the 80's that Los Angeles dailies could afford regular, direct daily telegrams.

While from the entrance of the Western Union to the California field in 1870, that company has held the most dominant position in the telegraph business, there are at present two other successful companies handling telegraphic communication—the Federal Telegraph Company, established in 1910,<sup>34</sup> and the Postal Telegraph, established in 1886.

### Ben Holladay and Other Successors of the Pony Express

During the last three months of its existence, the Pony Express had been paralleled by a daily stage. This was the line of Ben Holladay.

The Pony Express had been such an expensive project that the company of Russell, Majors and Waddell had found it necessary to take out heavy mortgages on their holdings. The notes were held by Ben Holladay, who took over the property by a court decision in 1862. He had maintained a stage mail service between Salt Lake and San Francisco since 1851.<sup>35</sup> In 1857 he had a ten-year mail contract.

Holladay's stage express was "the greatest one-man institution in America."<sup>36</sup> He easily controlled a monopoly of the express business, but not without effort and sacrifice. During the last years of the service the Indians along the Platte were particularly trying. They seemed to realize

31. Paxson, *The Last American Frontier*, 185.

32. Newmark, *Sixty Years in Southern California*, 401.

33. Willard, *History of Los Angeles*, 302.

34. Newmark, *op. cit.*, 643.

35. Hunt, R. D., *California the Golden*, 384.

36. Paxson, *op. cit.*, 187.

that the end of their dominion was near. Even the soldiers stationed along the line of the stage service did not deter them. Often it was impossible for stages to go through for weeks at a time, and upon one occasion all the stations on the line were destroyed, the stock stolen and the men killed.

Even in the face of this Holladay persisted. He controlled all the local stage lines running to Oregon, Idaho, and Montana, and bought out his nearest rival, the Butterfield Overland Dispatch in 1886, on his own terms. At the height of his business he controlled 3,300 miles of stage lines.<sup>37</sup>

The government granted Holladay an annual subsidy of \$1,000,000 for delivering all mails between Atchison and Sacramento. Letters were carried for 50 cents apiece, and delivery was uncertain.<sup>38</sup> Stage fares were high and accommodations were very bad, according to the account of Captain James L. Fiske and others.<sup>39</sup>

Ben Holladay himself was a typical pioneer—"illiterate, coarse, pretentious, boastful, false and cunning."<sup>40</sup> By traveling constantly over his lines, he kept the close personal contact necessary for absolute control. He knew the conditions of his own line and of all others—better than their owners did. As a result, he wisely sold out his interests to his nearest competitor, the Wells Fargo Express Company, in November, 1866,<sup>41</sup> for \$1,500,000 in cash and \$300,000 worth of stock in the company. Besides this, Wells Fargo and Company paid about \$600,000 for the hay, feed, and provision of Holladay.<sup>42</sup>

### The Wells, Fargo Express Company

The story of the Wells, Fargo & Co. Express would of itself make a long report, but in this instance only brief mention will be made, placing the company's activities, chiefly, at the point just before the completion of the railroads.

Shortly after the discovery of gold, this company was doing business at "the diggings," transporting the "dust" out and bringing in supplies. During the years 1860 and

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37. Cleland, *History of California: American Period*, 268.

38. Statement of Mrs. Matilda Saeger Delany (foster daughter of Marcus Whitman) before the Historical Society of So. Calif., Nov. 11, 1924.

39. Paxson, *op. cit.*, 188.

40. Henry Villard.

41. Visscher, *op. cit.*, 21.

42. Inman and Cody, *Old Salt Lake Trail*, 223.

1861, Wells, Fargo & Co. was shipping out about \$12,000 in gold every month.<sup>43</sup>

With other large firms they had closed their doors during the panic of 1856. When the panic was over they again renewed service. At times they made contracts with the overland stage lines, like Chorpenning's and Butterfield's, to carry the express. At other times they maintained their own stage lines. The Wells Fargo agent was a conspicuous citizen in every community,<sup>44</sup> and the theft of the Wells Fargo strong boxes was the favorite theme of the writers of dime novels.

When Wells, Fargo & Company bought out Ben Holladay in 1866, they also took over the Pioneer Stage and the Original Overland Stage lines. A government contract for \$1,750,000 to carry the mails was made with Wells, Fargo & Company in 1868. Both the route of the Pony Express and of the Butterfield Overland Mail were used. Wells, Fargo & Company used their own stamp and guaranteed service a few hours earlier than government dispatch. The rate was three cents per letter.<sup>45</sup>

At the time of purchasing Holladay's line, the Wells, Fargo had thought the Pacific railroads would be longer in building than they were, and as a consequence lost heavily.

During the last few months of the company's run it was making connections only with the ends of the railroad, approaching each other more closely each day. When the railroad was completed in May, 1869, the day of the overland express was over.

### The Pacific Railroads

Dissatisfied with the mail service they received, the citizens of the mining camps were largely responsible for the clamor for national transportation on a large scale.<sup>46</sup>

As early as 1832 the movement had been begun for a transcontinental railway. In 1845 Asa Whitney was bringing pressure to bear on Congress for a route from Michigan to Oregon. Beginning under the able direction of Secretary of War Jefferson Davis, in 1853, surveys—at first desultory and experimentive, and later definite and purposeful—were carried on until 1861.<sup>47</sup> The work was rather thor-

43. Willard, *History of Los Angeles*, 302.

44. Newmark, *op. cit.*, Index.

45. "Notes on the Early History of the Nebraska Country," *Pub. Neb. Hist. Soc.*, XX, 315.

46. Paxson, *op. cit.*, 172.

47. Visscher, *op. cit.*, 75.



oughly pursued from the Mississippi Valley and the Pacific, and almost from the Canadian line to the Mexican border.<sup>48</sup>

In July, 1862, the bill became a law which provided for "a railroad and telegraph line from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean, and to secure to the government the use of the same for *postal*, military and other purposes."

A government subsidy of \$50,000,000 supplemented by a similar bond issue, enabled the road to be built in record time, despite hardships and the great distance which supplies had to be transported.

The bill of 1862 called for a road from Omaha along the 100th meridian between the Republican and Platte rivers to the eastern boundary of California, there to connect with the line of the Central Pacific of California. In practice, the Central Pacific built the road on east, meeting the Union Pacific line at Promontory Point (near Ogden), Utah. Ground had been broken at Omaha November 5, 1865, and the last spike was driven at Ogden, May 10, 1869.

The contest over the selection of a route had been determined largely by the war. While the southern route, following to a large extent the line of the Butterfield stages, would have presented the fewest problems of construction, the fact that it was the choice of Jefferson Davis, as well as the question of maintaining it during the war, determined its being dismissed from consideration, and the choice rested on the line urged by Senator Thomas H. Benton of Missouri.

Ultimately, the railroads to California have traversed the three main lines of early transportation; the Union Pacific following the old emigrant trail; the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé, follow along the old Santa Fé and Spanish trails; and the Southern Pacific approximating the old Butterfield line.

After 1869 the major portion of the mail was carried by the railroads on government contract.

### General Modern Communication

#### The Telephone

The first telephones were used in California in 1882. At first they were not particularly popular. Subscribers said the noises of the street made it impossible to hear over

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48. Cleland, *op. cit.*, 375.

the telephone. The first complete transcontinental telephone line was finished during the Panama Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco in 1915.

### **The Wireless**

Wireless connections were established between the mainland and Catalina Island in August, 1902. In 1911 connection was made with San Francisco, and with Honolulu in 1912.

### **Automobiles and Highways**

When automobiles were introduced into California in 1903, few believed they were more than a passing amusement. But time has proved them one of the greatest factors in both local and national transportation.

A series of paved highways, reaching the highest point in the Lincoln Highway across the continent, completed in 1912, have proven the usefulness of the automobile. Freight is carried extensively by trucks, but the only mail connection is through the transportation of rural free delivery.

### **The Air Mail Service**

A survey of communication between California and the rest of the United States would not be complete without a glance at the most recent form—the air mail service.

Very shortly after the end of the Great War, airplanes were used for transporting mail, between local points; for three years it has been so successful that the government felt justified in establishing a transcontinental-continuous daily mail service to connect New York and San Francisco.

On July 1, 1924, this line became a reality—with a continuous flight service, day and night. Great arcs have been constructed to light the path of the planes, so that night flying is possible.

The distance from New York to San Francisco is 2,690 miles. The mail schedule is: Eastbound 32 hours 5 minutes, westbound 34 hours 45 minutes. Emergency landing fields are established about every twenty-five miles, with regular ones every 250 miles. Special long-distance telephones have been constructed to serve the air mail pilots.

The government has appropriated \$2,500,000 to carry on the air mail for 1925. Rates on letters are according to zone, the zones being marked at Chicago and Cheyenne. In the first zone, the rate is 8 cents, in the second 16 cents, and in the last 24 cents. Special stamps have been issued

for the air mail, and permission was given stationers to make a special envelope with a three-quarter inch red, white and blue stripe extending horizontally across the middle of the envelope. This is to expedite the handling of the mail.

November 11, 1924, the size of packages allowed to be carried by air mail was increased from 30 inches to 84 inches in girth and length combined. A registry fee at the rate of 10 cents is required for registered mail besides the regular postage. Securities of non-negotiable variety are received, but no coin, currency, or easily converted securities will be carried.

At present, November 14, 1924, there are ninety-four airplanes and eleven pilots in the New York-San Francisco service.

The air mail service found a ready reception with business men, in particular, because in saving time in business communication they also save money.

Connection is made by rail to post offices not along the transcontinental line. Los Angeles receives the New York mail in 54 hours and 15 minutes. There is an active movement afoot to have a direct air line from Salt Lake to Los Angeles. Congressman Fredericks introduced a bill to that effect into Congress on December 3, 1924.<sup>49</sup>

Los Angeles bases its arguments on three grounds: first, Los Angeles is the largest city of the west and should be the terminus of the air line; Secondly, the air mail shipped from Los Angeles is sufficient to warrant a direct line—often being 100 pounds a day; and lastly, the old argument for the Southern Pacific Railroad—that a southern route avoids the storms. Fact would substantiate this argument, for the air mail has already been delayed as much as six hours by a snow storm.<sup>50</sup>

Air mail has already arrived in California from Germany, and while London talks of a direct line to Chicago, Congress has already heard pleas from Congressman Fredericks and others on a Los Angeles to Honolulu air mail.

### Summary

From the distant land of California, which was known to the people of the Atlantic seaboard and of Europe as the far away land of gold, adventure and romance, to the California of the present day when a voice carries instantan-

49. *Literary Digest*, June 14, 1924; July 5, 1924; December 13, 1924.

50. *Los Angeles Times*, Oct. 19, 22, 23; Nov. 11, 14; December 3, 4, 9, 1924.  
et al



eously across the wire from New York to San Francisco, is a far cry.

Eager to keep in touch with the world he had left behind, the Californian tried every means within his power to bridge the distance. His mail was carried by man on foot and horseback, by clipper sailing vessel and steamer, by stage and railroad, and lastly by airplane.

It took man great eons of time to learn to convey his thoughts in any form to the next generation in his own locality. For centuries Europe knew its neighbors only by military contact. The colonists of the Atlantic coast were two hundred years arriving at the point of using a locomotive to transport their mail.

In little longer than Van Winkle's sleep, California has passed from a period of practically no touch at all with the outside world to a one-day mail across the continent.

Considering the past one is breathless in contemplation of the future.

# DIARY OF MISS HARRIET BUNYARD

From Texas to California in 1868

## INTRODUCTORY NOTE:

This Diary was written while crossing the plains by Miss Harriet Bunyard. The writer died at El Monte in 1900.

At the time the diary was written she was a girl of 19 years.

The immediate Bunyard party was composed of Harriet's father, Larkin S. Bunyard, her mother, Frankie Stewart Bunyard, and three sons, Beal, 25 years of age, Dan, 19 years, Oscar, 12, and three daughters, Fannie, aged 9, Josephine, 15, and Harriet, the writer of the diary.

The Diary, though written in pencil in a note book, has been carefully guarded by Fannie Bunyard (now Mrs. Lewis of El Monte) and was copied in pen and ink some years ago. It was somewhat dim in places, but with the aid of a magnifying glass, every word has been completely identified.

The accompanying map shows the route taken, with dates of arrival marked.

PERCIVAL J. COONEY.

Collin County, Texas,  
April 29-30, 1868.

Have almost completed our preparations for the much-talked-of journey. Friends and neighbors have been so kind in assisting us. Long will they be remembered.

May 1st:

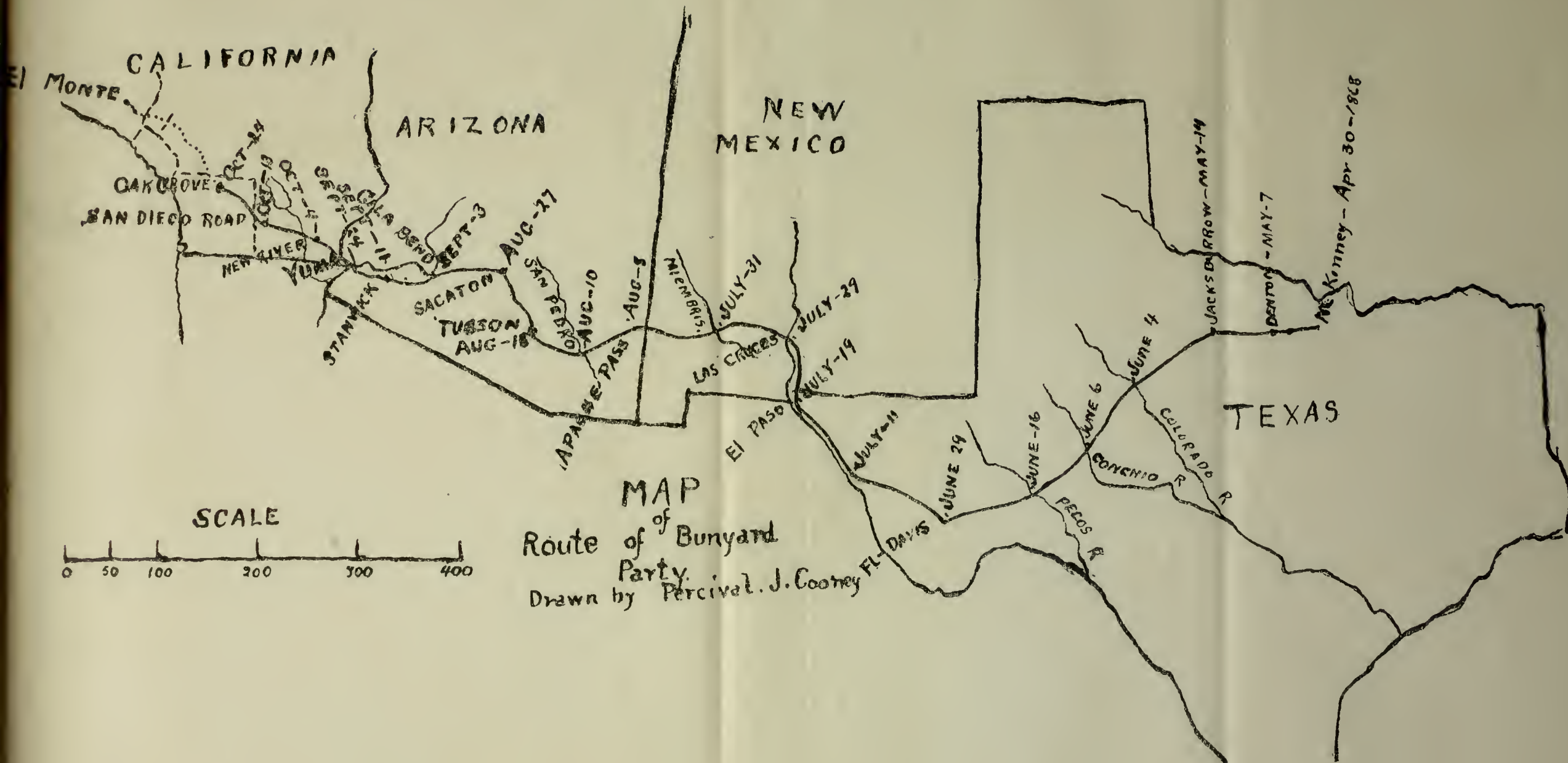
Bid a kind adieu to my much loved Texas home. Although the road was very muddy we had a pleasant drive. Long will it be remembered. Arrived at Uncle Stewart's in the evening, twelve miles distant. Will remain here until Monday, this being Saturday.

May 3rd:

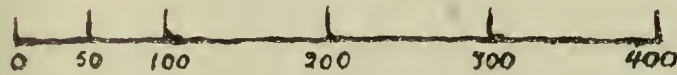
All in fine spirits. Started early—traveled fifteen miles; crossed the west fork of the Trinity and Little Elm. Had no trouble; camped on a high beautiful prairie. Passed over a broken, hilly country. Two men were hung near the camp the evening before and were said to be still hanging; were hung for stealing.

May 4th:

Started early, traveled over a beautiful, sandy prairie, arrived at Pilot Point about 12, stopped and ate dinner and purchased some necessary articles. Had some photographs taken. Fred Turner insisted that some of the girls should stay with him, said he had no companions but no one would take pity on him and stay. Left town about 3 o'clock. It



SCALE



MAP  
of  
Route of Bunyard  
Party.  
Drawn by Percival J. Cooney





was rather dusty, being sandy soil. Splendid water there. Crossed a small creek. The road was very rough but all made it safe through. Passed through the cross-timbers; they have a picturesque appearance—part oak timber with small prairies. Crossing was good across Big Elm. Camped upon the prairie. 'Twas dark when we camped; everybody tired. Traveled eighteen miles.

May 5th:

All ready—waiting for some immigrants who camped on the other side of the creek. They are from Arkansas. Four wagons, two hacks, 10 men—making in all 10 wagons, four hacks and 20 men. This is a lonely looking place, several small houses in sight, red sandy soil. Traveled seven miles, crossed Duck Creek, stayed to eat dinner. It is very pretty stream, rocky bottom. Just ready to start when Stewart's wagon tongue got broken, we made another, went two miles, camped by a little branch near Boliner. Stayed one day, went fishing with one of the ladies living near Boliner, caught some small fish. Would not like to live here. Sold some things that we started with in order to lighten our loads.

May 7th:

Denton—Two more young men joined the train making 22 men. Crossed Clear Creek, passed two vacant houses, suppose the Indians were the cause of them being left. Came to Denton Creek, there had a little bad luck, a wagon turned over but no serious damage done. Went two miles farther, and camped by a little branch, here the water falls 15 feet from beautiful shell rock. Trees growing down there with their tops just even with the level of the land. Such a good place for Indians to hide. Passed two vacant houses, they look very desolate. The country has a wild appearance.

May 8th:

Quite a pleasant wind blowing from the east this morning. Started early, traveled 21 miles over such a rough road through very thick post oak timber. Came in sight of government mills, there at a branch we found a broken wagon loaded with very large cotton-wood log, pried the log off and took the wagon away. Passed over in safety. Here are quite a number of small houses all made with the plank standing on one end also covered with plank. They are all close together and form quite a romantic appearance. Camped near by in the timbers. Stood guard to-night. Now I wish there were no wild Indians.

May 9th—Sabbath Morn:

What are my friends in Collin doing this morning, going to church I will suppose. Started and drove two miles to water for the stock. Have camped in very nice place. Will remain until Monday. Every appearance of rain, all hurrying to get tents stretched and fixed before rain. One lonely looking little house in sight, the people that live there are part Indian. Eight more wagons with 10 men joined us this morning. They were camped at Decater waiting for company. Appointed Uncle Stewart captain of the train.

May 10th-11th:

Rain prevented us leaving until Tuesday when we drove 14 miles, passed where there had been a little village but was but one family there. All left on account of the Indians. The country is very broken. High hills covered with large rocks that look like houses in the distance. I am now sitting on the hillside while the clear notes of the whippoorwill is singing in the still twilight evening—when a memory of the past comes o'er us.

May 12th:

Came seven miles and camped in a small prairie surrounded with timber and high hills. We went to the top of one of the hills and found many curious rocks. The top was almost covered with level rocks while on the sides were great stacks that looked like they had been placed there by the skill of man. Crossed west fork of the Trinity—had no trouble crossing.

May 14th-15th:

We are now camped by a nice, clear branch and good spring up on a hill. Splendid cold water. Jacksboro is in plain view. Federal's quarters are nicest part of town. Elm and Mesquite timbers, sandy soil with rocky hills is general appearance of the country. Mostly timber except small prairies. The people here are kind and accommodating. It is reported that there has been some Indians seen not far off, but we have not seen any. Some of the girls went up town today, others went fishing, but did not catch many. Two of the Federal officers visited our camp—nice looking men. They say if we stay here until the evening of the 16th that they will visit us with their brass band.

May 16th—Sabbath Evening:

We have traveled about 15 miles today. Passed through Jacksboro and over a very rocky road. It is quite a romantic looking country. High hills as far as I can see,



covered with small timber and large rocks. Oh! how it did rain and blow last night. There is a very cold northwest wind. Several families from Denton County have overtaken us. There are now 45 men in this train.

May 17th:

Two men passed by camp last night going after the doctor for some wounded men that had been in a fight with the Indians. There were 12 men out herding stock—no fire-arms but pistols and 50 Indians dashed down on them. Killed two men and wounded five. One of the wounded died this evening. Killed every one of their horses. This fight occurred five miles above where we are now camped. The men that were wounded are at a ranch about one mile from our camp. Several of the boys went to see them this evening. They suffered so much before they had any attention. Suppose the rest of the wounded will get well. The stage passes from Belknap to Jacksboro, the distance of 38 miles, and is guarded by five Indians of a friendly tribe. They look so Indian-like with two large rings in each ear and beads strung all about them. Traveled 15 miles today over nice road and beautiful prairie.

Young County, May 18th:

One yoke of oxen was missing this morning, therefore we have moved only one mile to better range. An old vacant house here and very good water. Found the oxen but too late to go any farther so will remain until morning.

May 19th:

Started late—traveled 10 miles. Passed Fort Belknap. The houses are very much delapidated here. Many chimneys standing alone. Not more than six families living there. It is a very pretty place for a town if it was only improved. Crossed Brasos river; it is a beautiful stream with no timber immediately on its banks. Live oak and mesquite and elm with sandy soil is general appearance of the country, with the greatest quantity and very good variety of wild flowers. Some of the most beautiful. Camped about three miles from town. It is 35 miles from Belknap to Fort Griffin.

May 20th:

Detained again on account of stock. Some of the boys caught some very nice fish in the Brasos. Started after dinner, went six miles. Camped in nice place in small prairies, surrounded with post oak timber.

May 21st:

Very warm and cloudy morning. Started early, made a drive of 17 miles; splendid road. Had nothing but branch water and it was warm, not clear. The Collin County boys killed an antelope this evening—the meat resembles that of a kid.

May 22:

Camped one mile from Fort Griffin on east side of clear fork of the Brasos. It is a pretty stream with large pecan timber on the banks. I think we will get some nice fish here.

May 26th:

Will leave here this morning; passed away the time very well since we have been here. Sabbath morning we hitched up our ambulances and drove to the fort. Federals have very nice quarters there. The citizens' houses are very inferior, small log huts. Have splendid spring water here. Indians have caused more disturbance for the past five months than for several years. Little girl living here that the Indians took and kept eight months. Her friends bought her. Whilst they had her they picked a round ring of powder in her forehead as large as a ten-cent piece. It makes a black ring and cannot be taken away. Suppose they done it that they might know her again. They had her little sister but would not sell her. Her friends think they will sell her this year. The other little girl said that they were very kind to her. The Indians killed their mother when they captured them. In our drive Sabbath morning we went one-half mile from the fort to where we camped considerable number of Tonk Indians—was but very few that could talk English. Their little huts were covered with hay and dirt and doors just large enough for one to pass through. They were all busy at work. We then called at Miss Campbell's. Spent an hour—went back to camp; here we got plenty of pickles and beans to do us through. We also had some fish from the river Wednesday morning. Will start this morning. Got late start but everything was rested and we traveled 18 miles over rough rocky road. We have splendid camping place this evening with fine range; our teams are in better order now than when we started. There is quite a number of emigrants near and with us now.

May 28th:

Left camps early; traveled over beautiful road; found some cranberries, the first I ever saw. They are splendid. Traveled 16 miles and camped by nice running stream and

fine spring—cold water which is quite a treat. There is a grave near this spring—it has no inscription on it—therefore we know nothing of the inhabitants thereof. Some one perhaps that like us was in search of a new home. How I should regret to leave one of my friends along the roadside in a strange land. We have not passed a house since we left Fort Griffin which is 35 miles.

May 29th:

All is ready and started early when to our surprise about 30 Federals from Griffin rode up just as the last wagon was leaving camp. They halted the wagons and searched them for some carbine guns that some of the train had purchased. They did not find them and therefore we had to stay at the same camp; came back and stayed there all day—the Federals camped on the other side of the branch and watched around all day. That night about 8 they came to our camp and arrested several and kept them all night. The guns were brought up that night—they were brought by a citizen at the fort—the sergeant had stolen them and given them to the citizens to sell. The sergeant was arrested and one of our men was taken back to testify against the citizen that sold them and the others that had purchased were taken next morning to the fort. Imagine our anxiety although neither father or brother had purchased a gun yet our friends in the train had. But as fortune favored us they did nothing but take their testimony and permitted them to return to camps next evening. This only detained us two days. They did not give back the money that the men paid for the guns. I am very glad as we were detained that we were at such splendid water.

May 30th—Sabbath Morning:

Although we do not wish to travel on Sunday we will have to leave here today—as our stock are beginning to ramble. Camped again; traveled about 12 miles; passed Thornton's Hill—are but two houses there but many chimneys standing where houses have been—they look so lonely standing there. Country broken—Mesquite and Chaparall bushes with few scattered Elms, are the only timber. How strange it seems to travel all day and not see any houses. We hear of Indians being seen at every foot but we do not apprehend any danger from them. It rained a hard shower this evening—some hail—which renders camping rather unpleasant. We miss our nice spring tonight as the water is not very good. Are camped tonight on a high



prairie and in sight on another hill another large train is camped.

May 31st:

Started early—traveled 20 miles. Came in sight yesterday of a high peak of mountains—was in sight all day and camped just opposite it tonight. It is noted place and is called "Indian's pass." Here the Indians pass through the mountains. Some of the boys went to the top; they looked to be about one-half as high as they really were. A large rock seems to cover the top of the peak; it is on the left of the road—found some beautiful cedar trees here.

June 1st:

Passed stage stand this morning. Traveled eight miles—most of the way with mountains on each side of the road. Had to camp here in order to have plenty of water—had clear running branch—very good water. Found some gooseberries and green grapes—made some pies of them.

June 2nd:

Camped in sight of the mountain—yet been passing them all day—something resembling a grave was found on the top of one of the mountains—with a pile of rock by it with white cloth wrapped around the rock. We do not know what it was for. Found great many Buffalo hides near the camp; suppose that they had been stretched there last winter. Have not seen any Buffalo yet—seen some little prairie dogs today; they resemble a squirrel. Have not come to large town yet. Had some fish from the creek that was near the camp this evening. Have traveled about 13 miles today.

June 3rd:

Started early—passed old Fort Chiltoueno—was very much disappointed. I expected to find people living there but the only inhabitants were a few colored soldiers. One Mexican keeping stage stand. All of the houses that I saw were made of rock and there was some very nice looking dwellings here and it would be a beautiful place if it were only inhabited by nice people and some improvements made. It is 105 miles from Fort Griffin to old Fort Shaddron. Are still camped in sight of mountains. When I was at home I thought that I liked the mountains, but they look so lonesome way out there where a bird is scarcely ever seen. We have had very cool, pleasant weather to travel so far; today has been warm and the road very dusty. Came about 15 miles today.

June 4th:

Some stock missing this morning. Moved four miles; crossed Colorado river. Camped on the west side of it. It is very pretty stream—no timber on the banks as far as I can see—crossed so near the head that it is very small. The boys caught some nice fish from the river—saw some beautiful wild flowers near the river. It is 30 miles from the Colorado to Fort Concho. Some Federals camped on the river near our trains. Also another train of immigrants that was behind came up with us and camped on the right of the road while we were on the left. There are no immigrants ahead of us.

June 5th:

Found all the stock and all ready to start early. Had light shower of rain yesterday evening and still cloudy with quite a pleasant wind blowing this morning. Made a good day's drive—had to leave the road one mile to get water sufficient to camp with and then it was not good.

June 6th:

Oh, we have had such a splendid road—the most level prairie I have ever seen. Crossed north of the Conchips. Passed through the Fort. It is a beautiful place for a town and there are some very nice looking buildings there, principally made of rock. Here we saw the colored troops standing around among the Yankees, regardless of color or grade. North Conchips is small stream; very nice timber on its banks. The main stream is considerable larger. Here we had some large fish and are camped near the bank tonight. We will travel up this stream 45 miles. It is 85 miles from Fort Conchips to Fort Griffin. We are now 350 miles from home or McKinney. Is splendid spring not far where we are camped. Two or three company's of infantry soldiers are camped at this spring, two miles from the fort.

June 7th:

For the last two or three days we have had wild currants in great abundance. The little prairie dogs bark and run about as we pass their dwellings which are all subterranean.

June 8th:

Nothing of interest passed today.

June 9th:

Camped again near the Concho. Been washing and rearranging things generally. Will leave here this evening—make short drive in order to reach the desert or the river in

two more days. Here we found another large cold spring surrounded with willow trees. The cattle got scared, we suppose, at a dog. Quite an excitement was raised in camps—we didn't know but what the Indians were about. Part of the boys went in pursuit of them while others tied horses to the wagons. They did not go more than a mile until they succeeded in bringing them back. No one was hurt. Will leave here this evening. We have two men in our train that have traveled the road before—this is a great advantage.

June 9th:

Camped in nice place near the river. Had a shower of rain this evening which was quite an advantage. High hill near the camps and on the right of the road—not near so high as some that we had passed but it was near the road and myself with several others went to the top; there we found something that looked like a grave that had been there a long time; it had rocks piled around it. Have had very little sickness in the train so far. One man sick now; has been very sick; I hope he will get well.

June 10th:

Camped again on the river. We are not far from the head and it is getting small; 70 miles from where we cross the river and then strike the desert. Had another shower of rain this evening. All seem to think we will have plenty of water.

June 11th:

Near the river again—found plenty of gooseberries but did not find very nice camping place—so many Mesquite bushes.

June 12th:

Started very early—went 12 miles—camped in very nice place—will start across the first desert tomorrow. They say that we will have plenty of water most of the way. The sick man is improving; I think he will be well soon. I think this is a beautiful country.

June 13th:

Rained very hard last night which makes it very pleasant traveling this morning. Passed this morning where a United States soldier was buried, he started across the plains intending to overtake a train of immigrants that were going to California, but failed to do so and therefore starved for food. When he was found he had canteen with water in it by him. He was trying it seems to get back. Found plenty



of water and camped early this evening. Mesquite bushes is the only timber in sight.

June 14th:

Came four miles. Stopped by a pond of water—ate dinner—did some cooking—filled our barrels with water and started early after dinner. It is 35 miles to the Pecos which is the next water. We traveled until after midnight. Had beautiful road and bright moonlight most of the time. Had very good grass—little bush for wood.

June 15th:

All ready to start early this morning. Gave our horses water out of our barrels. They were not very thirsty. Arrived at the river early in the afternoon. Nothing had suffered for water. Passed through the Castle Mountains. They are the prettiest mountains I ever saw—not a bush can be seen—nothing but scatter grass; some of them resemble houses very much from a distance. Passed Central Station yesterday—nothing but Negroes there guarding stage stand.

June 16th:

The Pecos is narrow, deep and muddy stream with no timber on its bank it is now level with the banks; very bad tasted water. There is a skiff that the mail is crossed in and we have permission to cross our things in it—commenced crossing as early as we could get all the stock to the ford—they would put the things out of the wagons into the skiff and then tied ropes to the wagons and crossed. One wagon came uncoupled in the river; another broke the rope that was on the tongue but those on the opposite side still had hold of the other ropes and the men swam in and brought all safe to shore. Got all the wagons and the plunder over about 3 o'clock and then commenced crossing the cattle and horses. Just about the time all the wagons were over, Brother Dan and Ed Stewart with several others jumped into the river to try their speed swimming; the current being very swift Ed Stewart cramped and was sinking the last time when they caught him. In trying to rescue Ed, Brother Dan came very near drowning being so near exhausted; the skiff was pushed to them and they got in and came safe. Mr. Bottoms had a mule drowned in trying to cross. The only thing that we lost. They kept crossing about 10 o'clock in the night. When anything would start down stream they would plunge in and bring them out. It is only a few places that the stock can get down to the water without going in overhead.

June 17th:

Had but little trouble in crossing the remainder of the stock—got them over and commenced reloading about 12 o'clock. The men have labored faithful in getting across the river, that has been so much dreaded; all is safe and I am truly thankful. Will go seven miles this evening and camp again on the river. While we were loading the train that was behind came to the opposite bank. I can sympathize with them for I know that they dread crossing. This stream is kept full by melting snow from the mountains. It is 85 miles from Concho to Pecos River.

June 18th:

Made long drive and camped in a beautiful place by a sulphur spring. The water is very cold but I do not like the taste. This is said to be a noted place for Indians as there is plenty of water here. There are some little Indian huts not far from camp. We are still among the mountains. The highest growth that is to be seen is a shrub called the Spanish dagger which is from four to six feet high with long blades, some two inches broad and three feet long, terminating at both ends. One end has very sharp point. It is 85 miles from Concho to Pecos.

June 19th:

Drove over nice road and passed by some beautiful mountains. Are camped near a stage stand where is Negro guard. One white man there. We get water out of very good spring. A train of Mexicans and also one of Negro soldiers passed by our camp today. They are going to San Antonio.

June 20th—Sabbath Morning:

Finds me in camp and will remain here until Monday morning. This morning is warm and cloudy. I wish we would have a shower of rain as the road is very dusty. It is 240 miles from where we now are to El Paso. When we get there we are half way to California. Spend day reading and talking.

June 21st:

Rained some last night; is raining this morning. Had very hard rain ahead of us which makes the road pleasant and the air cool. We passed by a grocery. Camped near the fort. Mexicans live here but very few white people. Passed in sight of three farms; none of them had any fence around. There is large farm three miles from the fort. The Negroes work it for the government. No timber at all

here; they burn roots altogether for fire wood. I do not think that this is pretty country. Have fine springs here; the water is little brackish.

June 22nd:

Came nine miles today; found plenty of water and splendid grass; very good wood. Has been an old fort here. Mexican family camped with us tonight; they are going to Fort Janis, 60 miles from here. They travel by themselves and do not seem to be at all afraid. This is beautiful camping place and pretty surrounding country.

June 23rd:

Cool and pleasant morning. All ready to start early. They told us that there was plenty water in about 12 miles from where we were. So we did not fill our barrels, only filled our small kegs. To our disappointment the water was all dried up and we had to go 25 miles in place of 12. So we had no drinking water all the evening. We found some water standing in a pond but not enough for our stock; it was then an hour after sunset but the moon was shining brightly so we camped and put all our stock in the corral without letting them eat any as they all wanted water—so we started next morning before breakfast and went eight miles to Barrella Springs—here we found a cold, pure water well at the stage stand and a spring up in the mountains.

June 24th:

Remained here until evening—filled our barrels with water and went short distance to better range. Ma is sick, has the flux; quite a number of the train has the same complaint.

June 25th:

We are now traveling through a long and narrow gap through the Olympia Mountains. Some places there is just space enough for the wagons to pass through. On the top of these mountains, some of which I suppose are near a mile from the level, we find low bunches of live oak trees. Rained hard last night. Found nice place to camp—plenty of wood but no water but we had water with us.

June 26th:

Camped about 1 o'clock—found plenty of wood and water. Ma is some better. Part of the train went on this evening. Families remained here until morning as our trains need rest.



## June 27th:

Started early—passed some of the prettiest mountains. They are straight up about 50 feet with here and there a little bushes and vines running over them full of nice flowers. Branch running along the foot of the mountains and nice springs. Camped with mountains near on each side and spring on the left. The train that left are about three miles before us. Some of them are now six miles from Fort Davis. Ma is better this morning. Man passed camps last night and told us that four mounted Indians and eight on foot had taken all the mules and horses at stand at Barrella Springs Friday about 12 o'clock. The man was on his way to the fort after soldiers. They passed by last night going to recover their horses. Some moccasin tracks were seen in the road just ahead of us. This is their main pass-way they say. I do not think they will ever attack us; they will get our horses if they can. If I was at home I think I would go to church today. The time has passed much pleasanter than I expected on the road; we will move short distance this morning to fresh grass for the stock. Camped in nice place by the side of high mountain.

## June 28th:

Will remain here today to wash as we have such nice clear water. There has been great deal of rain through this country, which makes the range fine. This pass through these Mountains is called "Wild Rose Gap" and it is very appropriate name as there are so many wild roses in the little valleys.

## June 29th:

Passed through Fort Davis; it is pretty little place by the side of the mountains. The valley is wide here and the mountains small. Here are found vegetables very high, roasting ears (\$1.50 doz.), butter (\$1.00 lb.), eggs (\$1.00 doz.). This is a beautiful valley. We have delightful camping place tonight. There is such a nice spring here and splendid water in abundance running out of the mountains about nine miles from Fort Davis. Several stores here; some white people and Mexicans and Negroes. There are 400 soldiers here. They played their band as we passed the fort.

## June 30th:

Are camped tonight at Barrella Springs, 18 miles from Fort Davis. Not very nice place to camp. Grapes not very good. We passed some nice grove of live oak trees today.

Very little timber in this country. There is stage stand here. Negroes to guard it.

July 1st:

Intended staying at Barrella Springs until tomorrow but there was train of Negroes from the pinery that were hauling lumber to Stockton and another train of Mexicans camped at the same place. They had whiskey and the Negro soldiers got drunk and began cutting up so we harnessed up and left when the sun was not more than one hour high. We traveled three miles and made a dry camp there. We found plenty of good grapes. We knew that they had the advantage of us, if we had killed any of them then we would have been detained some time if nothing more. These military posts are a great pest to immigrants.

July 2nd:

Camped at Dead Man's holes 13 miles from Barrella Springs. Is another stand here two miles from camp—good spring at the stand. There we get water to use. Water at camp for stock. This wide nice valley—no timber except some small brush.

July 3rd:

Will remain at Dead Man's hole until morning. Have spent the day in sewing and cooking. The train that was behind came up this evening. They will remain here few days as their cattle are lame and worn down. Our teams are all in good plight for traveling. We have had plenty of rain. Have shower most every evening, which is very agreeable.

July 4th:

Started this beautiful Sabbath morning and will travel nine miles. Here we found plenty of good water in ponds. It has been many days since we was out of sight of mountains or in sight of timber of any consequence. We have beautiful level road all the time. To see the cactus and Mexican daggers you would think that there was no scarcity of timber.

July 5th:

Several carriages, three wagons, one lady and several men passed this morning on their way to El Paso—from San Antonio. No wood here—not even small brush.

July 6th:

Camped at another pond of rain water—better luck than we expected finding water. There is plenty of wood

here. Passed Van Horn's well this evening—could get no water. There is stage stand here. It is 32 miles from Dead Man's hole to Van Horn's well.

July 7th:

Traveled all day and had to make dry camp. We had sufficiency of using water with us and they found enough water for the horses. Four of the men went ahead this evening to hunt camping place. They saw four bear. This is dangerous place for Indians. Has been moccasin tracks seen all about here. There was fire seen about 9 o'clock on the top of the mountains. Supposed it to be Indians camp. Tied all our horses to the wagon and never let the cattle leave the corral. We are camped in six miles of Eagle Springs.

July 8th:

Started before breakfast and came to Eagle Springs. Here we found plenty of water for all the stock by dipping it with buckets. The spring is by the side of high mountain 19 miles from Van Horn's Wells to Eagle Springs. The train that is ahead did not get any water here. There was so many of them together. It is 35 miles from here to next water that we know of—if the other trains did not find water before they got there their stock must have suffered greatly.

July 9th:

The health of our little train is very good at present. We have 20 men—11 wagons—eight families with us. They say that we can see the river from the top of the mountains. The Negroes here have been very kind to us. The spring does not run off it uses and fills up as it is dipped out. There is quite a number of Indian Warriors said to live not far from Eagle Springs.

July 10th:

Left Eagle Springs on the 9th about 2 o'clock—traveled until an hour by sun—made coffee and rested a while and started—traveling until 11 o'clock. Had splendid road and all went on without trouble. Started early next morning. It was then 14 miles to the river. We passed through a narrow canyon just sufficient room for a road. High mountains on each side. We arrived at river about 2 o'clock. Our cattle was very thirsty but all made the trip very well. I am proud to say that we are at the Rio Grande. It is said to be one-half way to California. The road is very dry and dusty now but every appearance of rain.



July 11th:

Camped near the river. There is some timber on the banks of the river—the first that we have seen since we left Conchio except few scattered live oak. I do not admire this country. Has not been much rain here therefore grass is not very good. It is two miles from camps to Fort Quitman. Are in Texas and can see Mexico. Can see nothing but mountains and rocks. We will make short drives from now on so the stock can have time to recruit.

July 12th:

Passed through Fort Quitman. Got some small June apples there. Didn't see any white women there. There were some Mexican women—some very nice looking—dressed very nice. Some nice looking white men. Beautiful grove of cotton wood trees around the fort. All the houses were perfectly flat. Camped by a lake near the river. Had very hard rain last night which was much needed. Came to this place Sunday evening. Will stay here until Tuesday morning.

July 13th:

Started after supper and made nice drive by moonlight. The days are getting so warm that we cannot travel only early of the morning.

July 14th:

Started this morning before breakfast and went to good camping place—had large cottonwood tree that afforded us nice shade. Started this evening about one hour by sun and traveled 12 miles—camped. The nights are pleasant for traveling. Mexicans brought some nice fish to camps for sale. Was little Mexican hurt near our camp. Plenty of cottonwood and Mesquite timber on the road. Roads are extremely dusty.

July 15th:

Had shower of rain last night—makes traveling more pleasant. Started before breakfast, traveled five miles and stopped near the river. Will now get breakfast. We have fish for breakfast. Started near sundown—had not gone more than one-half mile when Mr. Conghram's wagon axle broke—took his load in other wagons and fixed his so it would travel and made drive of about eight miles. Passed by Mexican village. There are good many Mexican huts along the road. Found no grass therefore had to go to another camping ground.

## July 16th:

Started before breakfast and passed by stage stand. Did not find very good grass. The men are now very busy fixing the wagon. We will not have much more grass until we get to El Paso—as we passed by one of the houses last night was brilliantly lighted. It looked very nice from the road, white man with Mexican wife was living there. We started at 2 o'clock, went 10 miles, camped just at dark.

## July 17th:

Had nice shower of rain last night. We traveled near the river. Sometimes in three steps of the water; banks are very low and sandy. In one place the river runs where the road once was; road very dusty and warm. Traveling for some days past Mexicans—came to camps most every day. Some of them make a very good appearance while others ought not appear at all. Where we camped yesterday was stage stand and several Mexican huts. One of the Mexicans had large herd of goats and cattle. They do not care as to houses—just so they have shade. Traveled short distance—bought some onions, pears and apples from Mexican.

## July 18th:

Have very nice place to camp. Started early—made long drive, passed through three Mexican villages. The road wound so that it was some distance from the place we went in at to where we left town. Their corn and gardens have no fence around them and therefore our loose stock gave us much trouble. We had to travel until dark to get where we could camp. Had hard rain this evening—very muddy camping. Eleven miles from here to Franklin. We have seen many buggies pass with nice looking white men in them. There are high sand hills through this country. nothing for stock to eat but weeds.

## July 19th:

Started before breakfast, went in seven miles of Franklin—stopped and got breakfast—passed through Fort Bliss which is 15 miles from Socoro. Here is U. S. post and on short distance farther is Franklin. This is beautiful place—so many nice shade trees. Several white families living here. The town is near the bank of the river and just opposite this on the other side of the river is El Paso. So we stopped for some time in Franklin and purchased flour for the remainder of our journey. The merchants treated with wine and the children with candy. After making the neces-

sary purchases we went one and one-half miles and camped at Mr. Van Poltersons. Here we were treated with great hospitality. He has 48 rooms. His wife is Indian. She is head of her tribe. They are very wealthy. They came to camps and we went to the house with them and they treated us with wine. He lives in a beautiful place near the river. We received letters from our friends in California—they write cheering news to us.

July 20th:

We have had but little grass for our stock for several days. It is now nine miles to grass and water. We found very pretty place to camp and good grass. It is 95 miles from where we first struck the river to El Paso or Franklin. Total distance from Antonio to El Paso 654 miles. It is about 750 miles from McKinney to El Paso.

July 21st:

Still at the same camp. Have been washing and baking light bread.

July 22nd:

Still at same place. Left the old camp this evening. It was not pretty place to camp. Too many bushes. The Mexicans stole one pair of cows from Jim Stewart and run them across the river. The boys went across after them but failed to find them.

July 23rd:

Started late in the evening and camped at a beautiful place with fine grass. It is 16 miles from here to El Paso. Made an early start this morning. Traveled until 12, stopped—rested a while and let the stock graze and ate supper. We then started and traveled by moonlight about 8 miles. Found very good grass.

July 24th:

Started after breakfast and came to where Mexicans were living. They are very nice looking people—white as anybody. Us girls called in to see how the house looked. They gave us some apples to eat and were very kind. Their house looked so nice and clean inside; they have black Mexicans for servants. It is now 15 miles to where we cross the river. Got supper and traveled some distance—had moonlight to travel by. Camped in three miles of La Crusa, passed by an old fort. Some Mexicans were living there. The old fort looked very desolate.



## July 25th:

Passed through La Crusa. It is very pretty situation for a town but the buildings are not pretty. The church bell was ringing as we passed through and the Mexicans were crowding to the chapel; they were all dressed very nice, with large bright colored shawls over their heads and shoulders. They were carrying their musical instruments with them to the church. We bought some cabbage and onions here. We arrived at the crossing of the river about 10 o'clock. The train that left us are camped five miles on the other side of the river. There is two families on this side; their captain's wife is very sick and could not cross the river, they forded the river. We intended crossing this evening, but alas, how little do we see of the future, it pains me to pen the incident. A young man that was with Uncle Stewart by the name of John Thomas accidentally shot himself with his six-shooter; he was twirling it around and revolving it and it exploded. The bullet went in on the right side through his breast and came out in his back on the same side. Oh! how it grieves me to think that anyone should happen to such an accident so far from home. He has no relatives in this train—has one brother in a train behind. Most of the men think his case hopeless, but I still hope. We have sent to town for a physician. The accident happened about 1 o'clock. He will have the assistance of our prayers. The captain's wife is very sick this evening. Sad, sad facts. Our friend died this evening between sundown and dark. He suffered greatly while he lived.

## July 26th:

Have dressed him very nice and sent him to La Crusa and had his coffin made and grave dug. The corpse left camp at 11 o'clock. His brother that was in the back train came up in time to see him buried. He was buried at La Crusa. We have crossed the river and came up with the train that had left us. We had no bad luck in crossing. All forded it; stopped after dark—rested three hours—started, traveled all night; came to water this morning; tanks have been made here for the purpose of furnishing water to immigrants. They sell the water at 10 cents a drink. Has watered two trains and one beef herd today. Has made near \$100.00. It is 18 miles from here to river and about 30 miles to water ahead which is Crook Canyon. They say that this is the most dangerous place that we will

have to pass. We crossed the river three miles below La Missella.

July 27th:

Started late in the evening. Traveled until about 3 o'clock; arrived near Fort Cummins. Here we find splendid grass and water; it is called 35 miles from here to where we got the last water but we made good time and our stock did not suffer. Two large beef droves are camped here. Had nice shower of rain this evening which was very agreeable, for this soil is very dusty—no timber here—nothing but small bush to burn.

July 30th:

Leave Fort Cummins this evening. Will drive through Crook's Canyon this evening. Did not travel very late but the road was rough. We have traveled from Fort Davis to Franklin with families and 20 men. From Franklin to La Crusa we had only three families. The others stopped to wait for their friends. Overtook the train that left us at Fort Davis. We did not join them at Cummins. Their train had to wait on account of sickness so five other wagons joined us and we went on. We now have 25 men. Dangerous road ahead.

July 31st:

Are through the worst of the canyon and nothing has happened; camped at Membris Creek. We left the town to our right as this is the best way. Membris is small, clear stream with cold springs along the banks. There is something over 7000 head of stock camped on this stream part going to California and some not so far. Is small train of immigrants camped here from Dano County, Texas; they traveled up the Pecos 300 miles and when they crossed they were attacked by 75 Indians. They lost one man who lived in California and had come after his friends. They had 600 head of beeves. The Indians wanted them—they have had a hard time.

August 1st:

Left Membris this evening. We have five men. Traveled 10 miles most of the way after night. There was several men or Indians seen on side of the road; they left and we did not learn who they were. Every man had gun in hand for fight, but fortune favored and we had no fighting to do.

Will drive to water this morning. Did not find very

much water here but enough to answer our purposes; rested a while; ate dinner and started on. We have 55 miles to go now without water for our stock. Camped tonight near the mountains, by no means a pretty place.

#### August 3rd:

Passed an old fort—got some water to drink—plenty for the horses but none for the cattle.

#### August 4th:

Traveled last night—had beautiful road. This is a pretty valley. About 12 o'clock several Indians were seen on horseback. This frightened me some. No moonlight—nothing but starlight—how quiet. The train traveled tonight. The Indians did not molest us. Camped about 2 o'clock.

#### August 5th:

Have reached the place for water, Stevens Creek, but have to dig out the spring, so all went to work and the stock got some water but not enough. All had plenty of water by 12 o'clock and we will leave this evening. Our cattle suffered some but none failed. It is 35 miles to the next water. Is a peak of mountains here 300 feet high called Stevens Peak. Stevens had a fight at this place some time ago and hence its name. Had beans and pie for dinner. We had cool, pleasant time to travel the road that was destitute of water.

#### August 6th:

Good luck—we found water one mile from the peak and did not have to drive so far. We were glad to find good grass and plenty of water without going so far. The train that we left behind came up this evening. One of Dr. Beaves children died last night. It had whooping cough and chronic diarrhoea; have been two deaths in that train. Another babe died with same complaint.

#### August 7th:

Quite a number of beeves have come up to this place for water—some of them do not look very well they have done without water so long. Made dry camp tonight.

#### August 8th:

Will pass through Apache Pass today. There is fort and 300 soldiers here. The canyon is the deepest and longest we have passed through but the road is very good. Came just opposite the post and camped. Here is plenty



of good water and very good grass. There is quite a number of graves here most of whom were killed by the Indians. They are digging gold here. They suppose that there are very rich mines here.

August 9th:

Started very early this morning. Oh, what a rough road we have come over this morning. Coming out of the canyon it seemed as if we would never get to the top of the mountain. We gained it at last and then had nice road and beautiful valley—such nice green grass. There has been a great deal of rain here for last few days. We started before breakfast and have now stopped to get dinner. It has rained very hard. How glad I will be when we get to Tucson—it is 110 miles from Apache Pass to Tucson. Traveled until near sundown. Made dry camp. Started this morning and had good road.

August 10th:

This is beautiful country. If there was wood and water here this would be desirable place to live. Arrived at Sulphur Springs about 11 o'clock. Will water here and drive on. It is 25 miles from Apache Pass to Sulphur Springs where we camped last night. There was no wood at all here but we found surplus plank enough to cook with. Started about 5 o'clock—drove 10 miles. Started after breakfast on 11th—drove within four miles of the Pedro River. Could go no farther after dark on account of the short canyon between there and the river. Arrived at the river in due time—the road was narrow and rough but short. Here we found good grass and water. Small mesquite for wood. The Pedro is small shallow stream. Sandy banks. There was beef drove camped here yesterday. Some of the men that were with the drove had a difficulty and a man was killed. I do not know his name nor any of the particulars. We see his clothes and his grave near our camp. We will stay here for few days to recruit our stock. There is two beef droves camped here. Was two beeves killed yesterday by lightning during hard rain. It is 35 miles from here to Sulphur Springs.

August 13th:

Moved our camp to a better place. The evening we moved it rained very hard and next morning where our old camp was covered two feet deep with water so we just moved in time. The river was overflowed. Three families with a beef drove have not crossed the river.

## August 14th:

Started this evening at 2 o'clock. Made nice drive—camped on high nice place—rained all night. I think it has rained on or in sight of us for two weeks. Passed through short canyon.

## August 15th:

Is still cloudy with every appearance of rain. Will start early this morning and make good drive as the road is hard and level. Went four miles from the river. Here we rested and got dinner. We then drove 10 miles. Camped in nice place—had plenty of wood and water. Stand with a number of soldiers stationed. The road is surrounded with mountains.

## August 16th:

Camped in one mile of Muscal Springs. Here the Anienza swamp set in. The road is muddy and bad. Crossed the River Cienaga several times. It was swimming yesterday but is not very deep today. It is three miles through this swamp. Had steep, hard hill to pull up this morning. Got through the swamp about 10 o'clock. Stopped to rest and get dinner. Thirty-one miles from San Pedro to Cienaga Creek. The Cienaga is small, swift-running stream with some cottonwood timber on its banks. We crossed it four times today. The bottom is gravelly and good crossing. Come over some more bad road this evening. The hills that we came over today have pulled over teams harder than any place that we have ever crossed. Camped before sundown.

## August 17th:

Oh, what a hard rainfall last night and what vivid lightning from every point. Only one tent left standing so we had to dry our beds today and therefore we will not leave here before 12 o'clock. This is high dry place to camp. Fifteen miles from here to Tucson.

## August 18th:

Started after breakfast. Arrived at Tucson about 3 o'clock. Camped on east side of town. Did not find good water nor much grass. This country is thick with mesquite bushes. We will stay until morning. There is quite an excitement in town about a silver mine that has lately been discovered near this place.

## August 19th:

Passed through Tucson. Got some nice watermelons. This is beautiful place; some nice houses here. Goods are

much cheaper than I expected to find them. Groceries are dear. Received a letter from friends in California at this place. They are in fine spirits. I am getting impatient for our journey to come to an end—yet it cheers me to think that every day finds us nearer our destination. It is 500 miles from here to the City of Los Angeles. Drove about eight miles from town. Found good grass and water; running stream and nice spring. Will stay here until morning. This creek is called Lon Creek. It is said to be the richest ever found. Sheep ranch here and few Mexican huts.

August 20th:

Drove nine miles today, found good water but not much grass. It is 28 miles to the next camping place so we will travel tonight. The sun is now an hour high and they are fixing to start. The weather has been extremely warm for a few days past. The round cactus trees that grow here are quite a curiosity to one that never seen them before. These Mexicans will be very friendly but if they get a chance to steal they are sure to use it. Left camp at sundown, had good road and beautiful moonlight to travel by.

August 21st:

Came about seven miles last night. Found pond of water sufficient for our stock and some grass but not the best. Plenty of wood and plenty of place to camp. Remained here until late in the evening. Traveled until after midnight.

August 22nd:

Camped at a high peak (called La Catcha) that can be seen 15 miles the other side of Tucson. It is 45 miles from here back to Tucson. There is pond of water here but our stock will not drink it. Farther there is more water said to be better than this. It can't be worse. This is warm and cloudy morning. Found plenty of water and grass. Three Mexican wagons camped here. Two women with them. They said there is great danger from Apache Indians here. Three men were killed near here three weeks ago. There is high mountains on each side. Nine miles further will find us out of danger of Indians so we will travel tonight. Was hard rain ahead of us this evening so did not travel very late.

August 23rd:

Did not turn our stock out of the corral as there is no grass here. We want to go to grass early. Traveled three miles and found some grass. Passed blue water wells, the



water was cold and good but the grass was scarce and in bunches. Started at sundown and came to plenty of water and some grass better than what we had. There is stand at Blue Wells, some groceries here to sell but they are very dear.

August 24th:

Are camped near another stand 12 miles from the Blue Wells. There was Lemoire Indian here today. He had his face painted and long strings of beads in his ears. He was very friendly but all he wanted was a chance to steal our stock. We have found some good grass and plenty of rain water standing in ponds.

August 25th:

Started late and come six miles and stopped. The days are so very warm but the nights are pleasant so we lay by in the day time and travel at night. It is six miles from here to the river.

August 26th:

There is no more grass here so we will go on to the river. Arrived at the river about 12 o'clock. Found some grass but it is short and salt grass so it is not good for our stock. There is a white man here. Says he will show us where there is good grass in the morning. This place is called Sacatone Village. Here is where you first strike the Gila River. This river is swift running stream—muddy—plenty of willow and cottonwood timber along this stream. Lemoire Indians are thick here. How detestable they are—all the men riding and the women walking and carrying all the load.

August 27th:

The men have found splendid grass one and one-half miles from camps on opposite side of the river so we will remain here until Sunday. We reached here on Wednesday. It is 36 miles from this place to La Catcha Canyon. We have found very little grass since we left La Catcha. We have very good well water to drink. The pond water down this river is more or less alkali. We will travel down this river 275 miles. The Indians are passing by here all the time. Some of them ride nice ponies. Most of the men ride and the women walk and carry the load. How detestable they are. I will be glad to get out of sight of them.

August 29th:

Left Sacaton late in the evening. Traveled 11 miles.

Passed many Indian huts. Camped in one mile of Lemoore Village this morning. Is steam mill here; postoffice and huts all around. Came to Maricopa Mills before we had breakfast—distance of 12 miles. There is store here and two or three companies of soldiers. Oh, what warm weather. We are camped one mile from town. There is very good grass here—mostly salt grass. Pond water most of which is mixed with alkali.

August 31st:

Is quite a pleasant wind blowing this evening and indications of rain. They are fixing to start. Will not get off from camps before sundown. We have to go 45 miles now without water so we will travel most all night. Maricopis Indians brought some melons and few roasting ears to camps today. They are an ignorant, silly looking people.

September 1st:

Did not get to travel last night. Was a pony missing so we came one mile on the road west of town and camped. Here we found good grass and very good water. This is everything but a pretty place. It is suited only for Indians to live in. We will start about 3 o'clock this evening as it is cloudy and not very warm.

September 2nd:

Had very pleasant time to drive and made good ride of it. We drove 20 miles, stopped three hours before day, rested and slept. Got breakfast and started. Drove about 10 miles, stopped to rest until the cool of evening. We have found no grass of any note since we left Maricopa Wells. We have nice shade to noon in today. We will drive to water tonight.

September 3rd:

Did not get to water last night. Drove in three miles of Gila Bend—the watering place and as it was very late they concluded to wait until morning to drive to water. Arrived here very early. The stock had not suffered much. Is ranch here. Three American women living here. It is brushy, ugly place. There is no grass here but they tell us that there is plenty in three miles of this place. It is 45 miles from here back to Maricopa Wells. This we came without water or grass.

September 4th:

Left Gila Bend this evening. Drove five miles. Here is a good well—cold water. Several white men living

here. We stayed here on account of some stock that we lost on the desert. The boys have gone to hunt them. There is some grass here. We have not seen any Indians since we left Maricopa Wells. I would not be sorry if I never did see another one.

September 5th:

The road was very dusty last night. There has been much rain here lately. There is plenty of Mesquite and cottonwood timber here. They do not have any cold weather here. The gentleman that is living here is making preparations to make a crop. He intends planting in three weeks from now. He is prepared to irrigate. He started to California last year—got this far and both his daughters married and he stopped here. All the people that live here seem to have plenty of money. But money would be no inducement for me if I had to live here. Man and his wife that was in this train stopped here to stay a while if not all the time. Their anticipations of California are not so great as mine or they would never have stopped here.

September 6th:

Several young men that were in trains behind passed by here this evening. They are going horseback. Found all the stock so we will leave here this evening. Left camps at sundown. Drove nine miles. Stopped for the night.

September 7th:

Came to water in two miles. Found pretty place to camp and some grass. This place is called Kunion's Station. Seventeen miles from Gila Bend. Mexicans live here. We have to use the river water. Our teams and stock in general look very well.

September 8th:

Drove ten miles. Made dry camp. Found splendid grass—let the stock graze a while. We would have liked to stay here day and night with this good grass but there was no water there; so we came on to Oatman Flat. We took right hand road and came to Pike Road. Is just room between the river and mountains. For the road has been dug in the side so as to be safe. Is 14 miles nearer than the one that went around the mountain and then that road is very rough and hard on oxens feet. Had to pay light toll. This is the warmest place that I ever saw.

September 9th:

Started from the station at sundown and I think that we had the worst road that we have ever had. But it was



not very long. We came six miles and found plenty of good grass but our stock did not have much benefit of it there being no water here.

September 10th:

Started early and came to Berk's Station. Here we found plenty of good water and very good grass; white people living here. Twenty-eighth of July this station was burned. Caught by matches; three times it has been burned and twice destroyed by water from the mountain and river. The weather is so warm here that matches kept in the shade will catch on fire unless kept in something that will not burn.

September 11th:

Left Berk's station in the evening. Is another stand in five miles of this place. We did not stop there, we came on to Stanwick's Station very early this morning. Stanwick's is pretty place. Gentleman keeping batch here.

September 12th:

Did not leave here last evening as some of the stock were missing so will leave this morning.

September 13th:

Made a drive of 11 miles, found good grass and plenty of water. Is no station here. Passed an old station yesterday but it was uninhabited.

September 14th:

Started late. Passed Texas Hill Station, 16 miles from Stanwick's. Very good well water here. Filled up some kegs with water then drove five miles to grass. Pond of salt water here. Will stay here until morning. Got late start again. Came five miles to river, nooned here. Was no grass here at all.

September 15th:

Started in the evening. Passed Mohawk Station in the night. Had very good road. Seventeen miles from Texas Hill to Mohawk Station. How glad I will be when we cross the Colorado River.

September 16th:

Had heavy sand road to pass over today. We made dry camp last night. Arrived at Antelope Station about 11 o'clock in the morning. We are camped near the river but there is no grass here; is some grass two miles from here. Will have to drive the stock to it. There is mountain just

opposite the station that is 300 feet high. Nothing growing on it at all.

September 18th:

Intended starting last evening but the cattle got away and we did not get all of them so we are still at the same camp. The weather here has not been so warm for the last few days. Stationers all keep whiskey along here. Four men that belong to the beef herd were so much intoxicated today that they knew not what they were doing. They charged and pitched around a while. Shot at the station keeper and then left without doing any damage to any one. Sixteen miles from Mohawk to Antelope.

September 19th:

Found all but three of our stock so we will leave Antelope Station this evening. Started before sundown. Went to Mission Camp tonight, 16 miles. The night was pleasant for traveling but the road was extremely dusty. This morning was like winter and I am so glad to see the change.

September 20th:

Have to drive to grass this morning, that is if we can find any. Drove three miles, found some grass and cane for the cattle to graze on. There are wagons passing the road all the time hauling to the stations, we have deep heavy sand most of the time since we first struck the river and will continue so for 75 or 100 miles farther.

September 21st:

Drove in two miles of Gila City last night. An old stand here. Passed Gila City today and came six miles farther. Found no grass. Bought hay to feed the cattle. We have lost good many cattle now and I fear we will loose many more as grass is scarce. Nothing at Gila City but one station, it is now 14 miles to Fort Yuma.

September 22nd:

Drove in one mile of Fort Yuma last night. Had splendid road. Passed through the town today. The fort is beautiful place on high hill that commands full view of Arizona City. The fort is on the other side of the river and Arizona City on this side. Goods and groceries are cheap here. Very few pretty houses in the city. Disappointed several times when I got here. First we got no letters, then we were expecting to get vegetables when we got here but there are very few here. They are expecting three boats every day that will bring vegetables.

September 24th:

Camped six miles from town at the crossing on the Colorado. Found some grass and cane for the stock. Very pretty place to camp. The Colorado is 150 yards wide. I suppose muddy but it is good tasted. There is no timber on the banks here. Very thick brush and high weeds all the way from town down here. Boat come up but brought no vegetables. The Gila passes into this river just at Fort Yuma. The mosquitoes are very bad here. We next have a desert of 40 miles without grass, so will stay here several days. Our stock did not look very well when we got here. I do regret having to lay by when we get so near. We have traveled down the Gila river 228 miles. It is 320 miles from Arizona City to Tucson and is 250 miles from Arizona to Los Angeles.

September 29th:

We have now been camped at this place eight days and have had so much trouble with the stock since we came here. The brush and weeds are so thick that they cannot ride through it. We will cross the river today. There has been Indians here every day since we came to this place. They bring little melons here to sell.

October 1st:

We are in California at last. Is stand here and American man and lady lives here. This side of the river looks no better than the other, nothing but mountains and sand and brush. Some of our stock that we could not get that we will have to leave on the other side of the river as there is no grass here to graze on. There was a death in camps on the 30th. An infant 10 months old of Mrs. Collins. They are from Arkansas. They buried it near the station under a tree. Poor little child. It is now at rest. We bought some nice apples, onions and potatoes from a gentleman that is just from Los Angeles. He gives favorable reports of that country.

October 2nd:

Left the river about 10 o'clock. We will have no more grass of any consequence for 40 miles. Our feed for our cattle cost \$30 what time we stayed at the station. We drove six miles and came to Mexican ranch, here they told us that if we would drive six miles that we would find grass. So taking their word with Indians for pilot we drove about four miles and found some grass and water but it was so boggy that we could not have watered and the Indians were



numerous. What could we do. Nothing but turn around and go back to the Mexican ranch. So we started back about one hour high and made the trip safe back not long after dark. Here we bought green corn to feed with. Had some water-melons today. There is sand hill after hill to be seen in the west with nothing at all on them. We are most ready to start again. We will travel tonight. The little Indian huts are thick. I will be glad when I get out of sight of them. They burn all their dead and if they chance to have a horse it has to be burned alive when the body is burned. They eat the horse and reserve a portion for the spirit that is gone when it returns.

October 3rd:

We came to a station 14 miles last night. Had heavy sand road most of the way. This is the most destitute country of grass that we have ever traveled over. We will not feed at this stand but will start in the morning and go to the next one—distance of 17 miles.

October 4th—Sabbath Morning:

We traveled most all day, reached the stand in the evening finding plenty of barley and hay to feed with. Remained here until next evening. We went to the next stand that night. Fed with hay and barley.

October 5th:

We reached new river. This river is caused by the rise of the Colorado. It is not running now but there is ponds that is sufficient for the stock. There is well here but the water is not good. Here we found plenty of mesquite beans and dry grass for the stock. The first they have had since we crossed the river. There are few goods and groceries here. It is 45 miles to crossing of the river. We have found plenty of water on the desert.

October 6th:

Will leave this evening. Fifteen miles to the next stand. Here we find dry grass and beans for the stock. Plenty of Lagoon water. Some better than the last we had. Remained here two days. Leave this evening.

October 8th:

We now have 30 miles to go without water. We will go 13 miles tonight. There we will find some grass.

October 9th:

Had heavy sand road last night. Got here about mid-

night. Will start at 3 o'clock this evening and drive to water tonight.

The nights are very cool and pleasant. We will soon be across the much dreaded desert and we found the road much better than we expected. If you ever do travel this road you need not believe half that the people tell you.

October 10th:

Reached the water about 3 o'clock in the morning but very little grass here. Bought hay to feed with. Beautiful little running branch here. Groceries to sell here. It is eighteen miles to grass. We will go there tonight.

October 11th:

Arrived at the stand just after sunrise. Traveled all night. Found good grass and plenty water. One American family living here. Twenty-five miles across the mountains. There is settlement of Americans, first settlement that you come to. It is on the San Diego road.

October 13th:

Have rested two days. We will leave for the next stand this morning, 18 miles from this place. We will go there tonight. They say that we will have no more bad water to use. I think we have used our full share of it and we are now done with the dust and sand. There has not been any rain here this summer.

October 19th:

I have not opened my journal for some time and have nothing to give as a reason neglecting my writing. We had pleasant camp at St. Philippi with plenty of grass and water but we had some rough road to pass over before we got there. Stayed there two days. It is small valley. Mountains all around. Heavy timber on the sides and top of the mountains. Mexican family living. Some white men—groceries and few goods. Fifteen miles from here to Warner's ranch. Is very pretty place. We have had plenty of potatoes and cabbage since we came here. This is the best grass that we have had for 300 miles. We have also had some large apples and delicious grapes. Had few sprinkles of rain this morning and it is still cloudy. Left Warner's ranch after dinner. Drove nine miles and found fine camping place. Passed through beautiful valley.

October 21st:

Camped by a nice little stream of water—had very good grass.

October 24th:

We have been camped two nights and two days near a stand called Oak Grove. Here we have splendid grass but not very good water. Two of the boys have gone on horseback to the Monte to make selection of places. We shall leave this morning. Are expected to meet our friends. Are camped tonight in pretty place. Two families of Negroes live here. We got plenty of nice cabbage. The largest heads of cabbage — very cheap. These Negroes are wealthy. The boys met our friends and one of them came back. Met our sister and brother today. Oh, how glad we all are to meet again.



## CALIFORNIA'S YESTERDAYS ALONG EL CAMINO REAL

BY A. HARVEY COLLINS

The settlement of a country or territory and the development of its civilization and industries are so closely bound up with the methods of communication and transportation that history becomes a fascinating narrative of the life and activity of a people along historic routes of travel.

The famous routes of commerce between the Orient and Occident in ancient times furnished the only means nations had of acquiring a knowledge of other peoples than their own or of taking any active part in the world's affairs.

When the sons of Jacob sought opportunity to dispose of their undesirable brother they stationed a salesman beside the artery of commerce leading down into Egypt. Rome, in order to bind the farthest parts of her widely flung provinces together, stretched indestructible highways from the Eternal City to her remotest outposts. One of the most famous of these—the Appian Way—throbbed with the heart-beats of the mighty empire as Emperor and Senator and Consul and Pro-Consul or plebeian or slave or prisoner in chains took pleasure ride or exercise or was driven to tasks or led to dungeon along this historic highway. Another—the celebrated Watling Road of England—extended from the north to the south of the province and along its well-constructed path, in Roman times, the vigilant arm of the government marched with clanking harness, and over this hundreds of millions throughout the centuries have passed to and fro.

Pizzaro and his greedy followers hurried along the well-constructed roads of ancient Peru and up to the vaults of wealth in the palaces of the Incas.

Cortez found the wonderfully constructed causeways, connecting the island city of Mexico with the mainland, behind which the Montezumas had held themselves in presumable safety.

The Wilderness Road traced across Kentucky by Daniel Boone will always be an index of the life of that noted pioneer and of the dangerous days of that dark and bloody ground.

The development and the life of the people of the region north of the Ohio River is more familiar than that of any other part of our country because a cross section of that life was traversed by the old Cumberland and National Road, now re-christened the Lincoln Ocean to Ocean Highway. The people of the western plains and mountain region are familiar with the Long Cattle Trail and the Santa Fé Trail.

But the people of California and the West Coast have a famous highway the unwritten sign-boards of which tell more of our early history and the lives of the Californians of yesterday than is usually found along so narrow a path—EL CAMINO REAL—The King's Highway.

This famous route of travel in its palmiest days was little more than a bridle trail winding in and out among the hills, valleys and coast line and connecting the Christian Missions of Lower California, 18 in number, and the 21 of Alta California from San Diego to beyond where the Golden Gate nightly closes her portals by the glow of the brilliant sunset sky. Here and there it passes along the pebbly beach of the deep blue waters of Pacific and so close that the flow of the tide would almost wash the sandaled feet of the traveling padres. Again turning back into the hills and valleys where broad seas of grain waved in the gentle breeze or where countless herds of cattle roamed the grassy hills. Here and there these wayside hills were sometimes half hidden by a wind-swayed curtain of mist woven by the breath of the near-by ocean, just as we as children used to film the window panes by gently breathing upon them.

Mr. McGroarty says, "Never was there a road more glamorous with romance or more eloquent with service than El Camino Real, on which still linger the gray ruins of the old Franciscan Missions."

Any account of the history of our golden California, as lived along the King's Highway, must be replete with the deeds of daring explorers, royal messengers or others in the discharge of their commissions from the king of Spain or the authorities of Mexico; with the quiet, simple and noble lives of the padres as they exemplified the spirit of Christianity and taught the arts of industry to the savage or untutored natives; with the interesting social régime which dominated a high-spirited and romantic people.

It is the purpose of this paper to delineate some of the interesting phases and episodes of our yesterdays as suggested by the above index.

Every highway, route of communication or settlement of a territory must have a beginning. And that beginning is usually at first, like most great enterprises, the concept of a single mind or the product of but a few minds. This was strikingly true of the beginnings of California and of the beginning of this highway.

Since its discovery and exploration by Cabrillo, Ferrelo and others, Alta California had remained unoccupied by Spain for 160 years.

Officials of Church and State had often discussed suspended California and wished that it might be occupied permanently for the King and the Church.

The final conception and successful consummation of the plan was due largely to the ability, energy and practical good sense of Señor José de Gálvez, whom the King of Spain had wisely appointed Visitador-General and commissioned to examine the frontiers of New Spain with the idea of making suggestions for betterment. With such a commission it is probable that Señor Gálvez as early as 1767 began laying plans for the occupation of Monterey, then thought to be the best harbor on the upper coast.

Just at this time other conditions more urgent than just expansion of the frontier were recognized and which, to Spanish officials, seemed to render the permanent occupation of Alta California imperative.

This plea set forth by the viceroy and Gálvez was that now time-worn and familiar one, if we do not at once occupy this territory there was danger that some other nation, in this case England, France or Russia, will. Occupation by Spain, they argued, would avert the danger from foreign powers which now had the opportunity and the keen desire to establish a colony at Monterey or some other port on the coast.

England and France had for nearly two centuries been seeking a passage to the Pacific from their colonies on the Atlantic seaboard. And now in 1769, when England had acquired all of the French colonies, Spain well knew that England would not rest until she had pushed far to the west and if so fortunate as to find a large river flowing into the Pacific, and this might be the Colorado, then England would come out dangerously near to New Spain.

Then again, it was well known that the Russians were encroaching upon Spanish coasts, as they were already engaged in the fur trade on an island not more than 800 leagues from California.



It would not be a difficult thing for one of these nations to plant a colony at Monterey, and from thence Spain's possessions on the Pacific might be invaded and exploited as were those of the Atlantic.

Furthermore English buccaneers had long been lying along the coast of Upper California, and from their rendezvous they darted out and seized the treasure-laden Spanish galleons engaged in the Philippine trade.

Summoning Father Junipero Serra to a conference at San Blas, on the west coast of Mexico, Gálvez with Serra planned as soon as the necessary forces and supplies could be collected, to undertake several expeditions, consisting of Franciscan friars and Spanish soldiers acting in harmonious conjunction, into Alta California, and commencing at San Diego and Monterey as initial points, to leave nothing undone until the entire northwest coast should unquestionably be subjected to Spanish jurisdiction.

A threefold scheme of occupation was projected, first, by the sacredotal, the Mission; second, by the military arm, the Presidios; and third, by the civic arm, the Pueblos.

Two expeditions were soon dispatched for the site of San Diego, one by land and one by sea, with instructions that the one arriving first should wait 20 days for the other before proceeding to Monterey alone.

By July the first, 1769, both expeditions had reached San Diego, and for this reason it has been appropriately suggested that July the first be named and celebrated as the natal day of Alta California.

On July 16th, 1769, Father Serra with appropriate ceremonies founded the first mission, at San Diego. And although the commission came to him late in life, at the age of 56, yet Serra was so full of enthusiasm and zeal that by 1800 there had been established 18 missions, nine of which Father Serra himself had founded before his death in 1784. This number was augmented by three more later. Starting at San Diego the traveler, along El Camino Real, would reach San Luis Rey, San Juan Capistrano, San Gabriel, San Fernando and so on up the coast, stopping at a mission about every 30 miles, to San Francisco and across the bay to Sonoma.

Many interesting and romantic legends are told concerning the founding of the different missions. The one of the bell is worthy of recital here.

It was the custom in Old Spain that when a bell was to be cast for the church the maker just before pouring the molten amalgam into the mould would ask if any one pres-

ent wished to sweeten the voice of the bell with a silver offering. It was firmly believed that a piece of silver dropped into the metal had that effect. On an occasion an invitation of this kind in 1730, little Miguel slowly edged his way to the front and timidly dropped a small silver coin, his whole treasure, into the boiling cauldron. After casting, the bell was rubbed and filed down to make it smooth and give it the desired tone. Little Miguel day after day eagerly watched this process and grew familiar with its final tone. The bell was then christened and engraved "AVE MARIA SANTISSIMA, 1730."

Miguel grew to manhood and took the vows of the Franciscan Brotherhood, imbued with missionary zeal. He offered himself and was accepted for work among the Indians. In due time he arrived at San Diego and reported to Father Serra, who at once detailed him for the mission San Gabriel. After a tiresome journey the evening of the fourth day found him within sight of the mission, just as the Angelus called all of them to their knees in worship. When the bell ceased Father Miguel did not rise. Was he in a trance, or was he over wearied from the toilsome journey? No, he had heard a familiar voice. At last he arose and hastened to the mission, and mounting the bell tower read—"AVE MARIA SANTISSIMA, 1730." He wept for joy at meeting a beloved friend, lost and found again.

From that day to the day of his death as an old man Father Miguel Sanchez never once missed ringing the Angelus with his own hands. As the end came, after a few hours of illness and just before sunset, legend asserts that the AVE MARIA SANTISSIMA, as if to announce his departure, began ringing of its own accord. Or was it the bells of Heaven ringing a welcome to the pious soul of Father Miguel?

In the Golden Age of the missions, these twenty-one missions occupied nearly all of the most fertile and desirable land along the coast from San Diego to Point Reyes. Each mission with its extensive grain fields and more extensive stock ranges reached so near to that of its neighboring missions that there was little or no room, in the 30 miles between one and the next, for civic settlement.

As it was once said of England that her history was the history of her church, so it can be more truly said that the early history of California was the history of her missions. During the period from 1769 to 1820 the missions must indeed be accorded the rank of first importance among

the institutions of California. For from within their enclosures radiated the real activity of this peaceful era. This was largely due to the zeal, enterprise and indefatigable work of the self-sacrificing Franciscan padres. Carter in his *Missions of Nueva California* has this to say: "For energy of purpose in inception of the missions established by the Franciscan Order of the Catholic Church; for courage to persevere in the face of numberless difficulties; for continued zeal shown toward the betterment of the Indians, even under the stress of danger to life; for the wonderful, rapid growth in prosperity and power of the great missions established at various points from San Diego to San Francisco; for picturesque scenes of mission, Mexican and Indian life, during a period of more than half a century with their manners and customs utterly foreign to anything else found in the United States; for the sad pathetic death of the Mission System after its glorious spiritual career;—for all these things the history of this State forms a chapter second to none in interest and picturesqueness, of all our state histories."

The work of the mission in its institutional life varied somewhat with the locality, but each one was a veritable hive of industry. Two hours of the day were devoted to worship; seven hours were given over to labor, and the remainder of the afternoon and evening was allowed for pleasure. Saddlers taught the Indians to make saddles and shoes, others were trained at the forge, some were detailed to construct the churches and mission buildings, others made adobe brick; then there were irrigation ditches to be dug, lumber to be hewn, gardens, vineyards and broader fields to be cultivated. Some were sent out on the range to care for the great herds of cattle, sheep and horses; while others still were sent to the mountains to hunt. The females were taught cooking, spinning, knitting and embroidering.

During their recreation hours they engaged in such games as hoop and ball, innocent games of chance, or the dance around a fire; here the men, stripped to the waist, their bodies streaked with paint and heads crowned with feathers, executed a slow rhythmic dance to the sound of drum, horn and castanets.

The padre was the real father and teacher and master of the semi-slave neophyte. The padre taught him obedience to the missionary, how to work, how to play the violin, guitar, mandolin, etc., and in all things was truly *in loco parentis*.



The specific purpose of the mission was the conversion of the savage Indian from a religion which had many gods, to whom he had given the attributes of hate, treachery and cruelty similar to, though greater in degree than his own, to a gospel (good tidings) of love, long suffering, kindness and the universal brotherhood of man.

Whether with all their zeal, energy and sacrifice the padres succeeded is usually answered affirmatively or negatively according to the degree of sympathy of the one attempting the answer. Success is without doubt a relative term. The Crusades in accomplishing their initiative and primary purpose miserably failed, for the sepulchre of Christ still remained in the hands of the the infidels. But as a commercial and economic movement they were successful to a marked degree. So the Missions of California, while able to make but rote Christians of the Indians, could not imbue them with its deeper and lasting meaning, nor instil into them, in an understanding way, the deeper principles of civil government. Thus it happened that when the guiding hand of the missionary was withdrawn, through secularization, the great majority of them reverted to paganism and a low form of civilization. But as a contribution to history, the missions must be regarded as a great success. They were a large factor in holding California for the civilized world, particularly for Spain, and as the event proved, for the United States.

The work of the Missions also became the foundation of our own State history and furnished, as a fountain source for our literature, both art and romance.

The social intercourse of the padres largely grew out of the part performed by the missions as houses of entertainment for the traveler along El Camino Real. Says Richman, "Up and down the coast went the horseman, nor ever was anxious as against the night. Each day at sunrise he quitted one consecrated portal, to be enfolded beneath another at sunset. Nor anywhere for lodging, for meat or drink, for peaches or pomegranates, for relays of horses or for vacquero, was there cost to him for aught. The traveler brought to the padres news, which was life, and news acquitted him."

But Spain did not neglect the other methods of subduing and holding the Californias,—the presidios, pueblos and haciendas. These were so closely connected in their social and civic life that they may well be considered together.

Presidios were established and garrisoned at San

Diego, Santa Barbara, Monterey and San Francisco and pueblos were founded at San José, Los Angeles, and around the presidios of San Francisco and Monterey; while in between, wherever land was not occupied by a mission, it was given out, usually in large grants, to Spanish or Mexican grantees.

With missions and presidios and pueblos and rural homes established, the territory was erected into a province, and a governor and staff of officials took up residence at Monterey. Then began that civil, religious and social régime in California which has cast an interesting glamour over the romantic period of her early days. At the presidial towns, San Francisco and especially Monterey, where the military and the civil were so closely intermingled, this activity was the most pronounced.

Chapman in his *Spanish Period* says, "Life was one continuous round of hospitality and social amenities, tempered with vigorous outdoor sports. There were no hotels in California, every door was open, and food, lodging, a fresh horse, and money even were free to the guest whether friend or stranger. No white man had to concern himself greatly with work, and even school books were a thing apart. Music, games, dancing and sprightly conversation—these were the occupations of the time—these constituted education. Also men and women were much in the open. All were expert horsemen, could throw the lasso, and shoot unerringly, even the women, accomplishments which fitted their type of life, and made hunting a general pastime. When foreign ships came, there were balls and the gayest of festivals. Nor were these visits the only occasions for that type of entertainment."

During the Spanish period only a few noted land grants were made, such as 300,000 acres in the vicinity of Los Angeles to José Maria Verdugo and the present great bean ranches of what is now Ventura County, to the Pico family.

But with the ushering in of the Mexican régime, the governors began bestowing these grants with an improvident hand. The recipients of these large grants soon became grantees and overlords.

A typical and probably the most noted of these overlords was Don Antonio Maria Lugo. Born in California, he had early rendered splendid service to his country and for this he was given seven leagues of land in 1813. As children came to the family, league after league was added to the original grant until it is said Don Antonio could ride for days and nights without getting off of land that was his.

All of the Yucaipa Valley and the San Bernardino Valley from under the shadow of the Arrowhead westward to where men go down in ships to the sea at San Pedro, through where Pasadena and Los Angeles now teem with activity, with the exception of an island here and there, representing a prior claim, belonged to Don Antonio.

These great ranches became at once the centers of the social life of the period. The father and overlord presided over his household with almost regal sway. Sons and daughters of an always large family, even if themselves past middle age, paid great deference and obedience to the father, always uncovering in his presence, and kissing his hand when retiring.

"The men of California were tall and vigorous, and withal they were picturesque. They wore a dark-colored, low-browed, broad-brimmed hat; short jacket; open-necked shirt; rich waist-coat, knee breeches and white stockings or trousers slashed below the knee and gilt-laced; deer skin leggings and shoes; a red sash and a serape." They were indeed real caballeros, knights of the saddle, and were classed among the most expert horsemen in the world. They usually rode at a full gallop, and having an abundance of horses they gave them little thought or care but literally "rode them down." Among the many stories told of their feats of horsemanship, this one is typical as well as almost unbelievable. It is said that at San José, a caballero, wagered that mounted on his steed he could receive with one hand a salver or tray containing a dozen wine glasses filled to the brim with wine, place it on his head, start on a gallop from his position, ride at the same speed 50 rods to a hotel, stop suddenly and hand the salver to a porter without having spilled any part of the liquid. The sequel is said to be that he won the bet.

Another exciting activity and the natural outgrowth of their constant use of the saddle was that of horse-racing. Nearly every great rancho had its favorite racer and on which owner and friends satisfied the general propensity to gamble by betting, often their all, on the issue of one 800-yards dash. At the annual fiesta held in southern California, and perhaps on the old Dominguez rancho near Los Angeles, the people came from all directions from as far as 150 miles, to witness this California Derby and lay their bets on favorites. There is a very vivid narrative of one of these meets in the romance, *For the Soul of Rafael*.

But of the festivities of the Spanish and Mexican régime all others were overshadowed by El Rodeo. Wher-



ever this annual roundup took place it was the event of the year for that locality.

For the stage and setting a spot with a broad extent of meadow would be selected in the central part of which strong corrals would be constructed and into them the thousands of cattle from the surrounding ranges driven for the purpose of branding the calves and cutting out and segregating to the owners the beef cattle.

This great roundup would also require much stage setting besides the great corral. There would be need for a dozen "chuck wagons" and quarters for the persons in attendance, for the *dramatis personae* would include scores of cowboys, the most skillful of California or of even of the ultra-mountain ranges, numerous dashing young caballeros, riding richly caparisoned horses, and as many gaily dressed señoritas, who had come to grace the occasion, if in southern California, from San Diego, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles and other places as far as 150 miles away. To these who year after year attended the rodeo each one was as interesting as if it was seen for the first time.

As the work and the exercises of this rodeo would last a week, it was necessary to provide accommodations for the visitors and others. Wikiups or brush houses were built along a nearby stream under the soft green canopy of the alder trees. Long boards of rough lumber were fastened from tree to tree for tables, and long trenches were dug, where the fires for barbecuing the meats were kindled. Corn in large quantities had to be pounded in the metatés for the tamales and tortillas. All this work was attended to by the Indian servants of the great ranch.

For the special guests, and indeed for all, there was provided a dancing pavilion where far-famed Spanish musicians with guitar and violin enlivened the night from the first peep of evening stars until Orion was traveling rapidly down the western sky. Besides the dancing there was also provided the usual racing, cock-fighting, ring shooting, quoit pitching, running, wrestling, etc. Throughout, the visitors, especially the fair señoritas, watched the skillful cowboys as they performed feats of horsemanship, cut out a stubborn animal, roped a calf or maverick to be branded, or lassoed a fat animal for beef.

At the close when the calves were all branded, the fat cattle all segregated for market and the remainder turned back on the range; then the curtain fell on the last scene and, no encore being provided, the performers and audience

quietly faded away to return a year hence and repeat this always interesting drama of early California life.

Riding homeward from a southern California rodeo or other festival occasion, a Spanish Don was likely to meet some friend who was on his way to dine, by invitation, with Señor Don Antonio Maria Lugo at his hospitable rancho, near where Whittier is now located.

Being pressed by the invited guest, and knowing he will be welcome, the friend decides to accompany him to the dinner. E'er long another, and then another is thus met and in like manner persuaded, deciding also to attend the dinner. When they arrive, not the one invited guest, but half a dozen have joined him. All are given as hearty a welcome by Don Antonio as the one invited guest. After the dinner the guests are all prevailed upon to remain over night and join in a hunt in the mountains to the north the next day. When the hunt is over, special entertainments are planned for the next day, and the next, until the afternoon dinner hour and lengthened into a fortnight round of one pleasure after another. One day, as I said, it was a hunt, the next a ride to inspect the herds on the thousand hills, the next evening a fiesta and dance at the pueblo de Los Angeles or music and dancing at the ranch home, and so on, the hospitality of the host never lacking or exhausted. Such was the measure of the hospitality of this romantic period.

Perhaps one of the most interesting of the many social occasions of the period was that of the wedding. Girls were often betrothed by their parents by the time they were 10 or 12 years old and at 13 to 16 were given in marriage. The weddings were rather elaborate affairs.

In the first place the bridegroom must present the bride with at least six entire changes of raiment. No garment must be omitted from a sentiment of delicacy or modesty. Any oversight in this respect was considered as personal indifference and might blast all his hopes.

On the day set for the wedding, two fine horses saddled, bridled and pillioned were led to the door of the home of the bride. Mounted on one the bridegroom took the god-mother of the bride before him on the pillion and the god-father likewise took the bride on the other charger. Thus they galloped away to the church, where the priest, in his most gorgeous robes, received them at the altar. Here they knelt, partook of the sacrament, and were married. They then started on the return, the bridegroom now taking the bride on his horse before him. Thus they returned to

the home of the parents of the bride, where they were received with a discharge of guns. Two persons stationed conveniently near now rushed out, seized the groom and deprived him of his spurs, which he must redeem with a bottle of brandy.

The married couple were then allowed to enter the house where the relatives were all waiting in tears to receive them. They knelt before the parents and received a blessing bestowed with patriarchal solemnity.

On arising the groom made a signal for the guests to come in and another for the musicians to strike up. The dancing thus commenced continued, without interruption, often for three days with only brief intervals for refreshments, but none for sleep. The dilemma of the sleepy guests and especially of the bride and groom furnished much merriment for all.

And now the scene changes again, along El Camino Real. With the coming of the Americans, Hispanic institutions fell at one blow.

For a long time even since the administration of President Thomas Jefferson, attempts had been from time to time made to purchase Upper California from Spain and Mexico. As each offer was in turn refused, succeeding presidents became more urgent and determined, until President Polk made the acquisition of California one of the principal issues of his policy. Unsuccessful in his attempt again to purchase, he saw fit to await the issue of the fast approaching war with Mexico. The result was as President Polk had anticipated, and California became American by the terms of the treaty of 1848.

We are limited to but a casual mention of the stirring events of the earlier days of the American régime.

Just as the war with Mexico broke out, came the incident of the Bear Flag Revolution, perhaps without a parallel in history, where a handful of men with little if any previous planning committed a filibustering act in the face of a possible military force. Fortunate, indeed, for the Bear Flag revolutionists, that the breaking out of war between the United States and Mexico brought the United States forces into California and the Bear Flag people could turn their precarious conquest over to the United States forces.

The discovery of gold within a few weeks of the transfer of California to the United States and the subsequent rush to the gold fields, of every class of people and from



nearly every nation in the world, has few if any analogies in history.

The news in San Francisco and other California localities produced wild excitement. "The blacksmith dropped his hammer, the carpenter his plane, the mason his trowel, the farmer his sickle, the baker his loaf, the tapster his bottle and even the judge on the bench flung aside his ermine to mingle with the crowd that anxiously on horseback, on foot and even on crutches rushed toward the American River where the yellow metal had been discovered. Thousands of people from the eastern states, called Argonauts, made their way overland to the "diggings" singing,

"Oh! California that's the land for me!

I'm bound for the Sacramento

With the washbowl on my knee."

With the coming of so many people and the chaotic condition of the government during the transition period, there arose a strong demand for a better government and for statehood. So these sturdy Americans met at Monterey and formed a constitution. With this constitution the state was admitted into the Union and the laws of the United States took the place of the obsolete and inadequate laws of Mexico.

Due probably to the lawless character of the element brought in by the gold rush of 1849, to the inadequacy of the laws in operation and to the letting down of moral stamina of many who in other places and other environments, had upheld law, a great crime wave swept San Francisco in the early 50's. Murder, robbery, incendiarism increased from month to month. Few criminals were arrested by the authorities and none were convicted.

Proverbially the Anglo-Saxon people are long suffering and law-abiding; but when a long train of crime continues unabated and criminals go unpunished, forbearance ceases to be a virtue. Such a condition had arisen in San Francisco in 1851. Imbued with the principle that the welfare of the city far transcended the questionable sanctity of unenforced law, 200 of her best citizens came together and determined to rid the city of crime, lawlessness and undesirables. For this purpose an organization known as the Committee of Vigilance was formed. It was not a mob. On the other hand, it was made up of respectable men who openly assumed responsibility for their acts. Carefully and methodically they worked, arresting, trying and punishing criminals according to regular rules of procedure.

Placards warning the criminal classes to leave the city were posted.

Ninety-one persons were arrested by this committee of 1851. Of this number four were hanged; one whipped; 14 deported; 14 ordered to leave California; 15 delivered to the authorities for legal trial and 41 discharged. San Francisco breathed easier again and law and order prevailed, and the committee disbanded.

But crime had not learned her lesson well, so that again in 1854-56 she grew bolder and conditions were worse than in 1851. "More than before the law was made a mockery by corrupt or inefficient officials and dishonest lawyers, until thoughtful men despaired of finding in the law any relief from the conditions surrounding them. The vicious circle was rendered complete by a union of wealth and respectability, in the persons of certain business and financial leaders who needed to control municipal elections and the city treasury with the rowdy element."

James King, an editor, and a man greatly loved by the better element of the people, by his scathing denunciations of the corruption of the morality of the city and the defrauding of the people through political power, had aroused the bitter hatred of those whom he denounced, also stirred up the better element until it would take only some over-flagrant act to crystalize public opinion into action. This act came in the cold-blooded murder of James King by a discredited politician and saloon keeper named Casey.

The old fire bell again tolled and around the nucleus of the old a new Vigilance Committee of 600 was organized with the following declaration of purposes:

"We do bind ourselves to perform every just and lawful act for the maintenance of law and order, and to sustain the laws when faithfully and properly administered, but we are determined that no thief, burglar, assassin, ballot-stuffer, or other disturber of the peace shall escape punishment either by quibbles of the law, the carelessness or corruption of the police, or a laxity of those who pretend to administer justice."

Casey after a fair and just trial was convicted and hanged on the day of Editor King's funeral.

The Vigilance Committee of 1856, like its predecessor, cleared the city of undesirables whether of high or lowly station. Ballot box stuffers no longer dared tamper with elections, and in due time, by an honest ballot and a fair count the city was again turned over to legally constituted law-enforcing officials.

By voluntarily disbanding when their work was done, there was prevented that often dangerous tendency that so powerful an organization might become an instrument for

selfish or partisan ends. It is one of the few cases in history where there seems justification for the "overriding of law to save law."

And now in only a few places, as San Diego, San Gabriel, Santa Barbara, Monterey and in nooks and corners, here and there, does there remain any of the life of those earlier California periods.

Few, perhaps none, of us would wish to return to that *manaña*, little, accomplishing time, but yet it is worth our while to pause amidst the busy activity of our period of rapid transportation and instantaneous communication to reflect upon the fact that the foundation laying of a Woolworth Building or of a great nation often takes as long and is as important as the superstructure itself.

*California is rich in unique history* on account of the Spanish and Mexican régime. *California is rich in literature* on account of the deeds of the Spanish pioneers and the life of this romantic people.

*El Camino Real has widened into a paved highway*, marked at regular intervals with the signs of the mission bells. *These tongueless bells* stand like *San Jacinto* and *San Geronio* as silent sentinels guarding the decaying ruins of the past, until we who have received *this rich inheritance* shall pause in our mad rush for dollars and more dollars, lay aside our avarice, and with some sentiment for the past take up the trowel and hammer and restore these grey monuments, the most priceless historical ruins to be found on this continent.



## MRS. LAURA EVERTSON KING

### A Biographical Sketch

By Committee of LILLIAN A. WILLIAMSON, ARTHUR M. ELLIS and  
MABEL GUINN

Mrs. Laura Evertson King, who passed away at her home, 412 North Breed street, this city, on February 25, 1925, and who had been a resident of Los Angeles County for over 75 years, was born in Florida.

Mrs. King's father, Mr. John R. Evertson, was born in Poughkeepsie, New York. He married one of Pierre Morin's daughters in Savannah, Georgia, and lived there for some years. Later they moved to San Antonio, Texas. They had five children; two of them died during the cholera epidemic there in 1849.

Mr. Evertson decided to take his wife, who was quite ill, and the three remaining children and two negro servants to California.

In the fall of 1849, Mr. Evertson and his wife, who had to be brought in an ambulance, and Laura and her two brothers arrived at Chino Rancho after their dangerous overland trip. Here they rested for a short time, and on the 27th day of November, 1849, their caravan drew up at the Mission San Gabriel. Here they felt they had found a haven of rest, but as it was impossible to find a house, they went on to Los Angeles and took a house on Main Street, above the Plaza, where they remained for a year.

Mrs. King has written an account of their trip to California in an article entitled "A Little Girl's Diary," which she wrote for her grandchildren, and which she read to a few of her intimate friends. This has never been published.

Mrs. King came of French stock on her mother's side, her grandfather being Pierre Morin, born in Paris. Her father traced his Dutch lineage back to the Prince of Orange. Mrs. King said that when she was a young, growing girl there was a constant war going on in her mind while she was trying to decide whether to be French like her mother, or Dutch like her father. However, she greatly admired her father's even disposition, as he was always calm and cheerful, never letting anything disturb him, so she decided to cultivate these traits, and, although fate was often unkind to her, her friends can testify to her wonderful poise and courage. She commanded the admiration and respect of all with whom she came in contact.

In 1850 Mr. Evertson went to San Gabriel with his family, and rented one of the red-tiled adobe houses just north of the main mission building. Meanwhile, with the help of an Indian, Mr. Evertson was building their future home, among the olive trees, which was to be known as "The Locust." Here Mrs. King lived from the time she was eight years of age until she was eighteen.

The little adobe house which belonged to the mission and in which the family lived for a year contained but one room and an outside kitchen. In one end of the room were the beds, purchased in Los Angeles, and made by the Indians. The wool mattresses were also made by the Indians. At the other end of the room were a few chairs for guests, and a pine couch covered with chintz. Mr. Evertson served as an alcalde, or mayor, for the people, and also as a sort of major domo over the Indians, and often had to settle their quarrels; therefore, one end of the room had to serve as a jury room, or impromptu court room, many times.

Mrs. King often told us funny little incidents that happened during those early days in the mission grounds. She said that at one time the jury was made up of unusually large and heavy men, and that when several of them sat upon the couch it broke down and heels went up, and heads went down, much to the amusement of Laura and her two brothers who were on the opposite side of the room.

In "Reminiscences of the Mission San Gabriel," read before the Historical Society of Southern California, and published in the *Annual Publications*, Vol. XI, Part III, Mrs. King tells in a most fascinating manner of her early girlhood and surroundings, and her pleasant associations with Doña Victoria Reid, the Indian wife of Hugo Reid. Mrs. Reid was almost a queen among the Indians on their rancho and Laura, whom the Indians always called "Lalita," became a great favorite with them. This love which she felt for the Indians in her early childhood never left her, and she was interested in their welfare throughout her life.

One day last year we found in one of the bookstores a pamphlet called *Hugo Reid's Account of the Indians of Los Angeles County*, with notes and illustrations by W. J. Hoffman, M.D., curator of the Anthropological Society of Washington, D. C. This we took out and read to Mrs. King, and although she was suffering with neuritis, her eyes danced with delight as she listened to, and interpolated the reading with little incidents which she recalled. She said that Doña Victoria was a very bright and intelligent woman. Doña Vic-

toria furnished most of the material for Hugo Reid's letters on the Indians written for the *Los Angeles Star*. Among other things, Mrs. King said that Doña Victoria said that the shell the scientists and others call "abalone," should be called *agua-lona*, as the Indians on Catalina Island named it that, meaning it was a water shell.

She also said that her father, who took the first census of Los Angeles County, was poisoned by the poison oak as he rode on the windward side of the valley, but he found quick relief by making a decoction of the roots and leaves of the marshmallows, called by the Indians *malva*. This he bathed in, and the suffering soon left.

Mrs. King said that Doña Victoria taught her how to tell time by the sun, and she taught her many lessons of Nature which she found of invaluable help to her throughout her whole life.

In about 1860 Mr. Evertson moved his family into Los Angeles. They first lived on San Pedro street, but later moved into a home on Main Street near Third, across from Erkskine Thom's. Here Mrs. King was married to A. J. King, who became a member of the Legislature and later published the first *daily* newspaper in Los Angeles. The press and material of this was purchased from Col. J. J. Warner when he discontinued the *Southern Vineyard*.

Mr. King bought and remodeled the Thomas Sanchez home, which was back of the Pico house and which faced the Plaza. Here he took his young wife to live until things got too lively during the Chinese Tong war, and they moved farther out. Finally they lived very comfortably for many years on Seventh Street above the Foy home.

Behind the Sanchez home, lived Doña Teresa Sepulveda de Labarie, and it was she who told Mrs. King many of her stories and legends of the pre-American days. This woman was part Spanish and part Indian, and was for many years before her marriage to the Frenchman, named Labarie, the housekeeper for Louis Vignes. She was a devout Catholic and many of these interesting legends would have died with her had not Mrs. King written them for the Historical Society, for the *Los Angeles Times* and *The Grizzly Bear*, and thus preserved them for all lovers of the early romance and history of our county. A list of her articles published in the *Annual Publications* of this Society are found indexed in Volume XII, Part I.

As the stories and legends that have been published here in the city papers have not been indexed it may be well to add we have gathered the following data:



*The Times* of 1914—December 26th, Magazine Department published "Old Time Pleasures."

In 1915—April 3rd the same paper published the legend called "Simon Galavis." (This was first published in *The Grizzly Bear* in March, 1908. This last is the only reference to the writings of Mrs. King in the index of the State Library, according to data received from Mr. Milton J. Ferguson, the State Librarian.)

In 1916 *The Times* published the following: "The Fourth Tale of Doña Teresa," May 27, Mag. p. 13. "Gray Day of Chonita," July 8, Mag. p. 22. "Doña Teresa Tells Story of Doña Isabelle," Sept. 23, Mag. p. 9.

In 1917—"A Bit of Old California," from Doña Teresa's Book of Memory," Mar. 17, Mag. p. 20.

In 1904 Mrs. King copyrighted three of her stories under the title, *Old Mission Days*. This contains the story of "Wachula," "Pinocata" and "The Renunciation of Chona." There are several stories still unpublished.

Mrs. King left two sons, Mr. Francis King and Mr. Carroll King, and one daughter, Miss Corinne King.

Mrs. King was a woman who had strong faith in all God's creatures, no matter in what lowly walk in life, and her faith in her Creator never faltered, even in the most trying ordeals.

Mrs. King's personality is indelibly stamped upon the memory of all who knew her intimately, and through her poetic and facile pen she will live on and on as long as there are lovers of early history and folk-lore.

Mrs. King was a member of the Historical Society for several years. She became a member March 7, 1898, and although unable to take an active interest through all the years of its existence, her heart and interest were ever with the Historical Society of Southern California.

LILLIAN A. WILLIAMSON

ARTHUR M. ELLIS

MABEL GUINN

Committee.

## In Memoriam

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Dr. Norman Bridge  
Senator Cornelius Cole  
Judge Grant Jackson  
Mrs. Laura Evertson King  
William H. Knight  
H. M. McDonald  
Frank I. Wheat













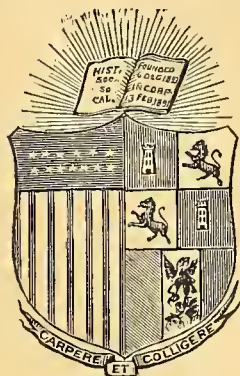




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PART II

Incorporated February 12, 1891  
VOL. XIII

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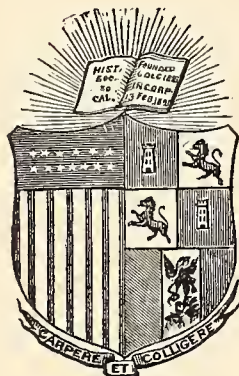




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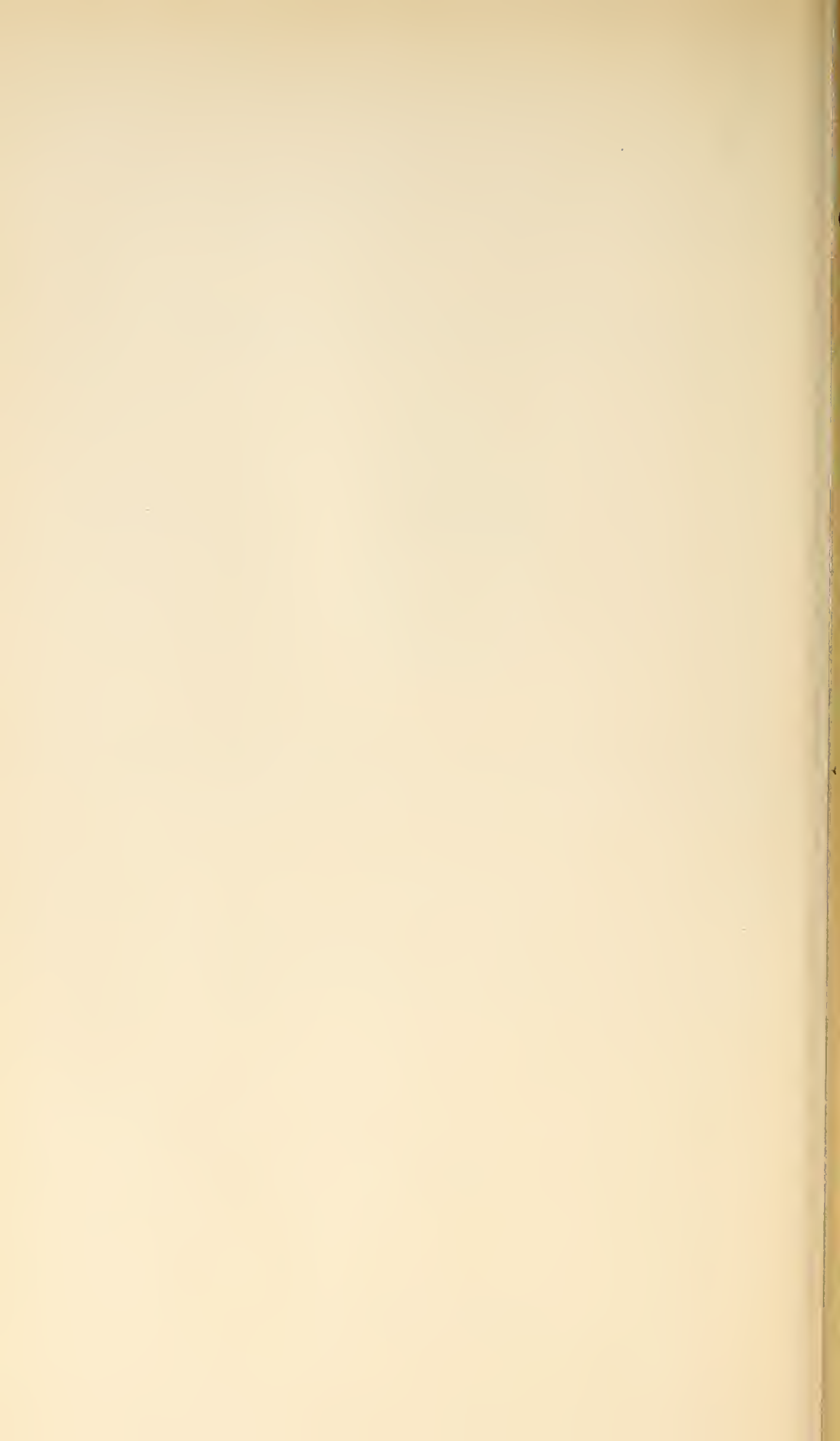
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# SENTIMENT IN CALIFORNIA FOR AMERICAN GOVERNMENT AND ADMISSION INTO THE UNION

BY GRACE E. TOWER

(Copyright 1927)

Editor's Note.—This paper presented as a thesis to the Department of History, University of Southern California, in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts and later presented in a summary form before the Historical Society of Southern California, is published as prepared in the thesis form, only omitting the detailed "Contents." The entire paper with ample footnotes and the extensive bibliography is presented for it is considered by the editor as a real contribution in the period of California History which it covers. The Bibliography is of such value as to amply warrant the use of the space given over to it. The entire paper has a degree of merit in research and composition not frequently found in such papers.

ROLLAND A. VANDERGRIFF

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## PREFACE

The present thesis represents an endeavor to bring within the limits of one paper the available evidences and expressions of sentiment among the people of California for American government and admission into the Union. The effort is made to collect the material and make it accessible to the many who have not the time or the desire to discover and read the vast amount of historical literature and source materials which contain the record.

GRACE E. TOWER.

Los Angeles, Calif.





# Chapter I

## THE UNIQUE POSITION OF CALIFORNIA IN ACQUIRING STATEHOOD

### INTRODUCTION

California stands unique among the states of our nation as being the only one in which the people existed under indefinite military government and finally established and continued under a state form of government prior to their admission into the Union as a full-fledged state. Five other states were admitted without previous territorial organization, but these had definite forms of government up to the period of state organization. "Vermont and Texas had been independent republics; Maine had been under jurisdiction of Massachusetts; Kentucky and West Virginia were set off from Virginia."<sup>1</sup>

Tennessee had sought to gain admission into the Union as a state and had failed, Utah was seeking it and was destined to fail. California succeeded, although composed of a heterogeneous population of Mexicans, early Spanish residents and an influx of foreigners brought to her by the gold rush of 1849, and having unsettled social, economic and legal conditions due to her rapidly increasing population.

**Existing Sentiment in Favor of England.**—In addition to these unusual conditions, we find statements of contemporaries to the effect that there existed in California prior to 1847 a sentiment for an English protectorate.<sup>2</sup> The ill feeling of the Mexicans themselves against their own government is easily seen. We read that—<sup>3</sup>

The American colony was on the *qui vive*, watching every movement; rumors were rife of the intention of the leading Californians to throw off the yoke of the Mexican government, and seek protection under the flag of some strong foreign power; the dominant sentiment among the Californians was strongly in favor of the English Government.

An article which appeared in *The Californian*, March 20, 1847, reviews this opposition to the incompetent Mexican rule and desire for English protection. We quote in part:

California was a disconnected province or department of a nation badly governed, subject to constant revolution and change at the will of every ambitious politician who might gain influence

1. *Statistical Abstract of the United States*, 1923, 1.

2. Willey, S. H., *Thirty Years in California*, 6-7; Swasey, W. F., *The Early Days and Men of California*, 57.

3. Swasey, *op. cit.*, 57.

with the people. It was settled originally by Priests, who were displaced mainly by adventurers, and sufficient time has not yet elapsed, for society to become fixed upon any regulated system, and therefore illy qualified for self government. The mother country being unable to afford the protection which she required, many of the thinking men turned their eyes to some other quarter. A strong party was in favor of asking protection from the United States, and actually commenced making preparation for a formal request to that effect. Another very respectable party was in favor of asking protection from Great Britain. The British party was the party in power and in all human probability, but for the war with Mexico, and the consequent taking of California by the Naval forces of the United States, the country would have been offered to the English Queen, and the British Lion would have reared his proud head in Monterey, where now the glorious Stars and Stripes are unfolding to the breeze.

General Alexander Forbes, writing as early as 1839,<sup>4</sup> refers to the English plan of seizing California in payment of the Mexican debt, a fact supported by H. J. Raymond, who in 1846 gives an excellent account of the British efforts to gain a foothold in California.<sup>5</sup>

Thomas O. Larkin, coming to California from Massachusetts in 1832, believed that war was probable with Mexico in April, 1845, but that there was little evidence of the same with England, as that government was occupied with the passage and enforcement of the corn laws.<sup>6</sup> The hostility of the Americans toward the English is shown a short time later when he wrote to William A. Leidesdorff, Vice-Consul of the United States at San Francisco.<sup>7</sup>

Again, great care should be taken that no Subjects of other nations should be compelled to come out for or against the party, let them alone, they are coming without any coercion, force may call the attention of some English Naval Captain. . . and injure the party.

The same year he warned Vice-Consul Leidesdorff, "In all letters or verbal correspondence with the English Vice-Consul of your port, be very guarded, in fact I know of little business officially you need have with him."<sup>8</sup> During the same year, Larkin in his correspondence made several ref-

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4. Forbes, *California*, 152. "There have been some thoughts of proposing to the Mexican government that it should endeavor to cancel the English debt—which now exceeds fifty million dollars—by a transfer of California to the creditors. This would be a wise measure on the part of Mexico, if the government could be brought to lay aside the vanity of retaining large possessions. The cession of such a disjointed part of the republic as California would be an advantage. In no case can it ever be profitable to the Mexican republic, nor can it possibly remain united to it for any length of time, if it should ever be induced to rejoin this state, from which at present it is to all intents and purposes separated. Therefore, by giving up this territory for the debt, would be getting rid of this last for nothing. But would the English creditors accept it? I think they might, and I think they ought."

5. Raymond, H. J., "California," *American Review*, Jan., 1846.

6. *Leidesdorff MSS.*, Huntington Library. Letter from Thomas O. Larkin to Wm. A. Leidesdorff, Apr. 23, 1845.

7. *Ibid.* Letter written July 5, 1845.

8. *Ibid.* Letter written Nov. 25, 1845.



erences to the fact that the English Vice-Consul to California had refused to acknowledge his (Larkin's) Vice-Consulate.<sup>9</sup>

The sentiment on the part of the Americans in California against this British interference is expressed in the columns of *The Californian* for August 29, 1846:

**British Interference.**—It has been surmised by some that England might interfere with the flag of the United States in California. But such an interference would be tantamount to a declaration of war, a crisis for which England is not prepared, with Ireland in a state of rebellion and her East India possessions in revolt, she has as much as she can do at home. Besides war would plunge in ruin her vast manufacturnig population, who derive the raw material from the United States, and also swell her national debt, which is now almost insupportable.

**California.**—The destiny of California is fixed—she is to become a free and independent state—a member of the North American confederacy. She is no longer to be subject to a foreign arbitrary power, to domestic revolutions or military rule. She is to make her own laws, manage her own resources, and found those institutions in which her children are to find a happy home.

The following month *The Californian* for September 26, further upheld its views in an editorial based upon a comment in a New York paper:

**England and Mexico.**—The last New York *Mirror* contains a long and interesting extract from the forth coming work of General Waddy Thompson, on Mexico. His opportunities and information, while our minister to that country, and his ability, both entitle his opinions to great respect; and we are therefore glad to find that he expresses his conviction that Great Britain, so far from desiring a war between Mexico and the United States, is deeply interested in the preservation of peace between the two countries. He states that the popular impression that English influence is in the ascendent in Mexico, is entirely erroneous, and that, so far from this being the fact, the general feelings of the Mexicans towards the English is unfriendly.

Before hostilities commenced there was no nationality looked upon with more dislike than the Americans in California. From the time of the Lewis and Clark expedition, the United States had kept itself informed concerning affairs in California. Thomas O. Larkin had freely communicated facts and statistics to the United States government.<sup>10</sup> He had W.

9. *Ibid.* Letters wrlitten Nov. 25, 1845; Dec. 5, 1845.

10. Swasey, W. F., *The Early Days and Men of California*, 81. Swasey denies that Larkin carried on secret negotiations for the peaceful cession of California to the United States. That he was confidential agent, however, is evidenced by the following extract from a letter written by James Buchanan, Secretary of State, to Mr. Larkin from Washington, Jan. 13, 1847. *Vallejo MSS.*, Huntington Library.

"In your despatch, under date 27th of August last, you state that our conquest of California being completed, your 'official capacity as United States Consul has expired' and after tendering your services in any way which may be conducive to the interests of our cause in that country, you express the hope that 'in the meantime until our relations with Mexico are fully settled and understood by Treaty, securing California to the Union, you may be continued in your confidential agency.'

"I thank you for the offer of your services and have determined that under the circumstances of the case, you continue at least for the present as confidential agent in the Californias."

F. Swasey make a brief biographical sketch of the leading California citizens, giving Mr. Larkin's opinion of how they would view a change of flag.<sup>11</sup> Larkin directed that they should be sealed up and not opened until his death.<sup>12</sup> Swasey states that they favored the United States, England and France.

**Influence of M. G. Vallejo Favors the Americans.**—A convention of leading citizens called by Governor Pio Pico met at the home of Mr. Larkin at Monterey in the later part of March or early in April, 1846, for the purpose of discussing the matter of foreign protection. Among those present at this *junta* were such men as General M. G. Vallejo, Don Pablo de la Guerra, General Jose Castro, W. E. P. Hartnell and David Spence. According to S. H. Willey,<sup>13a</sup> it was General Vallejo's timely action in favoring an independent republic, with the ultimate object of coming into the American Union, which furthered the differences between the leaders, and prevented the likely establishment of an English protectorate. Great credit is due General Vallejo in thus espousing our cause and avoiding possible future complications.

W. F. Swasey, who occupied an adjoining room, writes that—<sup>13b</sup>

he gathered distinctly that the main subject of their discussion was the suggestion, or the proposition, of throwing off the trammels of the Mexican Government, and seeking protection of some foreign flag. Several speeches were made, mostly in favor of England; but the meeting finally

11. Swasey, *op. cit.*, 81-82.

12. That this sketch was strictly private is denied in a letter written in December, 1847, by John D. Sloat to Hon. James Buchanan, Sec. of State. *Larkin MSS.*, Bancroft Library, Vol. V, 364. We quote the following:

"N. Y., Dec. 23, 1847.

"Sir:

"I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 25th inst. with an extract of a letter from T. O. Larkin, Esq., U. S. Consul at Monterey, annexed—dated 29th Apr., 1847, wherein he states he sends his 'descriptions of the Commerce, Resources and People of California. . . . The originals I sent the first of 1846. The duplicates and some fifty copies of Proclamations and letters relative to California from January to June, 1846, I sent by Commodore Sloat. While he had command on this station I lent him a copy expecting him to return it to me for the use of his successors on this coast, he took it to the United States with him.' . . . .

"I cannot understand why Mr. Larkin should now be so fastidious that his 'private opinions of the character of the people of California should be in the possession of any person out of the Department' as I am confident that several officers of the Squadron were furnished with copies and others might have had them if desired. . . .

JOHN D. SLOAT."

The Hon. James Buchanan,

Secretary of State

Washington, D. C.

13a. Willey, S. H., *Thirty Years in California*, 6-7.

13b. Swasey, W. F., *The Early Days and Men of California*, 56-58.

wound up with a speech made by General Vallejo, the purport of which was that when the time arrived when it should become necessary for the well-being of the Californians to change their allegiance from their mother country, he would be most earnestly and emphatically in favor of appealing to the United States.

This meeting adjourned, Swasey states, without taking any definite action.<sup>14</sup>

Few of the native Californians agreed with General Vallejo in his espousal of the cause of the United States. We find a letter from Pio Pico to M. G. Vallejo in which he disapproves of the latter's conduct.<sup>15</sup> A letter from Manuel C. Castanares dated Apr. 3, 1846, expresses the feeling that the coming of the Americans was not what had been anticipated, stating that the result must be greatly felt by both, having worked for their country's defense and progress.<sup>16</sup> A letter by R. B. Cooper, dated at Monterey, June 7, 1847,<sup>17</sup> refers to the rumors which were extant among the Spanish Americans to the effect that Vallejo had taken oath and arms in favor of the United States and against his countrymen. He urges Vallejo to disillusion them, as many believe it to be the truth.

Although released as a prisoner after the Bear Flag episode in June, 1846, and on parole of honor from Commodore Stockton a few months later not to move against the United States authorities, Vallejo's real interests were with the United States and were not forced as a result of his position. Official recognition by the United States of the importance of Vallejo's attitude in moulding the sentiment of the native Californians is seen in the extant letters written to General Vallejo by Commander J. B. Montgomery,<sup>18</sup> U. S. Consul Thomas O. Larkin,<sup>19</sup> F. D. Atherton,<sup>20</sup> F. W. Boggs,<sup>21</sup> and J. W. Revere.<sup>22</sup> The following friendly letter from John B. Montgomery to General Vallejo, thanking him for having been instrumental in restoring order in the country, is an example of the many private letters which might be cited.

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14. Swasey, W. F., *The Early Days and Men of California*, 58. Swasey states that Bancroft denies that such a meeting was ever held and that General Vallejo's speech is the creation of his imagination. Swasey states that he is in possession of a letter from General Vallejo denouncing Bancroft's assertions in "most vigorous and justly indignant terms."

15. *Vallejo MSS.*, Bancroft Library, Vol. XII, 204.

16. *Ibid.*, Vol. XII, 201.

17. *Ibid.*, Vol. XII, 271. "*que le han dicho que V ha tomado juramento y armas en favor del Americanos, ahora es bien tiempo para que V pueda desenganar la jente porque muchos Californias lo crean que es verdad.*"

18. *Vallejo MSS.*, Bancroft Library, Vol. XII, 236, 242, 244.

19. *Ibid.*, Vol. XII, 262.

20. *Ibid.*, Vol. XII, 274.

21. *Ibid.*, Vol. XII, 276.

22. *Ibid.*, Vol. XII, 265.



U. S. Ship Portsmouth,  
Yerba Buena, Sept. 25, 1846.

My Dear General:

Your favor of the 25th inst. I had the honor to receive yesterday giving me information of your proceedings under one letter of instructions you received from me on the 10th instant,—and reporting the dismissal of California volunteers who were associated with you in this temporary service of the United States. Permit me in return, my dear Sir, to express to you individually and in behalf of my government my hearty thanks for the service you have rendered, as well as for the prompt and sincere manner in which you were pleased to tender your assistance to the government of the United States in the recent emergency, and in thus feebly expressing my obligation to you I desire also to convey them to your recent associates in arms, who were acting under your orders, whose ready obedience to your call on behalf of our existing authorities has done much toward allaying national prejudice, and unfriendly suspicions among the various classes composing the society of California, and of hastening arrangements for our establishment of peace, order and good government in the country, the blessings of which I trust, through the mercy of a kind providence will soon reward their faithfulness. Be pleased my dear Sir to present my most respectful regards to Madame Vallejo and accept the sincere expression of my friendly regards. I am dear Sir your obedient servant,

John B. Montgomery,  
Com. Northern Dept. of San Francisco.  
N. California.

To Gen. Don M. G. Vallejo  
Sonoma.

N. B. I am now living on board the ship and should be much gratified to receive a visit from you.

Respectfully, J. B. M.

Public recognition of General Vallejo's attitude was made by United States Consul, Thomas O. Larkin, through notification of Vallejo's appointment as a member of the first legislative council to convene in California. In this appointment Larkin makes the significant statement. "If you accept, many Californians will by degrees accept office."<sup>23</sup> A subsequent letter, written by Walter Colton to General Vallejo and urging him to accept the appointment, illustrates this sentiment regarding the latter's influence over his countrymen and makes us realize the importance of the final acceptance of the office.<sup>24</sup>

Monterey, Jan. 31, 1847.

Dear Sir:

My partner in the *Californian*—Dr. Semple—has often spoken to me of you, as we have often expressed the desire to each other that you might consent to be a member of the first legislative council. It is all important to take wise steps to make a good impression at first. There is no man in California who better understands her true interest than yourself. Your information, talent and weight of character are greatly to be desired in the first legislature. We fear too should you decline a seat

23. *Vallejo MSS.*, Bancroft Library, Vol. XII, 262.

24. *Vallejo MSS.*, Vol. XII, 267.

in the counsel it might be ascribed by the Californians to a want of confidence in the government or a disaffection to it. This as Americans all know would not be true. But a great many Californians would think it was true. We are all therefore deeply desirous that you should accept the appointment. It will take you but a few weeks from your family—as the next meeting of the Legislature is to be here in Monterey, and the third nearer still to your own door. Excuse my freedom in urging your acceptance of the appointment as a duty to California in the present crisis. It is understood here that Governor Alvarado has accepted.

With great respect, I am, dear Sir,

Your obedient Servant,  
Walter Colton.

General Vallejo,  
Sonoma.

Let us conclude these statements regarding the able influence of Vallejo in moulding the sentiment of the Californians, with this extract from a tribute which appeared in *The Californian*, Apr. 3, 1847:

General Mariano G. Vallejo

In all the revolts and disturbances of the past year, General Vallejo has taken no other part than to advise his countrymen not to oppose the United States, seeing as he did, that their every interest was concerned in the early closing of all disturbances in the country, and the firm establishment of the Stars and Stripes over his beloved California.

The general is highly liberal in all his views of public policy, as we say at home "a self made man". May he long live to enjoy the advantage obtained under the government of the United States—to see a flourishing town rise at "Francesca" and his children enjoy the blessings of the Public Schools, which he has so liberally endowed at that place, for the public good.

It is not surprising that the majority of the natives were ill pleased at the coming of a foreign race, which outnumbered them three to one in a single year. Naturally they did not wish to see their own government, even though lax, replaced by that of the Americans or any other people. There were, however, families of pure Castilian blood who generally had little feeling of nationality in common with the Mexicans, and these largely supported the Americans.<sup>25</sup>

Doubtless the Americans were slightly to blame for the sentiment on the part of the Mexicans. Thomas Larkin wrote to Leidesdorff, Vice-Consul at San Francisco, to—

use every care as an officer, to prevent our countrymen from trying to injure or browbeat the people of the country—be a pacifist between both and in the end you will meet your reward in seeing affairs brought to a happy conclusion and California flourishing as so fine a country must flourish.<sup>26</sup>

25. Taylor, Bayard, *El Dorado*, I, 144.

26. Letter written Apr. 27, 1845, *Leidesdorff MSS.*, Huntington Library. *Ibid.*, in a letter of May 24, 1845, Larkin predicts trouble, loss of life and property during the year.

I. L. Folsom, writing to M. G. Vallejo, November 30, 1847, states,<sup>27</sup>

I believe it will be easy to show that well disposed Californians were driven into hostility by the ill-advised, injudicious, and dishonest conduct of our own agents, and that the country has been constantly agitated, and much of the time in open hostility to the Americans.

**Sentiment for an Independent Republic.**—There existed in California a sentiment for an Independent Republic. It resulted in the raising of the Bear Flag at Sonoma on June 15, 1846. This, however, assumed no serious proportions, but it is to be noted that it continued even after the raising of the American Flag at Monterey on July 7, 1846. According to S. H. Willey, General Bidwell writes that,<sup>28</sup> the next day (July 12), while the party were stopping for dinner on the Mokelumne River, the beforementioned agreement to strike for an Independent Republic, so extensively signed at Sonoma, was brought out and signed by all those whose names were not on it before.

How was it possible out of such varied and apparently uncontrollable conditions to formulate any adequate government, and moreover a state government? It is our purpose in the following pages to set forth clearly the evidences of sentiment, as found in the writings of men of that period, which led to the desire for statehood and finally culminated on the 9th of September, 1850, in the admission of California as the thirty-first state of the Union.

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27. *Leidesdorff MSS.*, Huntington Library.

28. Willey, S. H., *Thirty Years in California*, 13.



## Chapter II

### CALIFORNIA UNDER SPANISH AND MEXICAN RULE LAID THE BASIS FOR AMERICAN SENTIMENT

**Spanish "Sluggishness" in Developing California.**—Conditions existing in California prior to the coming of the Americans laid the basis for the strong sentiment in favor of the admission of California as one of the states of the Union. Spain had for nearly three centuries held the country and had never dreamed of its real value, or "in their sluggishness deemed the development of its resources possible."<sup>1</sup> Lacking the vision of future possibilities, she lost her opportunity in merely procuring the necessities of life and indulgence in pleasurable pursuits. Under the indifferent Mexican rule which followed, progress was impossible, great cities could not develop, lands would have continued to lie in waste, commerce would not advance.

It remained for the American Government to transform this land into a great commercial emporium. Even if the discovery of gold had not imparted such an impetus to the development of this land, its natural advantages would not long have remained unknown to the more progressive people of the East. The Anglo-Saxon would not long remain blind to the agricultural and commercial advantages so easily overlooked by the easy-going Spaniard.

California, after three hundred years of Spanish rule, was still in the primitive pastoral state;<sup>2</sup> it was the land of the ox-cart, of the antique plough and of the hand husking of the maize. Even with the immense number of cattle roaming over vast tracts of land, no attempt was made to reap advantage from their milk, and dairying was neglected.<sup>3</sup> No foreign commerce was carried on. The only communication from Mexico was the transmission of the annual supplies to the missions. The immense advantages of location, soil, climate and other natural advantages, "had not the power to rouse the dormant energies of the Spaniard. It appeared as if those extraordinary bounties of nature had the effect of lulling them into apathy."<sup>4</sup>

1. Ryan, Wm. R., *Personal Adventures in Upper and Lower California*, 181.

2. Wilkes, Charles, *Narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition*, 168-169; Forbes, Alexander, *California*, 268-271.

3. It is stated that as late as 1834, a Mexican officer, who stopped at the port of Monterey, found that the inhabitants of that town were actually supplied with butter and cheese from the Russian settlement of La Bodega. Forbes, *op. cit.*, 271.

4. *Ibid.*, 288.

That this policy must result in the passing of California into the hands of another nation was inevitable and desirable. We read that,<sup>5</sup>

For more than three hundred years it had been under exclusive Spanish dominion. Yet up to the present time, notwithstanding its immense advantages for trade, it has no commerce; in spite of its fertility, it has no agriculture; its water power and ability to yield a bountiful supply of every raw material, have not erected a solitary manufacturing establishment within its borders; and the whole country is even now as far removed from the high and palmy state of wealth, cultivation and power of which it is susceptible, as it was before the Spaniard Cabrillo, in 1542, first explored its coast and landed upon its shore.

We have already remarked that the inevitable course of events . . . must 'ere long, place California beneath other sovereignty than that which now benumbs its power and stifles and stagnates its undeveloped energy. And not only is this result inevitable, but if the considerations we have adduced have any weight, it must be regarded, upon every principle of a wide expediency, as highly desirable. It is a consummation upon which every reflecting person must look with pleasure and hope.

**Blighting Effects of the Mexican Government.**—Under the feeble government of Mexico, after its independence from Spain in 1821, we find that the condition in California was little better.<sup>6</sup> The revolutions brought consequent insecurity to property and person.<sup>7</sup> The "Department of California" was divided into Upper, or Alta, and Lower, or Baja, California. Upper California was entitled to elect a deputy to the National Cortez. This deputy had the right to speak on all subjects but no right to vote. Forbes, the English Consul to California, writing in 1839, states that the last deputy to the Mexican Congress informed him that during the two years he served, he received only two letters from California while he was in Mexico.<sup>8</sup> Advices were not received in Mexico from Monterey more than once or twice a year. All confidence on the part of the Californians in the Mexican government was gone.<sup>9</sup>

5. Raymond, H. J., *California*, 85-86.

6. *California—Its Past History; Its Present Position; Its Future Prospects*, (Anon.), calls attention to the fact that the government was not alone to blame for the neglect of the resources of California. The native residents of the Spanish race were indolent, proud, and pleasure-loving and "Anything approximating a systematic industry was unknown among them." P. 65.

7. Wilkes, Charles, *Narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition*, V, 163.

8. Forbes, Alexander, *California*, 298.

9. Extract from the N. Y. Herald, given in *The Californian*, Aug. 22, 1846: "Mexico, from certain causes, is now the meanest and lowest in the category of nations. Her people are ruled with a rod of iron, and are sunk in imbecility and infamy; her military rulers are the most despotic and mercenary that ever exercised power; through the effects of successive revolutions, all confidence in government is gone—she is without an army or navy, and her coffers are empty. There is a never-ending struggle, by a set of designing men to attain the management of the national affairs, and the only principle that guides them is self-aggrandizement. Such is the condition of Mexico at the present time, and such it has been for a number of years."

Strange to say, the Mexican Congress had the power to form territories into states, but prior to that time no provision was made for their government:

Although the power of neither legislature nor president in regard to territories was defined, the cortez passed laws for the government of California, and the president appointed a governor,<sup>10</sup>

It is readily seen that such legal supervision would be very indefinite, especially when little attention was paid to the province of California.<sup>11</sup> Later to bridge over the gap, a "*Junta de fomento de Californias*" was organized, having power to make plans and suggestions in regard to California, but powerless to enact laws. There is no evidence that a general system of laws recommended by them on May 27, 1827, was ever adopted.

The Mexican colonization decree of August 18, 1824, and the supplemental decrees of November 21, 1828, provided for the colonization of Mexican territory. The decree of March 20, 1837, related to the political organization and internal government of the departments of the Mexican Republic; that of May 23, 1837, related to the organization of the judiciary. These laws were the general statutes enacted for all Mexican territory, and no codified system was in existence in California.<sup>12</sup> We find no definite statement regarding the internal organization of the California government, so that when Commodore Sloat raised the American flag at Monterey, July 7, 1846, California was existing under very indefinite legal conditions.

The alcalde was found in each center of population and was the one officer whom the people knew. He judged both the meaning of the law and its application. One might appeal from his decision to the governor, but in small matters his decision was final, his hasty decision often being influenced by circumstances of the moment. At other times his decision might be unnecessarily slow. The judicial functions of the alcaldes had long been recognized by tradition, and we find reports of many peculiar actions being taken by them.<sup>13</sup> They might send any person to prison on the slightest pretext and keep him there during their pleas-

10. Rodman, Willoughby, *History of the Bench and Bar of Southern California*, 13.

11. Bancroft, H. H., *History of California*, IV., 113.

12. For detailed statements regarding these laws, see Rodman, *op. cit.*, 13; Hittell, Theodore H., *History of California*, II, 776.

13. Wilkes, Charles, *Narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition*, V, 171: "Nothing can be in a worse state than the lower offices, such as Alcaldes, etc. They are now held by ignorant men, who have no ideas of justice, which is generally administered according to the alcalde's individual notions, as his feelings may be enlisted."



ure, with the result that the prisons were more full than during the time of the Spanish rule.

This unjust oppression created a feeling of disgust on the part of many, and a willingness to embrace some foreign rule, a sentiment which was felt by the Mexican politicians at home.<sup>14</sup> Had Mexico adopted a wise system of colonization laws and a liberal policy, the foreigners coming across the mountains would not have found it as easy to establish American government in the new land. This is seen in an extract from an editorial which appeared in the *Californian*, March 29, 1848.

Under the government of Mexico agriculture was neglected; the mechanic arts almost unknown and schools forgotten. The consequences were, vice existed in all its forms, and usurpation became instilled in the breast of the wealthy and powerful. The country was rife with revolutions and discord. Trade and commerce was only known to the extent of the hides and tallow produced. . . .

On the memorable 7th day of July, 1846, the flag of the American Republic spread its stars and stripes in the breeze, and foretold the coming of a new order of things, to the great joy of a great portion of the inhabitants. . . .

Peace being restored, the natives returned to their homes, and the immigrants suited themselves to the various employments that demanded their attention.

**Uncertainty of Land Titles Under Mexico.**—The insecure land titles under the indefinite land legislation of Mexico proved a just cause of irritation to the inhabitants. Many immigrants, coming seawards or working their way upland from Mexican mines and inter-marrying with Spanish families that came this way under empresarios, failed to comply with the formality of the colonization laws or receive grants directly from the governors. Little did they dream that foreign interference would call their title into question. Later, because of their demand for money, many sold out to American speculators who, at first ignorant of the Mexican law and language, consummated deals, only later to become cognizant of the invalidity of their conveyances.<sup>15</sup> Thus great areas of land, especially those with imperfect titles, changed hands within an incredibly short space of time,<sup>16</sup> and as our laws had not been extended over it, the people were compelled to receive such titles as were offered them.<sup>17</sup>

The condition at this period may be best understood by a survey of the Mexican and Spanish grants as made later by William Carey Jones, appointed as special agent from Washington. After a search among the archives and records

14. Forbes, Alexander, *California*, 184.

15. See Report of R. B. Mason to Brig. Gen. R. Jones, Adj. Gen., Washington, U. S. A., *California Message and Correspondence*, 118.

16. Kelly, Wm., *An Excursion to California Over the Prairie, Rocky Mountains and Great Sierra Nevada*, I, 198-199.

17. Report of T. Butler King, Appendix to Bayard Taylor's *Eldorado*, II, 202.

of the government, he published a clear and concise report.<sup>18</sup> He outlined somewhat at length the Mexican Colonization Law of August 18, 1824, upon which California land legislation was based. This report stated that from May, 1833, to May, 1836, the grants were recorded, but subsequent to that time no actual record was kept with the exception of a brief memorandum of the grant. Sometimes the grants were registered in the office of the prefect, but no general record was kept in permanent form. The final step was the approval of the grant by the "Territorial Deputation," later called the "Departmental Assembly," and this was the cause of much embarrassment. After the governor had communicated to the assembly the fact of the grant, it was referred to the Committee on Vacant Lands or Agriculture, whose approval was seldom refused. It is in the laxity of the proceedings in this connection<sup>19</sup> that we find the weakness of the Mexican system becoming apparent, with the resultant discontent of the land owners and a rising sentiment for a change from Mexican rule.

The hazardous nature of such proceedings is further enhanced when we realize that there were no regular surveys made of grants under the Mexican government. There was no authorized surveyor in the country. Even the suitable landmarks which were to be erected were seldom complied with. The following letter, written by E. I. Bidwell to Thomas O. Larkin, reveals the dissatisfaction which resulted from these lax methods in regard to land surveys.<sup>20</sup>

New Helvetia, Aug. 5, 1847

Thomas O. Larkin, Esq.

Sir:

Permit me to ask you for a little information with regard to the surveying of lands in this country. The Mexican law, I suppose, is still the law of the land in a great measure, and will continue to be so until the country is formally ceded to the United States, and even then lands that have been granted by Mexican law will have to be measured by that law. Why then does not the Governor, or why does not the re-

18. Jones, William Carey, *Report on the Subject of Land Titles in California*.

19. William Carey Jones in his report states that,

"The approval was seldom refused; but there are many instances where the governor omitted to communicate the grant to the assembly, and it consequently remained unacted on. The approval of the assembly obtained, it was usual for the secretary to deliver to the grantee, on application, a certificate of fact; but no other record or registration of it was kept than the written proceedings of the assembly. There are, no doubt, instances, therefore, where the approval was in fact obtained, but a certificate not applied for, and as the journals of the assembly, now remaining in the archives are very imperfect, it can hardly be doubted that many grants have received the approval of the assembly, and no record of the fact now exists. Many grants were passed upon and approved by the assembly in the winter and spring of 1846, as I discovered by loose memoranda, apparently made by the clerk of the assembly for future entry, and referring to the grants by their numbers—sometimes a dozen or more, on a single piece of paper; but of which I could find no other record."

20. *Larkin MSS.*, Bancroft Library, Vol. V, 199.

spective alcalde require lands to be measured according to the old custom of the country, which I presume is according to law. . . . .

It appears to me that our Alcaldes do not appear to know their duty in regard to land surveys or why do they permit everyone to employ surveyors and have his land surveyed as he pleases.

Do they think because Justices of the Peace have nothing to do with surveys in the United States that the Alcalde and Justices have not here? Is it not better to check a dispute in the beginning than to let it grow into expensive and grievous lawsuits.

I make these remarks because I have seen surveys in operation near Sonoma which are really aggravating difficulties instead of settling them. It is better to have a survey right in the first place which will save the necessity of doing the matter over again. The surveyors are not to blame but the Alcalde.

Perhaps the Governor is not aware of this good and legal mode of adjusting land claims, and your influence, you having had long experience in this country, might induce him to issue an order to this effect that the respective Alcaldes authorize and sanction surveys and settle as far as possible all land disputes upon the ground in their several districts.

This will save interminable trouble hereafter.

In the meantime believe me to be

Your Obedient Servant,

E. I. Bidwell.

The report of William Carey Jones, although not published until 1850, had the effect of disposing the Mexican grantees to a more favorable sentiment toward the United States.<sup>21</sup> Up to that time the land and lot speculators avowed their attention of forming and joining in a counter-revolution, rather than have their property wrested from them. They then saw that the United States would probably give a fair estimate of their cause, and a favorable settlement would result. This "oil upon the troubled waters" was much needed at that period of California history.

The Americans in California seized the opportunities offered by the lax rule of Mexico to influence the sentiment of the native Californians in favor of the American government. They called attention to the fact that Mexico had no real interest in California in times of peace, while the Americans were their best friends; that Mexico deserted the Californians in time of war, while Americans offered them every advantage; Mexico said, "In time of peace you must give us all you make, and in time of war you must take care of yourselves;"<sup>22</sup> as a state of the American Union, they would enjoy freedom of thought and action. They would be protected in their rights, and would elect their own officers, and, the writer continues, all power would be in your hands, and your officers would be the mere executors of your decisions . . . . . Reflect on these things then decide what you will do.

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21. Kelly, William, *An Excursion to California*, I, 210.

22. *The Californian*, Sept. 5, 1846.



### Chapter III

## INTERNAL SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC CONDITIONS FOLLOWING THE PERIOD OF CONQUEST FOSTERED THE SENTIMENT FOR AMERICAN GOVERNMENT

**Rapid Growth in Population.**—Social, economic and governmental conditions existing within the borders of California after the period of conquest in 1846 were such as to create a strong sentiment for admission into the Union as a full-fledged state. Conditions would not warrant a territorial form of government. The population of 10,000 in the summer of 1846 lived under much simpler conditions than those encountered by the population of 26,000 in January, 1849.<sup>1</sup> The first census taken in 1850, showed a total population of 92,597. California became a state of wealth and power without a corresponding change in the environment in which that added life must be carried on. "One short year had given her a commercial importance but little inferior to that of the most powerful of the old states. She had passed her minority at a single bound and might justly be regarded as fully entitled to take her place as an equal among her sisters of the Union."<sup>2</sup>

The discovery of gold did for the cities what it was reasonable to expect that time alone could do. It was predicted that this alone would make California one of the states of the Union, and that speedily.<sup>3</sup> The influx of population was composed largely of Americans from across the mountains, men who had never been accustomed to other than American laws administered by American courts. We find extracts from the *New York Tribune*, January 26, 1849, and the *San Francisco Call* of 1880, showing that the best class of citizens left for the New Eldorado.<sup>4</sup> Reports from the settlements in Oregon told of the abandonment of their homes to seek fortunes in California, those who could not pay for their passage by sea undertaking the journey on foot. So great was this emigration from Oregon that it was

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1. On Jan. 1, 1849, exclusive of Indians and Africans, the population numbered 13,000 Californians, 8,000 Americans and 5,000 foreigners. Hittell, Theodore H., *History of California*, II, 819. Cf. Ryan, Wm. R., *Personal Adventures in Upper and Lower California*, II, 301.

2. Report of Hon. T. Butler King, Washington, March 22, 1850. Found in Appendix to Bayard Taylor's *Eldorado*, 1850 Ed., II, 204.

3. Johnson, Theodore T., *Sights in the Gold Region*, 255.

4. Cited in William Grey's *A Picture of Pioneer Times in California*, 98.

feared by one writer that the country would be almost abandoned by the working classes, and all improvements suspended because of the want of hands to continue them.<sup>5</sup> These emigrants, arriving in California only to find "their rights of property and person subject to the uncertain and frequently oppressive operation of laws written in a language they did not understand, and founded on principles, in many respects new to them,"<sup>6</sup> naturally expressed a desire for a better form of government than that in effect.

**Conditions of Labor.**—Young men of education coming to California found that labor was worth more than head work and hence turned to manual pursuits. Mexicans, Englishmen, Russians and Americans all lived together in one intense scramble for gold. Industries in the cities were neglected. The *Californian*, unable to obtain necessary labor, suspended its publication from May 29, until July 15, 1848. Stewards and cooks could only be obtained with difficulty.<sup>7</sup> Sailors deserted for the mines, and once they reached the shelter of the woods they were perfectly safe, as no person dared go after them.<sup>8</sup> Proclamations of the military governors urged the people to lend their assistance in the apprehension of deserters.<sup>9</sup> On November 24, 1848, Colonel Mason in a letter to Brig. Gen. R. Jones, states that as long as the gold mines continue to yield the great abundance of metal, it would be impossible to keep soldiers in California, as they would not serve for seven or eight dollars per month when laborers and mechanics were receiving from fifty to one hundred dollars.<sup>10</sup> The strong sentiment for an American civil government which would give security to life and property is seen when he adds,

I cannot too strongly recommend a territorial government to be organized in California at the earliest moment possible, if it has not already been done. There is no security here for life or property; and, unless a civil government is speedily organized, anarchy and confusion will arise, and murder, robbery, and all sorts of crime will be committed

5. Letter from James Douglas, Fort Vancouver, Feb. 10, 1849, to I. L. Folsom, *Leidesdorff MSS.*, Huntington Library.

6. Report of T. Butler King, Appendix to Bayard Taylor's *Eldorado*, 1850 Ed., II, 201.

7. Brown, John H., *Reminiscences and Incidents of the Early Days of San Francisco*. An Englishman from the mines had with him twelve Chinamen whom he could engage in work at the hotel at \$1.200 per month, but even then he could not make a contract with them for more than a month at a time, while they finally only remained three months.

8. *Ibid.*

9. Proclamation of R. B. Mason, *Californian*, Aug. 14, 1848; Proclamation of Gen. B. Riley, May 6, 1849, *Vallejo MSS.*, Bancroft Library, Vol. XXXV, 116. "These civil authorities, however, can do little towards enforcing the laws without the countenance and assistance of the people themselves. . . . It is hoped, therefore, that all good citizens will give the civil and military authorities their cordial aid and cooperation in the execution of their duties and maintenance of public order."

10. *California Message and Correspondence*, 648.

with impunity in the heterogeneous and mixed community that now fills California.

**Growth of Cities—Public Disturbances.**—A corresponding need and sentiment for a better government was brought about in the cities. The easily acquired gold was spent just as easily. There were more speculative schemes conceived and executed, more money was made and lost, more changes of fortune and more crime could be found than in any country of the same size elsewhere. In short, one contemporary declared that, "People lived more there in a week than they would in a year in most other places."<sup>11</sup> Men required liquor to stimulate them and the saloons were crowded from morning to night. Money passed easily,<sup>12</sup> and from the similarity of the accounts we may well assume that they are to be relied upon. Immense amounts of gold passed through the hands of the citizens, it having been stated by I. L. Folsom that \$500,000 left the country between June 30, 1848, and October 27 of the same year.<sup>13</sup>

The existing government was powerless to cope with the conditions, and the better class of citizens looked to the government of the United States for the speedy establishment of better conditions. I. L. Folsom wrote from San Francisco to Lieut. W. T. Sherman on August 14, 1848:<sup>14</sup>

The most mortifying state of things prevails here at this time. Government, both civil and military, is abandoned. Offenses are committed with impunity; and property, and lives even, are no longer safe. If something is not done soon, our institutions will inevitably be disgraced. . . . Acts of disgraceful violence occur almost daily on board the shipping, and we have no power to preserve order . . . . If it is possible to send a vessel of war here, it should be done at once.

The sentiment for the establishment of better government became especially strong in San Francisco, where notorious bands of disturbers of the public peace ran riot. Notable among these bands were the "hounds," a desperate set of brawlers and gamblers who made their headquarters at the "Shades" in San Francisco.<sup>15</sup> These daring men pa-

11. Borthwick, J. D., *Three Years in California*, 49.

12. Brown, John H., *Reminiscences and Incidents of the Early Days of San Francisco*, states that in one bar-room alone they were taking from \$2,500 to \$3,000 per day, and ten gambling tables each paid from \$70 to \$100. One man paid \$100 in advance to secure a table. Brown states that they paid him \$200 per day for taking charge, or \$5.00 per hour after six o'clock and up to twelve o'clock at night, and \$10.00 per hour later. Cf. *California* (Anon.), 106-132; Delane, A., *Life on the Plains and Among the Diggings*, 351-352.

13. Letter of I. L. Folsom to A. Ten Eyck, Esq., San Francisco, Oct. 27, 1848. *Leidesdorff MSS.*, Huntington Library.

14. *California Message and Correspondence*, 613.

15. Ten merchants of San Francisco organized for the purpose of protecting the captains of vessels against the escape of sailors. They offered to pay twenty-five dollars for every runaway sailor who was brought back. The "Regulators" were found to be of great service in this connection, both to the merchants and the shipping. Some desperate characters soon joined them and they degenerated into the organization known as the "hounds." Brown, John H., *Reminiscences and Incidents of the Early Days of San Francisco*; Letts, J. M., *California Illustrated*, 50; *The Annals of San Francisco*, 558-562.



rated the streets by day and night, would commit revolting acts, insult passers by, alight at hotels and demand what they wanted without pay, rob the stores of Chileans and beat the proprietors, and commit other revolting acts. Neither life nor property was safe from their depredations as they would commit the most revolting acts under the eyes of public authorities. The town council finally resolved to put an end to such depredations and so after one of the raids upon a Chilean, and the pillaging of his store, it had the leaders transported to the United States.<sup>16</sup>

**Absence of Existing Digests of Laws**—The sentiment for an American form of government was materially furthered by the absence of a codified set of laws. Americans were unacquainted with the laws of Mexico or the principles upon which they were founded. They complained that the *alcaldes*, most of whom had been appointed or elected before the immigration commenced, were not lawyers by education or profession,<sup>17</sup> and that they enacted, adjudicated and executed the laws in tyrannical fashion. They had jurisdiction in municipal matters, minor offenses and sums less than one hundred dollars. Capital cases and cases of over one hundred dollars were decided by the "*juez de primera instancia*," or first judge of the district. In the case of the trial by *hombres buenos*, or good men, when either party demands it, a trial similar to our trial by jury was carried on, the *hombres buenos* consisting of three to five men. There were no codified laws governing such proceedings and they were seldom enforced. Edwin Bryant, at one time the *alcalde* of San Francisco, showing the inadequacy of this system, says that with honest and intelligent magistrates the system would operate advantageously, as justice would be speedy and certain; but with the corrupt and ignorant magistrates who were too frequently in power, the consequences of this system were as bad as could well be imagined.<sup>18</sup>

There was virtually no written statute law in the country. Bryant states that the only law books he could find were a digested code entitled "Law of Spain and the Indies," published in Spain about one hundred years before that time, and a small pamphlet defining the powers of the various judicial officers, emanating from the Mexican government since the revolution. He further states that the Mexican government, on being required to state how to ad-

16. *Alta California*, Aug. 2, 4, 9, 16, 1849.

17. T. Butler King's Report, found in Bayard Taylor's *Eldorado*, 1850 Ed., II, 201.

18. Edwin Bryant, *What I Saw in California*, 436-437.

minister the law, replied, "Administer it in accordance with the principles of natural right and justice."<sup>19</sup>

Conditions in this respect remained unimproved under the military governors. C. E. Pickett, writing to General Kearny, March 23, 1847, says,<sup>20</sup>

The Alcaldes throughout California have been since the raising of the flag, but a mockery to law and justice; assuming and exercising prerogative and power far beyond any clothed them by the Mexican or United States laws. They have acted in the triple capacity of legislative, executive, and judicial and the most of them tarnished these second offices by a total disregard of all law, justice, reason and right. I would advise you to suspend at once these courts, and have published the laws defining their duties, which ought to have been done before the offices were filled.

In a somewhat heated editorial in *The Californian* for July 24, 1847, this sentiment for better government giving defined powers is discussed:

It must be manifest, Mr. Editor, to the weakest understanding, that if the powers and duties of the Alcaldes be not defined, the very results hinted at in our last communication will be likely to occur; nay sir, must absolutely happen. Let them exercise the utmost discretion, be ever so wise, prudent and virtuous, if they have not their duties *prescribed*, and their powers *defined*, they cannot possibly know over what they have jurisdiction or when they act below, up to, or beyond their powers. Nor is there any escape from the position they occupy, viz. of undertaking to do that, of which they have not the slightest conception. To assert or suppose the contrary would be the supermost folly.

**Codification of Laws Attempted under Governor Mason.**—Governor Mason, who succeeded General Kearny as military governor of California, in 1848 "had printed both in English and Spanish languages, a code of laws for the better government of the territory of California—the preservation of order, and the protection of the rights of the inhabitants, during the military occupancy of the country by the United States forces."<sup>21</sup> This code was prepared and printed,<sup>22</sup> "but upon the establishment of peace, was not published."<sup>23</sup>

19. *Ibid.*, 436.

20. *Unbound MSS.*, Bancroft Library, 147. See also similar letter under date of Mar. 3, 1847. *Ibid.*, 145. "The present unlimited and illegal powers and prerogatives assumed through the country by the different Alcaldes will give rise to much confusion and litigation. . . ."

21. *Californian*, Aug. 14, 1848.

22. What is believed to be the only extant copy of this work is now in the possession of the Huntington Library, having been purchased by them in May, 1923, from the Library of the late William H. Winters, formerly librarian of the New York Law Institute. L. Folsom, who was at the time it was compiled, Asst. Quartermaster under Colonel Mason and also collector of customs for San Francisco, has inscribed across the title page, "Not published in consequence of the news of peace." It is presumed that this copy might have been sent to Folsom for his approval before its final publication. It is supposed in the interval which elapsed that peace was declared, and further publication useless in view of the probable establishment of American government.

An excellent account of this document, which historically is the first and one of the most important books printed in California, is given by Chester March Cate in *Biographical Essays*, published by the Harvard University Press, June, 1924, 331-336.

23. *Alta California*, June 14 and Aug. 9, 1849.

**Origin of the Legislative Assembly of San Francisco.—**

In 1849 the feeling against the unsatisfactory existing conditions became so strong in San Francisco, that the Legislative Assembly of that district finally established itself as a legally constituted body for the temporary establishment of law and order. Being opposed by General Riley, who succeeded Colonel Mason as military governor, in their "unwarranted" assumption of power, they issued an address to the people of California defending their position. They spoke at length in regard to the absence of a codified set of laws:<sup>24</sup>

The last military governor appointed during the war was Colonel Mason; and under his direction a code of civil law was prepared and printed during the war, but upon the establishment of peace, was not published. The people were thus left with no printed code of law to which they could refer. There might have been one or two copies of the pre-existing California laws in the Spanish language somewhere in the territory; but if such was the fact, they were not accessible; and being in a foreign and unknown language, were entirely useless. No farther efforts were made to promulgate the laws, and the community could not know what they were, or whether there were any. No attempt was made to fill the various offices said to exist. The courts of justice had no judges, and no prefects. The only judge in the territory was Judge Lynch, and his authority only extended to *criminal* cases. In these his honor was very efficient, and many men were hung and many shot under his decisions—they were so very prompt, and required so little testimony. The only judicial officer in the District of San Francisco was a single Alcalde, and he was placed in a very critical situation. He was an American, with no acquaintance with the Mexican law, and no knowledge of the Spanish language, and the government furnished him with no code, and he had access to none . . . . The right of appeal did not exist. These powers had either to be exercised by the Alcalde, or not exercised at all.

**Horse Thieving a Menace to the Country.—**Many minor causes of discontent contributed to the sentiment for the more adequate American form of government. Important among these was the ill feeling fostered by the increase in horse thieving on the part of the Indians who were "continually becoming more bold and daring in their robberies" as horses were becoming scarcer and scarcer. During the Spanish regime such a thing as a horse thief was unknown in the country, but as soon as the Mexicans took possession "their characteristic anarchy began to prevail and Indians to desert from the missions."<sup>25</sup> Edwin Bryant, quoting from the *California Star* of March 28, 1847, states that during the previous twenty years more than 100,000 horses could be enumerated which had been stolen, and that the total amount probably would be double that number.<sup>26</sup>

24. *Ibid.*, Aug. 9, 1849.

25. Bryant, Edwin, *What I Saw in California*, 434.

26. *Ibid.*



At the time of the occupation of California by the Americans, the Indians were bold and daring in their robberies, realizing that there was "no force to follow them up or otherwise injure them."<sup>27</sup> The early military governors appointed Indian agents<sup>28</sup> and issued proclamations relative to the punishment of the offenders. We find interesting accounts of the mingling of the American and Mexican laws.<sup>29</sup> As a rule, however, if the horse thief was caught, "death was his portion, powder and ball being judge and jury in the common law of California applied to such a case."<sup>30</sup>

The early military governors sought to inform the Indians of the good intentions of the government, but that justice would be speedy and certain for the offenders.<sup>31</sup> Unfortunately the incoming Americans were unjust in their treatment of the Indians, and Governor Mason and Governor Riley were forced to take measures to defend the Indian.<sup>32</sup> It was realized that it would take strong government to stop the increasing danger,<sup>33</sup> and H. W. Halleck wrote in December, 1848, that he hoped "that ere long the military force in this country will be increased sufficiently to enable him to afford greater security to the ranchers on the extreme frontiers."<sup>34</sup>

27. *The Californian*, Dec. 26, 1846; Cf. *Ibid.*, Oct. 10, 1846.

28. James B. Montgomery's appointment of M. G. Vallejo is found in *Vallejo MSS.*, Bancroft Library, XII, 237; S. W. Kearny's appointment of M. G. Vallejo is found in *California Message and Correspondence*, 296.

29. See Ryan, Wm. R., *Personal Adventures in Upper and Lower California*, II, 118-124.

30. Johnson, Theodore T., *Sights in the Gold Region*, 171.

31. Letter of H. W. Halleck to Captain Sutter, *California Message and Correspondence*, 382; Letter of H. W. Halleck to M. G. Vallejo, *Vallejo MSS.*, Bancroft Library, XII, 311; Letter of John A. Sutter to S. W. Kearny, *Unbound MSS.*, Bancroft Library, 86.

32. Official Letter from Governor Mason to John A. Sutter, *Vallejo MSS.*, Bancroft Library, XII, 307; Proclamation of Governor Mason against selling liquor to Indians, *Ibid.*, XII, 319; XXXIV, 323, XII, 324.

33. Cf. *The California Star*, Feb. 6, 1848.

34. *Vallejo MSS.*, Bancroft Library, XII, 256.

## Chapter IV

### EXPRESSION OF SENTIMENT UNDER THE MILITARY GOVERNMENT

**Sentiment for American Institutions.**—The sentiment for the rapid establishment of American civil institutions and the rapid extension of American principles of government received its greatest impetus from the want of adequate law for the protection of life and property and administration of justice. This had its basis in the effete and uncoded Mexican system of laws already referred to, but was carried to consummation through the indefinite legal conditions existing from the time of the raising of the American flag at Monterey, July 7, 1846, until the final admission of California into the Union, September 9, 1850.

Legally the status of California from her occupation as a conquered territory on July 7, 1846, until her annexation under the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, February 2, 1848, was that of land held by military occupation and under control of a military governor appointed by the President. According to international law the customs and laws in force under the Mexican government were to remain in force until supplanted by others provided by competent authority. According to S. H. Willey, this condition worked better among the older Californians in the southern part of the state.<sup>1</sup> It was necessarily accepted, with the hope that the inadequate Mexican system would soon be superseded by an effectual territorial government provided by Congress. The first issue of California's first newspaper stated: <sup>2</sup>

We shall advocate a territorial relation of California to the United States, till the number of her inhabitants is such that she can be admitted a member of that glorious confederacy.

We shall support the present measures of the commander in chief of the American squadron on the coast, so far as they conduce to the public tranquility, the organization of a free republican government and our alliance with the United States.

**Feeling of Satisfaction Created by Commodore Sloat.**—The confidence of the people in the desire of the military governors to accede to the general sentiment for the establishment of American civil institutions was based upon

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1. Willey, S. H., *Personal Memoranda MSS.*, Bancroft Library, 104.

2. *The Californian*, Aug. 15, 1846. The importance of this editorial is seen when we find that it is this issue which contains the war proclamation of President Polk.

the early proclamations of the governors. Commodore Sloat, in his assumption that the United States would permanently hold California, stated in his proclamation of July 7, 1846, that the people would have "the privilege of choosing their own magistrates and other officers for the administration of justice among themselves"<sup>3</sup> and that as a territory of the United States they would "enjoy the same rights and privileges as the citizens of any other portion of that territory."<sup>4</sup>

**Situation Complicated by Commodore Stockton.**—Aggressive Commodore Stockton, who on July 23, 1846, superseded conservative Commodore Sloat, stated with his characteristic self-assurance that the Territory would be governed "by officers and laws, similar to those by which the other Territories of the United States are regulated and protected."<sup>5</sup> But at the same time he complicated the situation by saying that while the country was in large territorial matters under the military governor, in minor matters of relationship "former laws and usages" were to be upheld. "Former laws and usages" proved very indefinite to the Anglo-Saxon law-loving mind. But as a matter of fact California did exist under this dual system of government from the time of her occupation by the Americans until her admission as a state. Sloat had carried out this principle in fact when he ordered "judges, alcaldes, and other civil officers to retain their offices, and to execute their functions as heretofore."<sup>6</sup>

The complications in store under such a system did not at first become manifest, and we find the military governors were therefore welcomed as a probable relief from the indefinite rule which had existed under Mexico.<sup>7</sup> The papers of these few months contain practically none of the heated editorials of a later date.<sup>8</sup> But with the passing of

3. Royce, Josiah, *California*, 203.

4. Bancroft, H. H., *History of California*, V, 234-237; *The Annals of San Francisco*, 98-100.

5. *California Star*, Jan. 7, 1849. Quoted in R. D. Hunt, *The Genesis of California's First Constitution*, 18.

6. Royce, Josiah, *California*, 203; *The Annals of San Francisco*, 99.

7. *The Californian*, Oct. 17, 1846, states of Stockton:—

"We are highly gratified with the tone of the governor's speech. It speaks the language of the heart of a Sailor and a Champion of Liberty, of one devoted to the cause of universal freedom; and it is pleasant to see those feelings so warmly responded to by the people of this beautiful country so recently brought under the flag, which everywhere protects the right of man. . . . We hail the arrival of Commodore Stockton as a bright era in the history of California." *The Californian*, July 3, 1847, "Commodore Stockton is an officer who needs no apologies for his conduct."

8. *The Californian*, Feb. 20, 1847.

"It is to be hoped that many years may pass away before the bitterness of party politics will reach California. All we ask here, is a quiet, mild administration of good laws, and protection of our Ranchos from the predatory excursions of the wild mountain Indians, the slightest possible shackles on commerce, and all the facilities which can be offered to a rapid emigration."



months and the increase in population, the difficulties of the situation increased. Laws were inadequate and life and property insecure. The newcomers were unacquainted with Mexican laws or language. As American citizens they had a right to expect a more adequate system of government than that in effect, and a just sentiment arose among the residents that existing condition should be modified. This sentiment against the military government must not be attributed to any fault of the governors themselves, but rather to the inefficient and effete system under which they were forced to operate.

**Hopeful Attitude Created by General Kearny.**—General Kearny succeeded Commodore Stockton, and during the few months of his rule the people became very hopeful that the promised territorial government would be established. His pacific proclamation of March 1, 1847, said in part:<sup>9</sup>

It is the wish and design of the United States to provide for California with the least possible delay, a free government similar to those in her other Territories, and the people will soon be called upon to exercise their rights as free men in electing their own Representatives to make such laws as deemed best for their interest and welfare. But until this can be done, the laws now in existence and not in conflict with the Constitution of the United States, will be continued until changed by competent authority; and those persons who hold office, will continue in the same for the present, provided they swear to support that Constitution, and to faithfully perform their duty.

The sentiment created in favor of the United States as a result of this proclamation is to be noted. Edwin Bryant says that several of the alcaldes of his jurisdiction, as well as private individuals, expressed in the warmest terms their approbation of the sentiments of the proclamation. "They said they were heartily willing to become Americans upon those terms, and hoped that there would be the least possible delay in admitting them to the rights of American citizenship."<sup>10</sup> The optimistic sentiment created as a result of this proclamation is also seen in successive editorials of *The Californian*:<sup>11</sup>

If we may judge from the tone of the Proclamation, it will be the determined purpose of General Kearny, to have proper civil magistrates appointed in the various districts, to make such rules as will be most likely to secure the most ample justice to all, and to establish Government on such a basis as will secure the confidence of all and unite the "Natives and foreigners" as one people in feeling.

9. This proclamation is to be found in the *Vallejo MSS.*, Bancroft Library, Vol. XXXIV, 260, 281; *The Californian*, March 6, 1847; *California Message and Correspondence*, 288-289.

10. Bryant, Edwin, *What I Saw in California*, 432.

11. *The Californian*, March 13 and 20, 1847. The quotation here given is from the issue of March 13, 1847.

From the policy which has already been pursued and the principles laid down by the present authorities, we may with the most entire confidence, expect that peace and tranquility will soon bring in their train prosperity and happiness. The sunny land of California requires nothing but just laws and a proper enforcement of them even with her mixed population to produce fair development of her immense resources, and to make it one of the most desirable portions of the western continent.

### **Under Governor Mason People Begin to Feel Injustice.**

—But with the succession of Colonel Richard B. Mason to the position of military Governor, May 31, 1847, the feeling began to be expressed that the people had been misled if not deceived. They stated that they did not “expect to enjoy all the blessings and facilities which a well regulated civil government would afford them, but they do expect to have all the advantages which can be afforded by a military government. . . . it is the duty of all, to profit by experience, and what has been done amiss should be changed.”<sup>12</sup> The hope was expressed by “Lex” that the phantom territorial government which had been promised by Kearny, would be executed by Mason.<sup>13</sup>

### **Outspoken Sentiment of Neglect Beginning in 1848.—**

By the beginning of 1848 this feeling of neglect became so outspoken that we find heated editorials beginning to appear in the columns of the *Californian*.<sup>14</sup>

What, we hear our people everywhere inquiring, what have we acquired by our conquest, in this country? . . . In view of our civil rights, in view of the security of person and property, and in view of all the sacred rights and privileges secured to us by the fundamental laws of our government, we must say we have acquired nothing, but have lost everything . . . . We know nothing of the design of the present Executive, in reference to the organization of a civil government; but we do know that the people very much desire such an organization. And we also know, that it is the “*wish and design* of the United States to provide for them, a free government *with the least possible delay*.” In view of these facts, we cannot but think, that the present governor now has the matter under consideration, and will soon have an adequate organization fully consummated.

### **Attempts of Mason to Organize the Government.—**

This sentiment seems to have been instigated by the wavering policy of Governor Mason, careful not to exceed his authority. Realizing the necessity of the period, he endeavored to establish a temporary civil government in California, proceeding to codify the Mexican laws and organize the courts. Actuated by the idea that should he organize a government, the probability was, “before such government could be put into operation, a treaty of peace would be con-

12. Editorial entitled, “Military Despotism,” *The Californian*, June 5, 1847.

13. *Ibid.*, July 24, 1847.

14. Quoted from the editorial entitled, “Civil Organization,” *Californian*, January 5, 1848.

cluded, and a regular territorial government would be established, thereby rendering void all that had been done,"<sup>15</sup> he gave out statements in January<sup>16</sup> and May<sup>17</sup> that he had each time abandoned his plan. "Pacific," in an editorial which was anything but that of a pacifist, urged the formation of a civil government.<sup>18</sup> Citing Oregon as an example, it was urged that should peace be declared, it would be some time before Congress could form the needed government; also, that should a satisfactory government be adopted by the people, it would only be accepted by Congress and in the meantime troublesome conditions would be remedied.<sup>19</sup>

### **Joy Expressed upon Reception of News of Peace.—**

Buoyed up with the hope that Congress would take some definite action, and recognizing that their position had "long been one of suffering—more elated with the pleasing delusions of hope, than desponding from the alarm of fear"<sup>20</sup> the Californians awaited the news of peace through the summer of 1848. Exciting events had followed the discovery of gold in February of that year. The increased population of August was in much greater need of the promised civil organization which the news of peace was expected to bring. But the "Glorious News" of the "Ratification of the Treaty of Peace"<sup>21</sup> brought with it no legal Territorial organization; and the hope of the people, elevated for the moment to heights of ecstasy,<sup>22</sup> soon found itself

15. *Californian*, Jan. 5, 1848.

16. *Ibid.*

17. *Ibid.*, May 17, 1848.

18. *The California Star*, Jan. 29, 1848; "It is not the hour to wait supinely in talking and stiekling about points of form, order, precedent, eonstitutionality and abstract questions of law and right; when immediate and absolute wants and imperious necessity—which are paramount and superior to all other laws—demand action at once. This has long been our condition here in reference to the establishment of civil courts, the proper definition of their duties and powers, and the attention to a few other urgent requirements of the country. But yet what has any one of our long list of Governors, Commodores, Generals and Colonels, who have commanded and cut such high anties on the boards of this tragico-comico-farcio California theater, done for us in such matters. Nothing—aye, far worse than nothing. . . . 'Tis time, indeed, for the people to speak out, when our every right and privilege is allowed to be assailed and invaded with impunity, and we debarred the medium of redressing these in the temples of justice; the base and eounterfeit pretensions of the latter, with us, being but a mockery to the sacred character of law, truth and right."

19. *Californian*, Jan. 5, 1848.

20. *Ibid.*, July 15, 1848.

21. *Ibid.*, Aug. 14, 1848. Official proclamation of the Ratification of the Treaty of Peace was made by Mason in the *Californian*, Sept. 2, 1848.

22. *Ibid.*, Aug. 14, 1848. "What are our hopes and prospeets, under a permanent peace, equal rights, fair competition, and perfect protection in the rights of property? The prospective view is grand, beyond all possible caleulation. The imagination is lost in wonder, when we attempt to look forward and judge the future by the past."



plunged into a period of mere *de facto* government. California had passed from a period of military government into a period in which the government must rest upon the presumed consent of the people, resulting in what has been commonly known as the No-Government period.

**Sentiment in Favor of the Military Government, although Inadequate, Outweighed the Desire for the Former Mexican Government.**—Finally, in closing our study of the period of the military government, we must realize that the sentiment in favor of the military governors seemed far to outweigh any desire for a return to the old Mexican governors and “the sway of leaders in whose prudence and patriotism they had no confidence.”<sup>23</sup> The news of the subsequent death of General Kearny was received with sorrow and—<sup>24</sup>

During his brief sojourn in California, his considerate disposition, his amiable deportment and generous policy, had endeared him to the citizens. They saw in him nothing of the ruthless invader, but an intelligent, humane general, largely endowed with a spirit of forbearance and fraternal regard.

Similar kindly feeling existed toward the other governors.

Nevertheless, the military government was decidedly inadequate to the needs of the period. The absence of effectual law gave rise to a feeling of dissatisfaction and discontent. The promised territorial government seemed ever to elude their grasp, becoming a mere phantom chase with the passing of months. Resultant evils were to be attributed, not to the character of the military governors, but to the failure of Congress to provide a better system under which they might operate.

**Americans Endeavor to win Support of the Native Californians:**—During the period of the military governors, the Americans sought to win the confidence and support of the Californians. At times it seemed to the Americans that the Californians were moved to hostile attitude by the indiscreet actions of the Americans themselves.<sup>25</sup> But on the whole the sentiment among the leading Californians was largely in favor of the Americans, and many who did not take up arms against their country at least did not support its material aid. *The Californian*, January 28, 1847, sought to inspire the Californians to support the American cause and allow no repetition of a recent outbreak. General Winfield Scott, in a proclamation to the Mexicans on August

23. Colton, Walter, *Three Years in California*, 376.

24. *Ibid.*, 375.

25. Letter of E. E. Pickett to General Kearny on public affairs, men and measures. *Unbound MSS.*, Bancroft Library, 147.

14, 1847 appealed to them to stand by the Americans against Mexico.<sup>26</sup> This sentiment on the part of the Californians was felt as far south as La Paz, Lower California, from which place H. W. Halleck, Lieutenant of Engineers, wrote to Colonel R. B. Mason that the inhabitants, acting under assurances from the United States Government that they would be protected in their rights, took up arms against their countrymen.<sup>27</sup> James Buchanan, Secretary of State, wrote from Washington on October 7, 1848, that while the population of California was composed largely of our own kindred, a large portion of them were former citizens of Mexico and ought to be treated with respect and kindness, and thus be made to feel that by changing their allegiance their home had become more prosperous and happy.<sup>28</sup>

**Sentiment against Slavery.**—Under the military government we find a strong sentiment for a free state. This is the more important when we realize that it was the question as to whether California should be slave or free territory which was destined to prevent the formation of a government by Congress. The points of view in Congress and California were exactly opposite. Congress considered the question as to its national importance; California considered it as it affected adaptability in local relationships; Congress considered the moral issue throughout the country; California considered feasibility of slave labor competing with white labor.

As early as June 26, 1847, it was predicted in *The Californian* that should the question of slavery ever be left to the vote of the people, they would decide against it almost unanimously, as not a single person could then be found who favored it. The sentiment was expressed that it was hoped that persons owning slaves would not bring them to California, as, first, California must "in the nature of things, be a free state when it becomes a state," and their slaves would be nothing to them; second, it would be unpleasant for the slave who would be ignored, while having a tendency to degrade white labor; and, third, the Indians were capable of furnishing all the required labor.

The sentiment was only intensified during the summer of 1848, when we find the statement that there was not a slave in California and that it was believed that the power of the government was inadequate to their general introduction, as any one introducing slaves would be apt to

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26. *The Californian*, Aug. 14, 1847.

27. *California Message and Correspondence*, 911.

28. *Ibid.*, 9.

meet with the loss of his property. Although seeking admission into the Union, the sentiment was expressed that "the simple recognition of slavery here would be looked upon as a greater misfortune to the territory, than though California had remained in its former state, or were at the present crisis abandoned to its fate," as "its recognition would blast the prospects of the country."<sup>29</sup> "Rather than put this blighting curse upon us, let us remain as we are, unacknowledged, unaided."<sup>30</sup>

This view was based upon the economic and social conditions of the country. Many of the immigrants were from the better classes, but in California all social barriers were broken down and all labored on the same level. The white men would not consent to wield the pick beside the black man. The result would inevitably follow that the industrious middle class which California wished to see would be driven to their homes. "We should look upon it as an unnecessary moral, intellectual, and social curse upon ourselves and posterity."<sup>31</sup> To the sentiment that slavery was neither needed nor desired, was added the argument that non-slave-holding states were comparatively much stronger than slave-holding states, as slavery stagnated the blood of a nation through its idea of the degradation of labor. Georgia was cited as an example, a state with an abundance of timber, but which imported its lumber from Maine. For these reasons the people believed that it was "in direct opposition to the spirit of our institutions and unworthy of the enlightened age in which we live."<sup>32</sup>

The period of the military governors, beginning with a strong sentiment on the part of the inhabitants that American government and institutions would soon be established in California, therefore ended with these hopes completely shattered. As we have seen, the military government, which began with a feeling of satisfaction on the part of the people under Commodore Sloat, had become complicated under Governors Stockton and Kearny. Under Governor Mason's wavering policy and the failure of his attempt to organize the government, the people felt that they had been misled. With the admission of California into the Union, the country was thrown into a period when the people felt that there was no definite existing government

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29. *The California Star*, March 25, 1848.

30. *Californian*, May 24, 1848.

31. *The California Star*, March 25, 1848.

32. *Californian*, May 24, 1848. Cf. *Ibid.*, Nov. 4, 1848.



to which all might look with assurance. The government failed to satisfy the demands of the people because of its legal limitations. The clamor of the people continued under the *de facto* government, which now forms our interesting study.

## Chapter V

### EXPRESSION OF SENTIMENT UNDER THE DE FACTO GOVERNMENT

**Attitude of President Polk and Governor Mason Toward the Military Government.**—By the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, February 2, 1848, California became an integral part of the United States. From that time California was no longer a conquered province under military occupation and the military government technically ceased to have any authority legally. President Polk recognized this and in his message to Congress, July 6, 1848, and again on December 5, 1848, urged Congress to take steps to provide for the regularly organized government of California, for, "since the cession of California to the United States, the Mexican system has no longer any power, and since the law resulting from our military occupation has come to an end by the ratification of the treaty of peace the country is without an organized government, and will be until Congress shall act."<sup>1</sup> Governor Mason, fully aware of the existing sentiment among the people and the difficulty of the situation, wrote, "What right or authority have I to exercise civil control in time of peace in a territory of the United States? Or, if sedition or rebellion should arise, where is my force to meet it?"<sup>2</sup>

**"Administration Theory."**—Under these uncertain and puzzling conditions we find two incompatible theories brought forward. The first, often called the "administration theory," was definitely set forth by Secretary of State, James A. Buchanan, in his dispatch of October 7, 1848.<sup>3</sup> He stated that, "The termination of the war left an existing government, a government *de facto*, in full operation; and this will continue, with the presumed consent of the people, until Congress shall provide for them a territorial government." This, he said, found its justification in the great law of necessity, for no people could desire to abrogate an existing government, "when the alternative presented would be to place themselves in a state of anarchy, beyond the protection of all laws, and reduce them to the unhappy necessity of submitting to the dominion of the strongest."

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1. *Ex. Doc.*, 2 Sess., 30 Cong., H. R., I, 12. Cf. Willey, Samuel H., *The Transition Period of California*, 77.

2. Willey, S. H., *op. cit.*, 77.

3. *California Message and Correspondence*, 7-8.

As a matter of fact, this was the policy which Governor Mason had followed after the reception in August of the news of peace, presenting as it did practically the only method by which he could preserve a semblance of government. At the same time he had written to the War Department on August 14, 1848:<sup>4</sup>

I am fully aware that in taking these steps I have no other authority than that the existing government must necessarily continue until some other is organized to take its place, for I have been left without any definite instructions in reference to the existing state of affairs. But the calamities and disorders which would surely follow the absolute withdrawal of even a show of authority, impose on me in my opinion, the imperative duty to pursue the course I have indicated until the arrival of dispatches from Washington. . . . relative to the organization of a regular government. In the meantime, however, should the people refuse to obey the existing authorities, or the merchants refuse to pay any duties, my power is inadequate to compel obedience.

**Governor Mason Promises a Provisional Government.**  
—Agitation continued. There were in California lovers of law and order who were anxious to have definite steps taken for the speedy establishment of a territorial government. These leaders of the public opinion were not slow to realize their power. Governor Mason, anxious to relieve the strained condition, finally, after a conference with Commodore Jones, recommended, in default of Congressional action, the "appointment of delegates by the people, to frame laws, and make other necessary arrangements for the Provisional Government for California."<sup>5</sup> He even stated that "To forward the movement, and produce a revenue for the support of the government formed, preventing a recourse to taxation," he would "give over to its constituted authorities, the entire collection of customs at the several ports of California."

Doubtless feeling the strength of their position through the open support of the Governor, the movement for a Provisional Government became of the first importance. *The California Star and Californian* published many editorials in December, 1848, and January, 1849,<sup>6</sup> with the object of more fully acquainting the public with the general movement and arousing public interest. The sentiment is expressed in the following:<sup>7</sup>

We are now virtually without law, and if ever its absence threatened serious evils to the country, it is at the present time. Our Military and Naval commandants recognize in the people a right—nay, en-

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4. Rodman, Willoughby, *History of the Bench and Bar of Southern California*, 17-18.

5. *The California Star and Californian*, Nov. 25, 1848.

6. Cf. *Ibid.*, Dec. 2, 16, 23, 1848, and Jan. 4, 1849.

7. *Op. cit.*, Dec. 2, 1848.



join it as a duty, to provide for themselves a government, recommending delay only until it be ascertained whether or not the Congress of the United States, at its last session, produced the long-awaited organization . . . . . We address our countrymen, then, upon the claims an organization for the promotion of our country's welfare has upon their immediate attention, as a free and law abiding people. We hope every true American citizen will lend hand and influence, firstly, in rearing up a wise government, secondly, in its undaunted support.

**Mass Meetings Express Dissatisfaction of the People with the De Facto Government.**—With the arrival of the *St. Marys* and its news of the failure of Congressional action, the people believed the question of a territorial organization to be settled; and they immediately set about to prepare for themselves a provisional government. "The cause is urgent and the times will admit of no delay."<sup>8</sup> Upon the same date upon which this news was published, a lengthy editorial, entitled "Private Rights and Public Wrongs," expressed the sentiment existing against the *alcalde* form of government and that "They must perceive that some CHANGE is necessary, and from these peculiar circumstances, the sooner they can create it the better for the public peace and general good."<sup>9</sup>

Mass meetings, expressing the sentiment of those who were dissatisfied with the *de facto* form of government,<sup>10</sup> were held on December 11, 1848, at San Jose; on December 21, at San Francisco; and on January 6 and 8, 1849, at Sacramento.<sup>11</sup> The larger and more outspoken meetings of San Francisco claimed that the United States had been trifling with California, and that no time should be lost in the formation of a government. It is not to be inferred that these meetings were the result of a hasty action on the

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8. *The California Star and Californian*, Dec. 16, 1848.

9. *Ibid.*, Dec. 16, 23, 1848. Regarding the *alcaldes*, the article states: "The existence or establishment of these officers, was the result of necessity. They governed by necessity, and they were continued in office by the military authorities, by virtue of necessity, without the aid of legislation, which was felt to be a serious evil. . . . When we consider what the real power, office and duties of the *alcaldes* are, when we consider the gross assumption of power, the many tyrannical partialities, abuses and violations, some of them made upon the private rights of our citizens; when we hear them assert that their power is uncontrolled; when we see them exercise the power of their office to sustain these invasions on our rights; when we know from a knowledge of their private character that they are both incapable and unworthy to fill the office, or to dispense justice; certainly if the people desire to protect their rights, secure the certainty of receiving justice, without the necessity of showing who has the "biggest pile," they must perceive that some CHANGE is necessary, and from these peculiar circumstances, the sooner they can create it the better for the public peace and general good."

10. Cardinal Goodwin states that the immediate occasion of the agitation for these assemblies was a murder committed in the mining district, cited in *The Star and Californian* for Dec. 2, 1848, coupled with the fact that at about the same time Congress had adjourned without providing a territorial government, several companies of immigrants arrived in California, many of whom had assisted in forming independent governments in Oregon and "Deseret." Goodwin, *Establishment of State Government in California*, 71.

11. Cf. See the *Alta California* for Jan. 4, 25, 1849.

part of the inhabitants. The necessity of some action on the part of the people was obvious.<sup>12</sup> Steps should be taken to provide a government for the country in the event that Congress failed to do so at the present session. The San Jose convention recommended that a convention be held in that place on the second Monday in January for the purpose of organizing a provisional government for the territory.<sup>13</sup> The San Francisco assembly recommended the 5th day of March, which was later changed to May 1st<sup>14</sup> by the Correspondence Committee for the District of San Francisco.<sup>15</sup> Later the Committee of Correspondence recommended the postponement of the convention to the 6th of May. The time was finally changed by the Legislative Assembly of San Francisco from May to the third Monday in August.<sup>16</sup>

The postponement of this convention found its justification in the desire of the people to have all parts of the country represented, coupled with the hope that news might be received of the establishment of a territorial government by Congress, rendering action on their part unnecessary. It was also stated that "the public mind is in want of time to digest and settle the various points that are likely to arise in so important a proceeding, in order that the delegates may come to the Convention prepared to carry out the wishes of their constituents."<sup>17</sup>

The democratic character of the movement is seen in the fact that it was urged that the convention should be a representative body and "should be composed of men from all classes and nations." This was meant to apply particularly to the Californians, and it was urged that measures be taken to engage them in the work. "Let all be made to un-

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12. We quote from the *Alta California*, Jan. 4, 1849: "It certainly is not necessary in calling public attention to this matter, that we should point out the insecurity of our present position. Recent events have made that fact too sadly familiar. What, then, can we urge to induce action and exertion? If the dangers we all run be not enough to induce the staid, reputable and responsible people of the country to come forward and unite as one man to build up a form of Provisional Government, which will preserve the rights of, and mete out justice to, all, we shall then be obliged to continue our present system of "Lynch Law"—a system that, in its best features, is only worthy of barbarians—a system that is without a controlling power—without a steadfast guide, and that is, therefore, liable to fluctuate as the public feeling that directs changes—a system that, having no settled rule of action, is as likely to turn its destroying hands against the good as the bad."

13. *Ibid.*, Jan. 4, 1849.

14. *Ibid.*, Jan. 25, 1849.

15. This was urged in a letter written to the San Francisco Committee of Correspondence by Walter Colton, D. Spence, Milton Little and W. E. P. Hartnell from Monterey, Jan. 16th. Cf. *Alta California*, Feb. 1, 1849.

16. This recommendation was made by the Legislative Assembly in opposition to the authority of the next governor, General Riley, who called upon the people to convene in Monterey on September 1st. A lengthy report of this action is found in the *Alta California* for June 14, 1849.

17. *Ibid.*, Jan. 4, 1849.

derstand that a Provisional Government is not a government for Americans alone, but that every *bona fide* resident of California is equally interested in, and should exert his influence for, the promotion of so good a cause."<sup>18</sup> The extended time would allow the delegates from the more distant districts ample time to come prepared to give a full and fair expression to the wishes of those they represented.

**"Settler's Theory."**—The people of California, in thus planning to take into their own hands the administration of the government, were acting in opposition to the so called "administration theory" which stated that the laws already in force remained in force until altered by competent authority. Doubtless they found some justification for their acts<sup>19</sup> in a letter from Senator Benton of Missouri<sup>20</sup> which was published in the *Alta California* on July 11, 1849.

In this he advocated what since has been termed the "settler's theory" or the Benton theory. According to this theory the Mexican civil law was suspended with the annexation of California by the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, when California came under the laws of the United States. Congress having failed to provide a government, it was the duty of the people to provide one for themselves.

Having no lawful government, nor lawful officers, you can get none except by your own act; you can have none that can have authority over you except by your own consent. Its sanction must be in the will of the majority. I recommend you to meet in convention—provide for a

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18. *Ibid.*

19. The *Alta California* for Jan. 18, 1849, in commenting on the letter, says: "His recommendations to the people of this country, . . . are substantially what the citizens are now acting on; and with the sanction of his great name it is to be hoped that the cause of Provisional Government will not be allowed to retrograde."

20. This letter, written at Washington, Aug. 27, 1848, entitled "To the PEOPLE of California," was taken by the *Alta California* from the *New York Courier and Enquirer* of Oct. 13, 1848. We quote somewhat at length because of the definite statement of principle and because of the influence which it doubtless had upon the people of California, coming during the period of their conventions:

"The treaty with Mexico makes you citizens of the United States; Congress has not yet passed the laws to give you the blessings of our government; and it may be some time before it does so. In the meantime, while your condition is anomalous and critical, it calls for the exercise of the soundest discretion and the most exalted patriotism on your part. The temporary civil and military government established over you as a right of war is at an end. The edicts promulgated by your temporary Governors Kearny and Mason (each an ignoramus), so far as these edicts went to change the laws of the land, are null and void, and were so from the beginning, for the laws of a country remain in force unless altered by the proper legislative authority, and no legislative authority has yet altered the laws which existed at the time of your conquest. The laws of California are still what they were, and are sufficient for your present protection, with some slight additions derived from your voluntary consent, and administered by officers of your own election. Having no lawful government, nor lawful officers, you can get none except by your own act; you can have none that can have authority over you except by your own consent. Its sanction must be in the will of the majority."



cheap and simple government—and take care of yourselves until congress can provide for you. <sup>21</sup>

Senator Benton stated that two years previously he had addressed a similar letter to the people of Oregon, recommending to them that they submit to their own voluntary government, and “promised them eventual protection from our laws if they so conducted themselves. They did; and the promise has been fulfilled. I now make the same promise to you, in the name of many others as well as myself; and I hope to see it fulfilled on the same conditions.”

**Practical Application of the “Settler’s Theory” by Legislative Bodies.**—The sentiment existing in San Francisco against the old Mexican form of government and the popular desire for the American form of government is seen in the practical application of the Benton theory through the removal of the alcalde, Dr. Leavenworth, who had obtained office under the old system. The people of San Francisco wished to set up a new form of city government “better calculated to meet the requirements, and more adapted to the prejudices and habits of a large Yankee town, such as it had now become, and with which the actual order of things was now utterly at variance.”<sup>22</sup>

The aristocratic element in the town wished to maintain the Mexican system until it was known what action the United States government would take on the subject of the government of California. The Democratic party insisted on taking matters into its own hands, and proceeded to do so at once, appointing the necessary officials. We find the anomalous condition of two town councils existing side by side.<sup>23</sup> The alcalde entered a protest against the action of the new council, but we see the strength of the sentiment for a new government in the fact that the court sustained the new order.

Finally the citizens of San Francisco took the matter up in general mass meeting, held in Portsmouth Square on February 12, 1849. At this time resolutions were passed asking both town councils to resign, and appointing an

21. It may be questioned as to whether Senator Benton really desired to have his letter broadly interpreted to mean that the Californians should organize a territorial or state government, an interpretation which has generally been assumed, for he goes on from this point to state: “You need a governor and judges, and some peace and militia officers—that is about all. The Roman civil law, which is the basis of your law, is just and wise, and only needs to be administered by upright judges (Alcaldes), whom you should elect. Avoid new codes of law until introduced by permanent authority. You need little at present, in addition to what you have, and that your convention can give you, to-wit: Elections, trial by jury, and courts of ‘Reconciliation.’ The latter is for the termination of disputes without law, by the mediation of the judge; it is easily engrafted on the Roman civil law, which you have, and which favors arbitration and amicable settlements.”

22. Ryan, Wm. R., *Personal Adventures in Upper and Lower California*, 250.

23. *Alta California*, Jan. 4, 11, 18, 25, 1849, et seq.

election of fifteen town councillors, who were to form the Legislative Assembly of San Francisco. It was in the midst of these embarrassing conditions that Brigadier-General Riley arrived in San Francisco on March 31, 1849, to succeed Governor Mason. The alcalde, Dr. Leavenworth, upon being ordered to give up the town documents and legal papers, refused, supported by General Persifor Smith, and appealed to Governor Riley.<sup>24</sup> Riley vacillated between the policy of upholding the "administration theory" or the "settler's theory". Although acting against the advice of Commodore Apperson C. Jones and I. L. Folsom,<sup>25</sup> he issued on the fourth of June a proclamation which stated that Mexican law, in the person of the alcalde, should be upheld, and declared the legislative assembly an illegal body, forbidding the payment of taxes to it.<sup>26</sup> But later coming to San Francisco, and "finding that, in spite of the political change, things were going on as usual, he . . . left the two parties to settle their differences as best they could."<sup>27</sup>

The Democrats felt that by his action Governor Riley had favored their cause and they were jubilant. But the new government did not work well, because of the incompetent character of its officers, and hence it did not meet with public approbation. Being unable to collect taxes, the Democrats were at length brought to such straits that they were compelled to resign. Better men were elected and the aspect of things soon changed for the better.

The sentiment for better government was so strong that three such legislative bodies were organized, those of San Francisco, Sonoma and Sacramento. "Other movements of the kind were threatened, and doubtless would have followed in other sections of the Territory, had they not been arrested by the formation of a State Government."<sup>28</sup>

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24. Letter of T. M. Leavenworth to Governor Riley, asking a fair investigation of any criminal charge. *Unbound MSS.*, Bancroft Library, 64.

25. *Unbound MSS.*, Bancroft Library, 55. The strong sentiment against the old form of government is seen when Captain I. L. Folsom writes to Governor Riley that Leavenworth's doings will arouse again the old machinery of discord—that it was his intention to get up such troubles as will give him a new hold on his office or make the present one lucrative. See letter of T. H. Green to Thomas O. Larkin, June 28, 1849. *Vallejo MSS.*, Vol XXXV, 132: ". . . do all you can to have General Riley put a stop to Leavenworth proceeding as we all know he has no right to interfere in this business. If he attempts it will make a great disturbance here."

26. *The Annals of San Francisco*, 221-222. The answer of the Legislative Assembly of San Francisco to the attack of General Riley, when he referred to it as a body of men which "has usurped powers which are invested only on Congress," is found in the issues of the *Alta California* for July 19, July 26 and Aug. 9, 1849.

27. Ryan, Wm. R., *Personal Adventures in Upper and Lower California*, II, 256.

28. Report of T. Butler King, found in Appendix to Bayard Taylor's *Eldorado*, 1850 Ed., 203.

From these facts it is evident that the existing local conditions were obnoxious to the people, and that a sentiment existed among them to take matters into their own hands should Congress fail to provide the desired government. Yet they were anxious to take no action which would be contrary to American principles and laws, and desired only to act when every chance of relief from Congress seemed to have vanished.

**Governor Riley Becomes De Facto Governor.**—With Governor Riley's entrance upon public duties on April 12, 1849, the office of Governor had taken on a new aspect. He came in a civil as well as military capacity.<sup>29</sup> He stated in his proclamation of June 3, 1849;<sup>30</sup>

The undersigned, in accordance with instructions from the Secretary of War, has assumed the administration of civil affairs in California, not as a *military* Governor, but as the executive of the existing civil government. In the absence of a properly appointed civil Governor, the commanding officer of the Department, is, by the laws of California, *ex officio* civil Governor of the country, and the instructions from Washington were based on the provisions of these laws. This subject has been misrepresented or at least misconceived, and currency given to the impression that the government of the country is still *military*. Such is not the fact. The military government ended with the war, and what remains is the *civil* government recognized in the existing laws of California. Although the command of the troops in this department and the administration of civil affairs in California, are, by the existing laws of the country and the instructions of the President of the United States, temporarily lodged in the hands of the same individual, they are separate and distinct.

He realized the delicacy of the situation and the difficulty of administering the law in a country which was neither under military control, a state, nor an organized territory. He determined to keep the civil authority as much concealed as possible, and in so far as possible to allay any ill feeling toward the *de facto* government.

**Governor Riley Calls the Constitutional Convention and the People Accede.**—Governor Riley was quick to feel the sentiment and realized that a government must be formed for the people or they would form one for themselves. He became cognizant at once of the movement for a provisional government; but realized that according to the "administration theory" under which he labored, that

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29. See Orders of Asst. Adj. Gen. Edward Canby, issued by order of General Riley, *Vallejo MSS.*, Bancroft Library, XIII, 16, 17; also in *Alta California*, June 21, 1849. We quote from *Vallejo MSS.*, 16: "Administration of civil affairs in California and the command of the troops in this Department, although from the force of peculiar circumstances lodged in the hands of the same individual, are entirely separate and distinct."

30. This "Proclamation to the People" is found in the *Alta California* for June 14, 1849.



the movement in order to be effective must be directed by the civil governor. This movement was assuming alarming proportions. The people were restive under the lack of restraining power in the presence of crime, says the *Placer Times*, for, "never since the discovery of gold have we acquired the presence of military power, as now."<sup>31</sup>

Governor Riley therefore determined that in the event of the failure of Congress to act, he would permit the people to form a government for themselves.<sup>32</sup> When, therefore, the arrival of the steamer *Edith* on May 28, 1849, brought the official news that the thirtieth Congress had adjourned without providing a territorial government, he issued a proclamation, June 3, calling for the election of delegates to meet in Monterey on September 1, for the purpose of forming a constitutional government.<sup>33</sup> In the meantime the sentiment for better present conditions was acceded to through the provisions in the same proclamation calling for the general election of officers under the existing laws, who were to put into effect the present form of government until a new government could be put into operation.

He stated that since Congress had failed to organize a territorial government, the needs of the country demanded that he assume the duty as civil governor. There was a strong tendency to refuse to recognize his authority to act as civil governor. This sentiment was so strong in San Francisco that there was a public assembly of citizens on June 12, which resolved not to respond to this "yielding to military authority in civil affairs."<sup>34</sup> However, delegates chosen by them to frame a constitution realized that it would be better to cooperate with Governor Riley, and issued an address on June 18 stating that they considered it best, "as a matter of expediency,"<sup>35</sup> to adopt the plan proposed by

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31. *Placer Times*, May 5, 1849.

32. Letter of H. W. Halleck to Col. J. D. Stevenson, Monterey, June 1, 1849. *Leidesdorff MSS.*, Huntington Library.

33. This proclamation is found in the *Alta California* for June 14, 1849; *Vallejo MSS.*, Bancroft Library, XXXV, 124; and in *California Message and Correspondence*, 776.

34. Willey, *The Transition Period of California*, 87; Cf. *Alta California*, June 14, 1849. This feeling was increased by Governor Riley's proclamation of June 4, in which he denounced the Legislative Assembly as an illegal body.

35. *The Annals of San Francisco*, 222.

Riley.<sup>36</sup> The same sentiment existed in other parts of the country,<sup>37</sup> and accordingly the delegates were duly elected.

**Constitutional Convention Favored by President Taylor, Governor Riley and T. Butler King.**—The sentiment of the people to accede to Governor Riley's call for a Constitutional Convention found its justification in three conditions. First, they were following the wishes of President Taylor, who had succeeded President Polk in March; second, General Riley was carrying out the wishes of the administration; third, their fears along this line, if they had any, were relieved by the presence of T. Butler King, who had been sent from Washington to California in March, 1849, under the new Taylor administration, and who also was urging the formation of an adequate system of government.<sup>38</sup> For these reasons we find the better judgment of the people ruling and the expression of sentiment on their part not to take any step which would be contrary to the interests of state organization.

Taylor stated in his report to Congress, that he had expressed his desire to the people of the Territories, added as a result of the Treaty with Mexico, that they independently form a State Constitution and submit the same to Congress for approval.<sup>39</sup> At the same time he emphasized that this was to be the result of their own deliberate choice.

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36. "While we were satisfied that our position was right, we preferred patient and peaceful means to attain a satisfactory solution of the difficulty. . . . We all agreed as to the *main* purpose, and our committee determined not to disagree about subordinate matters." Peter Burnett's *Recollections of the Past, MSS.*, Bancroft Library, 120.

37. "We deny his right to govern us, but we cannot conceal from ourselves that the only remedy for our present deplorable situation is to pursue the course recommended in his proclamation, as far as regards the organization of a state government." *Placer Times*, June 23, 1849.

38. Cf. Willey, *The Transition Period of California*, 89.

39. Report of Zachary Taylor to the House of Representatives of the United States, *California Message and Correspondence*, 1-2:

"I did not hesitate to express to the people of those Territories my desire that each Territory should, if prepared to comply with the Constitution of the United States, form a plan of a State constitution and submit the same to Congress, with a prayer for admission into the Union as a State; but I did not anticipate, suggest, or authorize the establishment of any such government without the assent of Congress; nor did I authorize any government, agent, or officer to interfere with or exercise any influence or control over the election of delegates, or over any convention, in making or modifying their domestic institutions or any of the provisions of their proposed constitution. On the contrary, the instructions given by my orders were, that all measures of domestic policy adopted by the people of California must originate solely with themselves; that while the Executive of the United States was desirous to protect them in the formation of any government republican in its character, to be, at the proper time submitted to Congress, yet it was to be distinctly understood that the plan of such a government must, at the same time, be the result of their own deliberate choice, and originate with themselves, without the interference of the Executive. . . . In advising an early application of the people of these Territories for admission as States, I was actuated principally by an earnest desire to afford to the wisdom and patriotism of Congress the opportunity of avoiding occasions of bitter and angry dissensions among the people of the United States."

Letters written from Washington by George W. Crawford, Secretary of War, to General Riley show that Riley's action in allowing the people to form a government would and did meet with approval in Washington. On June 26, 1849, George Crawford wrote:<sup>40</sup>

The United States are doubly bound to admit the newly acquired Territories—California and New Mexico—into the confederacy of the States. It is not necessary to inquire whether the first step, in view of the proposed incorporation, should be taken by the people of the territories or by the invitation of Congress. In either case, the final judgment rests with Congress. Hence the opinion is advocated that it is the right of the people of California to assemble by their delegates and adopt a form of government which, if approved by Congress, may lead to their admission into the federal Union as one of the confederated States.

A second letter written by him on August 24, 1849, states:<sup>41</sup> Regarding your proclamation of the 3rd of June last as a notice intended, in part, to render popular action uniform in respect to the desired organization of California into a more perfect government, it is seen with great satisfaction that your propositions had been accepted with great cheerfulness and alacrity, except in a few instances, where it is supposed selfish and unpatriotic motives prevail.

In a letter of appointment of T. Butler King, it was stated that he was "fully possessed of the President's views" and could with propriety "suggest to the people of California the adoption of measures best calculated to give them effect." But it was added that:<sup>42</sup>

These measures must, of course, originate solely with themselves. Assure them of the sincere desire of the Executive of the United States to protect and defend them in the formation of any government, republican in its character, hereafter to be submitted to Congress, which shall be the result of their own deliberate choice. But let it be at the same time, distinctly understood by them that the plan of such a government must originate with themselves, and without the interference of the Executive.

**"Taxation without Representation."**—In studying the sentiment of the people for a peaceable statehood, we must not be unmindful of the fact that California was persisting in this endeavor in spite of the fact that she considered that she was being wronged by the mother country at home. The stormy session of the last night of the thirtieth Congress ended at four o'clock in the morning without providing a legal government for California but extending the revenue laws of the United States over California. The people protested that they were thus heavily taxed without being provided a government for their protection, or laws which they could understand, or allowed the rights of

40. *California Message and Correspondence*, 276.

41. *Ibid.*, 279-80.

42. Letter of John M. Clayton to Hon. Thomas Butler King, Apr. 3, 1849. *California Message and Correspondence*, 10.



representation in Congress.<sup>43</sup> They said with bitterness that the principle of "No taxation without representation" upon which our republic was founded had become a fallacy, and "that the high qualities of endurance and courage which that principle called into action were exerted to no purpose—and that the glorious galaxy of statesmen and warriors who have been the boast and pride of their country so long, were misguided and mistaken men."<sup>44</sup>

Even Walter Colton, ever loyal to the home government, points out the injustice in this respect. He tells how farmers had been robbed of their stock to meet the exigencies of war. He emphasizes the unjust taxation of the comforts and necessities of life. Food, raiment, plows, anvils, blankets, salt, shingles, windows, even the "nail that bound your coffin" were taxed.<sup>45</sup> Colton points out that this injustice is the more to be wondered at when we realize that it was forced at a time when there was but little specie in the country. This condition was not remedied by the discovery of gold, for that valuable mineral was "extorted" at ten dollars an ounce when its real value to our mints was eighteen dollars. "If this be not robbery, will some one define what that word means? It was worse than robbery—it was swindling under the color of the law. All this has been carried on against a community without a representative in our national legislature, and without any civil benefits in return."<sup>46</sup> Colton concludes by saying that this money, which had been taken "under the naked dictates of arbitrary power" should be placed at the disposal of the state of California.

**Custom House Conditions Undesireable.**—Conditions existing in the custom houses increased the sentiment for better American administration. During the Mexican regime there had been no home manufacture and the duties imposed of foreign imports had not been felt by the Californians.<sup>47</sup> Governor Mason on October 9, 1847, issued a proclamation that he would delay the imposition of the heavy duties directed to be levied in all the ports in possession of the American forces, with the understanding that the quiet and tranquility of the country be maintained; but should the people of the country again seek to oppose the

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43. Report of T. Butler King, Appendix to Bayard Taylor's *Eldorado*, 1850 Ed., ¶I, 203: Address of the Legislative Assembly of San Francisco, *Alta California*, June 14, 1849.

44. From the erratic editorial entitled, "A Legal Outrage," in the *Alta California* for June 12, 1849.

45. Colton, Walter, *Three Years in California*, 397.

46. *Ibid.*, 398.

47. *The Californian*, Feb. 20, 1847.

flag of the United States, he would immediately proceed to levy these military contributions.<sup>48</sup> This act was doubtless done with the object of increasing American sentiment among the native Californians. It was stated that although the Californians were at the time not aiding Mexico, and were even furnishing supplies for the Americans, it was probably a good measure as the Californians had been promised that the onerous Mexican tariff would not be imposed upon them by the Americans. Delaying the operation of military duties would "tend very much to check any attempts at insurrection."<sup>49</sup>

With the increase of population and greater expense of the government the enforcement of the revenue laws became a necessity, although Mason recommended on January 1, 1849, that they be not too stringently enforced.<sup>50</sup> The custom house department was spoken of as being remarkable for the "insolence of the officials, and the arbitrary demeanor of the autocratic collector."<sup>51</sup> E. Harrison, who had been appointed collector of the port of San Francisco by the Governor in 1849,<sup>52</sup> kept no account of receipts and expenses. The money was put into a sack without making any book account of it; and the sacks, upon being filled, were put under the counter until such time as Uncle Sam desired them. When James Collier arrived with President Taylor's commission to assume the office, no account could be given of the amount thus stowed away.<sup>53</sup> Well it might be asked, "What becomes of the funds collected from the Customs at San Francisco?"<sup>54</sup> But after the admission of California into the Union, business went on more "methodically and legally" as had been predicted.<sup>55</sup>

**Sentiment for an Independent Government.**—References are made to the existence of a sentiment for an independent government. William A. Leidesdorff, in the summer of 1848, wrote to Governor Mason that the persons opposed to Mr. Hyde were open advocates of having California under an independent government and not being a territory of the United States. He said that they were anxious to get possession of the office in order to execute their designs in which they were supported by Mormon influ-

48. *Californian*, Oct. 20, 1847.

49. *Ibid.*

50. *California Message and Correspondence*, 686.

51. Kelly, Wm., *An Excursion to California*, Note, 250.

52. Grey, Wm., *A Picture of Pioneer Times in California*, 90.

53. *California Message and Correspondence*, 25, 29, gives Collier's description of the poor condition of the custom house; also, Grey, *A Picture of Pioneer Times in California*, 90-91.

54. *Placer Times*, Sept. 1, 1849.

55. Kelly, Wm., *An Excursion to California*, Note 250.

ence.<sup>56</sup> H. W. Halleck, writing to Col. J. D. Stevenson from Monterey on June 1, 1849, regarding the governmental situation, stated that most of the people preferred a state government but that a territorial would undoubtedly be the cheapest, adding, "It is nonsense, in my opinion, to organize an independent provisional government for the people will not submit to be taxed for its support."<sup>57</sup> Peter Burnett, the first Governor of the State of California, claims that, "There was not the slightest ground for the charge, that the people of California desired to establish an Independent Government; and I can only believe, that it was made through mistaken information, based solely on suspicion, in the minds of General Riley's informants."<sup>58</sup>

It was doubtless this sentiment which caused Governor Riley to issue from San Francisco on June 22, 1849, a statement that instructions received by the steamer *Panama* since the issuance of his proclamation on July 3, state that "the plan of establishing an Independent Government in California cannot be sanctioned, no matter from what source it may come," whereupon he urged all to send delegates to the Convention on September 1.<sup>59</sup> The same issue of the *Alta California* which made this announcement, hotly denied that such an idea had ever been even contemplated:

The idea of establishing an Independent Government here—thus cutting ourselves off from the Union and from all protection of the mother country—and erecting a petty state to be the sport and play of all the great powers of the world, that may think it their *interest* or *whim* to insult and plunder us, certainly never was contemplated by our people here. Why then, are we charged with such an absurd and criminal attempt? Have the authorities at Washington been deceived as to the true state of things here? How have they come to be so mistaken? There is a great mistake somewhere. Either the people of California are *not only* too ignorant to govern themselves, as Mr. Clayton of Delaware said, but they are so very ignorant as not even to know what they did attempt or intend; or the authorities at Washington are grossly mistaken.

**Benefit of Conflicting Sentiments.**—It was fortunate for the people of California that the controversy regarding the *de facto* government arose, for it resulted in the early formation of a State Government and settled the question in a satisfactory manner for all. "Had General Riley conceded the right of the people of California to organize a provisional government for themselves, then they would have been most probably, content with their condition for

56. *Unbound MSS.*, Bancroft Library, 68.

57. *Leidesdorff MSS.*

58. Burnett, Peter H., *Recollections of the Past*, MSS., II, 122.

59. *Alta California*, July 12, 1849.



some time to come; and had the people quietly submitted to his government the organization of the State would have been, most likely, delayed for an indefinite time."<sup>60</sup> Everything seemed to conspire to bring about the desired result. The primary movements for the organization of a civil government had no connection with instructions from Washington. The movement, led at first by the larger cities, spread to the smaller communities. It was the result of the existing sentiment for a satisfactory government. The people who had so long suffered from the poor administration of laws unknown to them, were destined as a result of the opposing influences to work out for themselves the solution to their own problems,—a State Government.

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60. Burnett, Peter, *Recollections of the Past*, MSS., II, 118-19.

## Chapter VI

### THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION

**Reception of Governor Riley's Proclamation.**—Governor Riley's proclamation calling upon the people to elect delegates to a Constitutional Convention was issued from Monterey, June 3, 1849, and published in San Francisco, June 14, 1849. His right to summon such a convention was strongly challenged in several cities. The strongest opposition being made in San Francisco, where the Legislative Assembly had already received his official disapproval. As late as July 12, 1849, an editorial in the *Alta California* urged the people to form a mere temporary provisional government. They stated that according to the President the *de facto* government continued after the war with the "*presumed consent of the inhabitants*," that the President therefore placed the "source of authority" in the "CONSENT of the inhabitants." They said that Governor Riley in his "Orders" of the 8th of May<sup>1</sup> had stated that he had no right to change or modify the existing government. Therefore they believed that it was the duty of the people to organize a temporary provisional government.

The general sentiment among the people was that the course outlined by General Riley was the best to pursue, even though it did not meet with a favorable reception among the "politicians of San Francisco."<sup>2</sup> These same politicians, as previously noted, did later acquiesce in Governor Riley's plan on June 18, from the point of view of expediency. The *Alta California* stated on June 21 that it was free to confess that he had done no more "than carry out the *letter of his instructions*. The evils resulting are undoubtedly more the fault of his predecessor and instructions, than any disposition on the gallant old General's part to circumscribe the liberties or defeat the wishes of the people of this and other districts." Monterey expressed strong sentiment against the radical action of the Legislative Assembly of San Francisco, affirming in its resolutions,<sup>3</sup>

that we will not directly or indirectly, countenance or support any illegally constituted bodies claiming Legislative powers, or obey any laws enacting from such bodies; and we would advise all persons to

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1. The Orders of May 8, 1849, are given in the *Alta California* for June 21, 1849.

2. *Placer Times*, June 23, 1849.

3. *Alta California*, July 12, 1849.

disregard the enactments of such illegal and self constituted powers, as it will only involve them in difficulties of the most serious character.

Sacramento likewise opposed General Riley in his assumption of civil authority, but it also did this, it said, "not so much because we think that his government would prove inimical to our rights and interests, but for the reason that his government is one that is legally incompatible with the constitution of the country."<sup>4</sup> They said that the movement to organize a provisional government the preceding winter had failed from lack of concerted action, this would be avoided by the execution of Riley's proclamation, which they therefore advocated. "We still adhere to the opinion that the course it recommends is the only one left to us."

#### Expression of Sentiment in Preliminary Meetings.—

General Riley in his proclamation had left the people free to decide for themselves the kind of a government which they would form, by stating that the call was for a "general convention for forming a State Constitution or a plan for Territorial government."<sup>5</sup> Preliminary meetings held in the various districts revealed the attitude of the people as to whether the new government should be state or territorial. The meeting at San Jose on June 2, at which Kimball H. Dimmick presided, spoke of the neglect of Congress in its failure to provide a "territorial government" and passed resolutions calling for the election of delegates "with the avowed object of forming a State constitution, to be presented to the Congress of the United States, for admission into the Union."<sup>6</sup> The people of San Diego on July 3 adopted such measures as they considered proper to have their district "represented in the convention to frame a constitution and organize a *State* government for California."<sup>7</sup> Almost unconsciously these words reveal the growing feeling among the people that only a State government would meet the needs of the country. Conditions at this period were very different from conditions in 1846 when the first number of California's first newspaper, *The Californian*, had stated that they would "advocate a territorial relation of California to the United States, till the number of her inhabitants is such that she can be admitted a member of that glorious confederacy."<sup>8</sup> The "number of her inhabitants" had now reached such proportions that a territorial government would not meet the needs of the

4. From the editorial entitled, "Shall We Have a Government," found in the *Placer Times*, June 23, 1849.

5. *Alta California*, June 14, 1849.

6. *Ibid.*, June 21, 1849.

7. *Ibid.*, June 26, 1849.

8. *The Californian*, Aug. 15, 1846.



period, and instinctively most of the people expressed the desire for statehood, some slight opposition coming from the southern districts, as we will see later.

**Personnel of the Convention.**—The body of men meeting in Colton Hall, Monterey, September 1, 1849, in which young men of American birth were largely in the majority, was animated with the highest purpose of forming a democratic American system of government, and "no questions were asked whether a candidate was a Whig or a Democrat, or whether he was from the North or the South. The only object seemed to be, to find competent men who were willing to make the sacrifice of time which the proper discharge of their duties would require."<sup>9</sup> They had lived through the period of the military and *de facto* government in California, they knew the conditions existing throughout the country, they were acquainted with the sentiment of the people, and they had come with the desire to form a government which would meet the requirements of the period. All were men of independent thought, for many of the members of the western states voted independently of the speeches made. "A few of the members talked a good deal, and for the most part talked well, but it was surprising how little they influenced the votes."<sup>10</sup>

The election of the delegates was successfully carried on throughout the land, and the personnel of the Constitutional Convention was such as to well express the sentiment of the country. It was a representative body of forty-eight delegates, not men of learning primarily, but men vitally interested in the welfare of California. They were not impetuous gold seekers, for twenty-two had been in California more than three years, twenty-eight had come before the gold discovery, and seven were native Californians needing an interpreter.

**Sentiment for State Government.**—The sentiment of the delegates regarding state or territorial government was the first important question which arose for consideration. When William Gwin proposed the resolution "That a select committee, composed of two delegates be appointed by the President from each district, to report the plan or any portion of the plan of a State Constitution for the action of this body,"<sup>11</sup> it was found that objection was made on the ground that not all might favor a State Constitution. A

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9. Report of T. Butler King, Appendix to Bayard Taylor, *Eldorado*, II, 207.

10. Willey, *The Transition Period of California*, 94.

11. Browne, J. Ross, *Report of the Debates in the Convention of California*, 19. Hereafter referred to as Browne, *Debates*.

few of the delegates from the southern part of the country desired a territorial form of government, for the large land holders in the south did not wish to be taxed for the support of a state government. This small minority<sup>12</sup> even suggested that "if a Territorial Government could not be formed for the whole country, that the country should be so divided as to allow them that form, while the northern population might adopt a State Government if they preferred it."<sup>13</sup> However, Mr. Foster from Los Angeles said that "he did not believe that a majority of his constituents wished a separation. There was no doubt they desired a Territorial Government, but he believed they would prefer to bear their share of the burden of a State Government rather than divide the country."<sup>14</sup> The idea was prevalent that the sentiment of the native Californians was opposed to a State Government. Exception to this was taken by Mr. Dimmick, who said that—<sup>15</sup>

He was satisfied from the conversations he had had with them, that they were nearly unanimous in favor of a State Government. As to the line of distinction attempted to be drawn between native Californians and Americans, he knew no such distinction himself; his constituents knew none. They all claimed to be Americans. . . . They all had one common interest at stake and one common object in view: The protection of government.

When the final vote was taken, twenty-eight were in favor of State Government, eight were in favor of Territorial Government. Gwin's proposition was, therefore, accepted and a committee of twenty was appointed by the chair to propose a plan for a State Constitution.<sup>16</sup>

The Constitutional Convention sought to form a government which would in all general matters conform to the laws of the United States. The legislative, executive and judicial departments of the government were modeled after those of leading states, notably New York and Iowa. References show that the constitutions of thirty states of the United States were available and probably were used.<sup>17</sup> Provisions were made governing corporations and banks, taxation and the establishment of an educational system. A great part of the time was spent upon two issues: first, the slavery and free negro question, and, second, the boundary question. As these reveal most fully the sentiment of the Con-

12. S. C. Foster of Los Angeles, Henry A. Tefft of San Luis Obispo and J. A. Carillo of Los Angeles.

13. Browne, *Debates*, 22-23.

14. *Ibid.*, 23.

15. *Ibid.*, 23.

16. *Ibid.*, 29.

17. Cardinal Goodwin, *The Establishment of State Government in California*, 232.

stitution makers in forming the new government, we will consider them in detail.

**The Negro Question.**—On Monday, September 10, William E. Shannon introduced a clause into the Bill of Rights which declared, "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, unless for the punishment of crimes, shall ever be tolerated in this State."<sup>18</sup> Shannon had been instructed by his constituents to use every means for the exclusion of slavery in California.<sup>19</sup> But this movement against slavery did not confine itself to the small mining districts of which he was one representative. As early as January 25, 1849, a meeting was held in San Jose which had concurred in the attitude of San Francisco in the establishment of a Provisional Government, and "On the motion of Samuel Brannan, a resolution was offered that our delegates be instructed to oppose slavery in every shape and form in the Territory of California. Adopted."<sup>20</sup> A pamphlet entitled, *Address to the Inhabitants of New Mexico and California, on the Omission by Congress to Provide Them with Territorial Governments, and on the Social and Political evils of Slavery*<sup>21</sup> had been published, presumably the work of Peter Burnett, in 1849. This lengthy pamphlet gives in detail eleven reasons why California should not allow slavery, citing especially the results of that system as seen in the retardation of the southern states. The *Alta California* for July 2, 1849, in a long editorial on "The Convention," urged the abolition of slavery as a matter of expediency, independent of moral considerations which they admitted.

We do not fear to assert then, that a state constitution for California, which does not contain a provision against slavery, will never be allowed to go into effect by the Congress of the United States, and we are still more firm in our convictions that the people of California would never approve of such a document.

The sentiment throughout the country was therefore so well known that debate was unnecessary; no objection was made to the motion, and it was unanimously passed.<sup>22</sup> The work of the convention went peacefully forward, considering that it had "got rid of its most perplexing question, and that henceforth it would be plain sailing."<sup>23</sup> Little did it realize the significance of this important step in expressing

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18. Browne, *op. cit.*, 43.

19. A condensed account of the origin of the negro question as taken from the private MS. of Edwin T. Sherman is given by Cardinal Goodwin, *op. cit.*, 110-112.

20. *Alta California*, January 25, 1849.

21. This interesting exposition had been published through the Am. & For. Anti-Slavery Society of New York, and a copy is to be found in the Huntington Library.

22. Browne, *Debates*, 44.

23. Willey, *The Transition Period of California*, 97.



the sentiment of entering the nation as a free state, and speedily<sup>24</sup> solving for themselves the problem which was soon to convulse the nation.

There were in California many who opposed the presence of the black man, whether slave or free. McCarver of Sacramento introduced a clause to prevent the introduction of free negroes. This was at first added as an amendment to Mr. Shannon's bill<sup>25</sup> to exclude slavery, but being withdrawn there, was later introduced separately:<sup>26</sup>

The Legislature shall, at its first session, pass such laws as will effectually prohibit persons of color from immigrating to and settling in this state, and to effectually prevent the owners of slaves from bringing them into this State for the purpose of setting them free.

The discussion occupied some time before its final defeat by thirty-one to eight votes.<sup>27</sup>

A close study of the votes at different periods of the discussion shows that the delegates were not divided according to their adherence to the North or the South,<sup>28</sup> but largely reflected the attitude of their districts toward the introduction of the negro. The delegates from the mining districts voted largely for the proposition, while those from the cities opposed it.<sup>29</sup> This was not true in all cases, as many voted against the measure because of the fear that the presence of such a clause in the Constitution might prevent its acceptance by Congress and thwart California's admission to statehood.

**The Boundary Question.**—The most important and extended debate of the Convention was that on defining the boundary of California. Five men who were acquainted with the topography of California, Messrs. Hastings, Sutter, Reid, De la Guerra and Rodriguez, were appointed on the boundary committee. They reported to include nearly all of what is now the state of Nevada. Semple favored a line at the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Dr. Gwin proposed taking all of what had been known as California by Spain and Mexico, with Mr. Halleck's proviso that if Congress objected to the larger boundary, the legislature should have the power to

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24. Ryan expresses the belief that the problem was more quickly settled as a result of California not holding the "lower country," where he states no class of white men could have performed the labor necessary for the cultivation of the land or the development of the mineral resources. Ryan, Wm. R., *Personal Adventures in Upper and Lower California*, II, 309.

25. Browne, *Debates*, 44.

26. *Ibid.*, 137.

27. *Ibid.*, 339.

28. Royce and Bancroft claim that the national issue before the country caused the division here. Cf. Royce, *California*, 264; Bancroft, *History of California*, VII, 292.

29. Cardinal Goodwin, *The Establishment of State Government in California*, 126-132.

accept the Sierra Nevada line.<sup>30</sup> This Gwin-Halleck resolution was the foundation of the heated debate which followed.

The great sentiment of the Convention was the solution of the boundary question with the view of the feasibility into the Union. "Between these powerful and excited parties, the Northern and Southern, California must find its way into the Union, or remain without law."<sup>31</sup> The sentiment was for admission into the Union with ensuing stability in legal affairs. "With what should we be most likely to get into the Union and be relieved from our unorganized condition without law?" It had been decided that we should be a free state. The question narrowed itself down to the point: over how much territory Congress would allow us to settle the slavery question.

T. Butler King, sent here to represent the President, seems to have had considerable weight when he urged the larger boundary on the ground that the smaller boundary would leave the rest subject to contention in Congress.<sup>32</sup> "For God's sake leave us no territory to legislate upon in Congress." He went on to state that the great object of our formation of a State Government was to avoid further legislation. There would be no question as to our admission by adopting this course; and that all subjects of minor importance could afterwards be settled. Messrs. Halleck, Sherwood and Norton were in favor of the larger boundary; Messrs. Shannon, Hastings, McCarver, McDougal and Botts favored the line formed by the Sierra Nevadas.<sup>33</sup>

Briefly the arguments in favor of the larger boundary were: (1) that we would be more likely to be admitted by Congress if we settled the slavery question for the rest of the territory; (2) we might even save the Union from dissolution; (3) we were forming a Constitution for all the territory "recognized in the treaty of cession, in the official dispatches of our government, in the maps and memoirs published by order of the Congress of the United States, and in the maps and records of the Spanish and Mexican governments;" (4) the government would favor it because it would free them from the Wilmot Proviso; (5) the North would favor it because it would make California a free state; (6) the South would favor it, "because by deciding for ourselves, without the intervention of Congress,

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30. Browne, *Debates*, 169.

31. Willey, *The Transition Period of California*, 100.

32. Browne, *Debates*, 184.

33. A complete report of the speeches is in Browne, *Debates*, 167-458, *passim*.

we merely exercise the right which has always been claimed for us by the south;"<sup>34</sup> (7) we do not know where to draw the line if we make a smaller boundary; (8) it is necessary to give government to the people who are settling east of the Sierras.

Those who favored the smaller boundary did so on the grounds that: (1) we would be more likely to be admitted as a free state, because the South would feel that the remaining territory could be admitted as a slave state; (2) Governor Riley having stated that the Sierras were the boundary in his proclamation, the country east of those mountains had not been asked to send delegates to the convention, and we therefore had no right to legislate for them; (3) the Mormons, having 25,000 population, had not been asked and so could not be included; (4) it was impracticable financially, geographically and strategically to carry our government over so vast a territory; (5) the Sierra Nevada boundary would give no question between the North and South, as there would still be left territory which could become slave territory.

Dr. Willey does not think that there was any purpose on the part of the southern members to introduce slavery later into any part of the territory by subsequent division of the State. He says that most of the men who advocated the larger boundary were northern men, while many strong southern men opposed it.<sup>35</sup> Willey further denies the preponderance of influence in the Convention by Gwin, saying that ten others had as much weight. It was not until he was in the senate that Gwin developed his power of leadership.<sup>36</sup>

The most important period of the Convention was when the Gwin-Halleck resolution was adopted by a vote of twenty-nine to twenty-two. Confusion prevailed. Mr. Snyder called out, "Your constitution's gone! Your Constitution's gone!" The question was then reconsidered, and after discussion introduced by Mr. Lippitt, the Sierra Nevada boundary was adopted by a vote of thirty-two in favor and only seven against it.<sup>37</sup> "That vote fixed the boundary as it would have been determined in the beginning without debate, had it not been for the overshadowing influence of the question of slavery."<sup>38</sup>

34. The proponents of the larger boundary objected to leaving the decision with Congress on the ground that Congress had no right to determine the slavery question in the territories.

35. Royce holds the opposite view; cf. Royce, *California*, 264-265.

36. Willey, *The Transition Period of California*, 105.

37. Browne, *Debates*, 458.

38. Willey, *The Transition Period of California*, 122.



**Adoption of the Constitution.**—The sentiment of a broad liberalism pervaded all the labors of the Constitutional Convention. The idea of a free, democratic, balanced government was at the basis of all. We find miners and landholders, conservatives and progressives, northerners and southerners, natives and foreigners, conquerers and conquered, successful in moulding a suitable instrument for united government, because under all was the sentiment of union for the benefit of all. This sentiment was broad enough to set aside petty jealousies, rivalries and clashing interests for common good. Colton states that:<sup>39</sup>

the honest and patriotic purpose which animated the convention, raised that body above all national prejudice and local interests, and poured its spirit in blending power over its measures. . . .

This constitution is thoroughly democratic; no prescriptive privileges or invidious distinctions are recognized; the interests of the great mass feel every provision. Political and social equality are its bases, while the rights of private judgment and individual conscience flow untrammelled through its spirit. It is the embodiment of the American mind, throwing its convictions, impulses, and aspirations into tangible permanent shape.

Great credit is due Governor Riley for his support of the work of the Convention. In his Proclamation to the People of California, on October 3, 1849, announcing the completion of the work of the Convention, he stated in regard to the work of the coming election,<sup>40</sup>

That their choice may be wisely made, and that the Government so organized may secure the permanent welfare and happiness of the new State, is the sincere and earnest wish of the present Executive, who, if the Constitution be ratified will with pleasure surrender his powers to whomsoever the people may designate as his successor.

Riley, in a letter on October 31, 1849, to Major R. Jones, Adj. Gen., Washington, D. C., told of the work of the Convention and, enclosing a copy of the Constitution, said,<sup>41</sup>

Whatever may be the legal objections to putting into operation a State government previous to its being acknowledged or approved by Congress, these objections must yield to the obvious necessities of the case; for the powers of the existing government are too limited, and its organization too imperfect, to provide for the wants of a country so peculiarly situated, and of a population which is augmenting with such unprecedented rapidity.

On October 12, 1849, the Governor issued from Monterey a Proclamation to the People of California requesting them to vote upon the adoption of the new Constitution.<sup>42</sup> On November 13, in spite of the disagreeable weather, the

39. Colton, *Three Years in California*, 410-11.

40. *Vallejo MSS.*, Bancroft Library, XXXV, 157.

41. *California Message and Correspondence*, 850.

42. *Ibid.*, 858. A handwritten copy of this in Spanish is to be found in *Vallejo MSS.*, Bancroft Library, XXXV, 153, and an English translation in the same volume, 157.

Constitution was adopted by a vote of 12,061 to 811. It was only in one city that we find an attempt to divide the issue on the old party ground of Whig and Democrat.<sup>43</sup> The Constitution received the highest commendation and "The achievement illustrates the great capacity of the American people for self-government."<sup>44</sup>

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43. *Alta California*, Nov. 13, 1849.

44. Hunt, Rockwell D., *The Genesis of California's First Constitution*, 57.

## Chapter VII

### THE SENTIMENT OF CALIFORNIA'S FIRST LEGISLATURE

#### **Sentiment for Speedy Admission into the Union.—**

The sentiment of California's first State Legislature, which met at San José, December 15, 1849, was governed by the necessity of the case. The people had now organized a government in conformity with the requirement of the United States, but were without the money or authority to carry on the government. Of California it has been said,<sup>1</sup>

It was emphatically alone in the world, with no resources for self-support, if she should fail to be admitted into the Union. . . . What a spectacle would she be if Congress should ignore her proceedings and remand her back under territorial leading-strings.

Judging by what Congress had already done, the reception it might give the new state was uncertain. When Congress had failed in two sessions to set up a Territorial government, would she now admit California as a full-fledged State? The anxiety was clearly felt by all, and the sentiment of the whole Legislature was to mould all its acts so as to gain a possible and speedy admission into the Union.

Upon the inauguration of the new Governor, Peter Burnett, who had been elected with the other state officers at the time of the adoption of the Constitution on November 13, Governor Riley issued a proclamation stating that he resigned from his office as Governor.<sup>2</sup> Great praise is due General Riley for his timely aid to the California cause. In this case he again materially aided the people in carrying out their sentiment for the organization of a government conforming to the laws of the United States. He coupled the confidence of the national government with the sincere desires of the people of California. Without his cooperation state government in California might have been seriously retarded or even frustrated.

Governor Burnett in his inaugural address said that, without awaiting the decision of Congress as to admission into the Union, they would proceed to the work at hand due to the necessity of the case. They had to limit ex-

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1. Willey, *The Transition Period of California*, 125.

2. Cf. Vallejo MSS., Bancroft Library, XXXV, 172.



penditures, keep the state out of debt and take steps to secure its prosperity.<sup>3</sup>

Either a brilliant destiny awaits California, or one the most sordid or degraded. She will be marked by strong and decided characteristics. Much will depend upon her early legislation . . . I hope we will be able to build up for her a reputation that will bear the just criticisms of the sensible, fair, and candid of all parties, as well as the vindictive assaults of her enemies, and the errors and indiscretions of her friends. In all your efforts to accomplish this great object, you may depend upon my most cordial co-operation in all such measures as I can conscientiously approve.

**Election of Senators to Speed the Cause at Washington.**—It was evident that the only course for California to pursue was to present her case before Congress and to argue it before the country. There was no alternative. One of the first acts of the Legislature was the election of Messrs. J. C. Fremont and William M. Gwin<sup>4</sup> to the United States Senate. Edward Gilbert and George W. Wright had already been elected representatives to Congress at the general election of November 13. Congress was already in session and it would take them a month to make the journey, so they were immediately sent on their way.

**General Provisions.**—The acts of the Legislature were varied as the case required. Provisions were made for the levying and collecting of taxes, for the organization of the courts, incorporation of cities, erection of public buildings and schools, care of the public records, health, roads and highways, for the definition of the duties of officers, and many matters of general interest. In general, the laws of other states were adopted, selection being made to fit the existing conditions, which was for our benefit. This legislature has been characterized as not only the most important but the most judicious of all that were held in the state during the early period of its history.<sup>5</sup>

**The Negro Question.**—The question of the admission of the free negro into California was also introduced in this Legislature.<sup>6</sup> Again, as in the Constitutional Convention, we find the division in sentiment between the mining districts and the cities, the mining districts favoring the exclusion of the negro.<sup>7</sup> Reaching no decision, the vote was

3. *Journals of the State Legislature*, 1850, 41; Cf. Willey, *The Transition Period of California*, 126.

4. Before coming to California, Wm. A. Gwin had made the statement to Senator Stephen A. Douglas on the day of President Taylor's inauguration, that he was coming to California and that within one year he would return to Washington and present his credentials as Senator from California. *Gwin's Memoirs*, MSS., Bancroft Library, 5.

5. Hittell, Theodore H., *History of California*, II, 791.

6. *Journals of the California Legislature*, 1850, 338.

7. Cardinal Goodwin, *op. cit.*, 321-23.

finally taken on indefinite postponement and was carried by a vote of eight to five.<sup>8</sup>

One blot remains upon the action of the Legislature in regard to the negro. It was provided that no negro or Indian should be allowed to testify in court in civil cases in any action in the state to which the white man was a party. "The infamy of this provision disgraced the statute book for thirteen years and constituted the one dark spot in an otherwise brilliant record."<sup>9</sup>

**The Boundary Question.**—During the session of this first Legislature, one event took place, which, had it occurred during the Constitutional Convention, might have had serious effect. Early in January, 1850, two delegates, John Wilson and Amasa Lyman, came from the State of Deseret.<sup>10</sup> They stated that their people had held a convention in March, 1849, and formed a constitution<sup>11</sup> which the people had later adopted. When they heard that California was preparing to hold a Constitutional Convention, they had come to attend it to ask if a boundary might be adopted large enough to include them. Arriving in California and finding that the Constitutional Convention at Monterey had completed its labors, they had proceeded to the State Legislature at San Jose. They claimed that 20,000 people were already in Salt Lake and that 30,000 were on their way there.

Governor Burnett opposed their mission,<sup>12</sup> and the matter was finally buried by being laid on the table. Had the delegates arrived in time for the Monterey Convention, their mission might have resulted in success instead of failure, for there one of the strongest objections to the larger boundary was that the people of Salt Lake were not represented in the Convention.<sup>13</sup> Had the larger boundary been adopted, the admission of California might have been indefinitely postponed or even frustrated, for it was the smaller boundary which made Clay's Compromise possible. This Compromise, as we shall see, left the large region east of the Sierra Nevada Mountains open as possible future slave territory, and thus won the approval of the South, which was needed in order that California might be admitted into the Union.

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8. *Journals of the California Legislature*, 1850, 347.

9. Hittell, Theodore H., *History of California*, II, 807.

10. *Journals of the California State Legislature*, 1850, 129. Their communication is given in full, 436-42.

11. *Ibid.*, 443-52.

12. *Ibid.*, 429-35.

13. Browne, *Debates*, 173-77, *et seq.*; Cf. Willey, *The Transition Period of California*, 127.

**Opposition from the Southern Part of the State.—**

Generally speaking the work of the Legislature was favorably received throughout the northern part of the State. But in certain districts in the southern part exception was taken to the heavy taxation imposed upon the land by the Legislature. The Hispano-Californians of the south were the large land owners of the State, having received their estates from the Mexican government before the coming of the Americans. They naturally objected to receiving the burden of taxation.

In February, 1850, they held a mass meeting in Los Angeles in which they voiced their objections, stating that they did not wish to pay the enormous expense of State Government, and complained that the Legislature favored the more thickly populated north, and disregarded the interests of the thinly populated south.<sup>14</sup> Los Angeles finally sent a petition to Congress on March 7, 1850,<sup>15</sup> asking that a territory to be called Central California be formed, embracing the country from San Luis Obispo to San Diego. They stated that they had not had time to become acquainted with American institutions when they joined in forming a State Government. They did not feel that Congress would admit California as one state, because of its large and diverse interests. This forerunner of many subsequent attempts at division<sup>16</sup> was destined to failure. Congress was too much occupied with the national issue of slavery, and its introduction in the Senate, May 9, 1850, by Senator Foote, resulted in defeat.<sup>17</sup>

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14. Bancroft, *History of California*, VII. 349.

15. *Vallejo MSS.*, Bancroft Library, XIII, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46.

16. Attempts at division were made in the south for nearly thirty years after the admission into the Union. In 1854-55 an attempt was made to create a State of Columbia in the south. In 1859, two-thirds of the southern population voted to separate six counties in the south, but this was killed in Congress. Efforts in 1881 and 1888 likewise failed. Cf. see J. M. Guinn, "How California Escaped State Division," *Pub. of the Hist. Soc. of So. Cal.*, 223-232.

17. *Congressional Globe*, 1850, 967.



## Chapter VIII

### ADMISSION INTO THE UNION

**Justice of the California Cause.**—We have reviewed somewhat at length the underlying sentiment of the people, together with its immediate forms of expression, in regard to the admission of what was destined to be one of the greatest states of the Union. We have seen that this sentiment was fostered by legal, economic, social and military conditions of the time; that it was undertaken with no view of overthrowing old institutions or introducing new ones; that the method pursued was pacific, to form a Constitution in harmony with the laws and institutions of the United States; and to become a member of the Union as a state among states, asking no favors, only the privilege of carrying on a peaceable government under the peaceful laws of statehood.

Slavery was unsuited to the country, the people were adverse to the slave. The question was handled only from the point of view of expediency. Had it not been the national issue of the period, it would probably have received little attention. But as such it was necessarily prominent. It therefore seems only fitting that we conclude our study with a short review of the reception of the California activities in Congressional circles.

**Attitude of the 31st Congress.**—The California delegates arrived in Washington, bearing with them a copy of their Constitution and a "Memorial" setting forth the sentiment of the Californians, to find Congress and the whole country agitated over the question of admitting the Mexican territory. Slavery was the bone of contention. The South, ably led by John C. Calhoun in seeking to maintain its "balance of power" now threatened as a result of the failure to continue the Missouri Compromise Line of 1820, was opposing the hated Wilmot Proviso, ever brought forward by the North.<sup>1</sup> It was well known that President Taylor favored the uncompromising admission of California.<sup>2</sup> But President Taylor had opposing him a legislative

1. Although California favored the Wilmot Proviso, it did not wish to have it interfere with admission. *Alta California*, Jan. 18, 1849.

2. President Taylor in his Opening Message to Congress, Dec. 4, 1849, said: No civil government having been provided by Congress for California, the people of the territory recently met in convention for the purpose of forming a state constitution, and it is believed they will shortly apply for admission of California into the Union. . . . Should this be the case, I recommend their application to the favorable consideration of Congress. Quoted in S. H. Willey's *The Transition Period of California*, 129.

body led by such men as Daniel Webster and Henry Clay.<sup>3</sup> Clay had on January 29, 1850, introduced into the Senate a series of compromise measures, the first one of which stated that California should be admitted as a free state, the rest being an attempted settlement of the disputes between the North and South, a bill which later became known as the "Omnibus Bill."<sup>4</sup>

**"Memorial" Presented by the California Representatives.**—At this important juncture, early in February, 1850, the California representatives arrived in Washington, and on February 13, 1850, President Taylor submitted their official copy of the Constitution for California.<sup>5</sup> Seeing the great opposition which had developed against them, they presented on March 13th, a "Memorial"<sup>6</sup> addressed to the Senate and House of Representatives, in which they sought to give briefly the history of the necessity and the steps which resulted in the expression in California of the sentiment for a State Constitutional Government. They felt it incumbent upon them:<sup>7</sup>

That they should by a narration of facts, at once and forever silence those who have disregarded the obligations of courtesy and all the rules of justice, by ungenerous insinuations, unfair deductions, false promises and unwarranted conclusions.

They gave an outline of the history of the country, from its conquest by the American forces to the adoption of the present Constitution and the erection of a State Government, in brief as follows: (1) a brief history of the gradual settlement and mixed population of California; (2) its annexation by the United States, and the incompetent military government; (3) the great immigration and the resultant problems due to the gold discovery; (4) the failure of the United States to provide the promised territorial government; (5) the prevalence of lawlessness and crime; (6) the insufficiency of the Mexican law system; (7) the general concurrence of opinion that a Constitutional Convention should be held; (8) the issuance of a proclamation by Governor Riley, recommending a convention to form a constitution; but they in no way laid the responsibility at the door of Governor Riley, but claimed that it was the sentiment of the people to call it, and that the people "actually

3. Willey states that Webster and Clay opposed Taylor more on the ground of his military reputation than his statesmanship. *Op. cit.*, 125.

4. *Congressional Globe*, 1st Sess., 31st Cong., 244-47.

5. *Ibid.*, 347.

6. *Ibid.*, 515. A copy of this Memorial is given Browne, *Debates*, Appendix, XIV-XXIII. An extract from the Memorial is given in the *Appendix to the Congressional Globe*, 1st Sess., 31st Cong., 691.

7. Browne, *op. cit.*, Appendix, XIV.

took the initiative" and only concurred in the suggestions of the *de facto* governor as a matter of convenience to save time; (9) that the exclusion of slavery met with the almost unanimous approval of the people; (10) that the boundary question called out the most heated debate, but "The project of fixing the southern boundary of the state on the parallel of 36°30' was never entertained by that body;" (11) that the vote of the people in favor of the Constitution had been nearly unanimous.

The memorial closed with these fitting words,<sup>8</sup> expressing the sentiment of the people of their state:

They come as free American citizens—citizens by treaty, by adoption, and by birth—and ask that they may be permitted to reap the common benefits, share the common ills, and promote the welfare, as one of the United States of America.

(Signed)

William M. Gwin,  
John C. Fremont,  
George W. Wright,  
Edward Gilbert.

**Speeches of Webster, Calhoun and Seward.**—Debate continued to follow debate in Congress. Among them are three of special importance, because of the influence which they exerted upon Congress and the country in general, namely those of Calhoun, Webster and Seward. On March 4th, Calhoun gave his last speech<sup>9</sup> in which he argued against allowing the inhabitants of the territories to legislate for themselves and usurp the sovereignty of the state and the authority of Congress, a course in which California had been abetted by the executive branch of our national government.

Webster, in his 7th of March speech,<sup>10</sup> held the view that California had acted under the stress of existing conditions due to the neglect on the part of Congress to provide a government. Slavery was excluded from California by the law of nature, a law which could not be contravened by the South. Seward claimed that California deserved praise for seeking to become a state.<sup>11</sup> Her election had been made and the consent of Congress should be given or she might seek to become an independent state.

**Clay's Compromise.**—The question of California's admission into the Union was argued all summer. Henry Clay brought into the Senate a set of resolutions to settle all points of contest on the slavery question. Opposition

8. *Ibid.*, Appendix, XXIII.

9. *Congressional Globe*, 1st Sess., 31st. Cong., 451-55.

10. *Ibid.*, 476-84; *Appendix*, 269-76.

11. *Ibid.*, 1389.



was made to any plan of compromise "as being a concession to the spirit of disunion—a capitulation to those who threatened disunion."<sup>12</sup> The provisions of Clay's famous bill in brief were:<sup>13</sup> (1) California was to be admitted into the Union with her proposed constitution which forbade slavery; (2) territorial government should be established for Utah and New Mexico, without any condition on the subject of slavery; (3) slave trade should be abolished in the District of Columbia, but that it was inexpedient to prohibit slavery there; (4) the fugitive slave law should be more stringently enforced.

**Admission into the Union.**—President Taylor died on July 9, 1850, and Vice-President Fillmore became President. He was favorable to the admission of California. The bill finally came before the Senate on August 13, the final vote being yeas 34 and nays 18.<sup>14</sup> The minority wished a protest filed on the *Record Journal* of the Senate, but were refused. The bill came up in the House September 7, and after endeavor to postpone the vote by dilatory motion, it passed by 150 yeas to 56 nays.<sup>15</sup> The bill was signed by President Fillmore on September 9, 1850. From that hour California was one of the states of the Union.

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12. Senator Benton's *Thirty Years View*, II, 742.

13. *Congressional Globe*, *op cit.*, 244-47.

14. *Ibid.*, 1573.

15. *Ibid.*, 1772.

## Chapter IX

### RECEPTION OF THE NEWS OF ADMISSION IN CALIFORNIA

For months California had been in doubt as to the reception in Congressional circles of her action in forming a State Constitution. The necessity of the period demanded her speedy admission. Her legislative acts might be contested, her court decisions might be rendered illegal, her collection of debts under the laws might be questioned, her assessment of taxes might be considered unwarranted assumption of power and her local laws might be considered null and void. Yet California—

was pouring into the lap of the older states, and into the treasury of the General Government, through her miners and shipping, a larger revenue, and when she offered a market many times greater for her home produce, than any young state had ever done . . . a feeling of disgust was created at the selfish conduct of politicians at home, who were willing to sacrifice their brethren in California to their own selfishness, and sectional or local affairs.<sup>1</sup>

Due to the slow communication between the East and the West, the news of the final signing of the bill by President Fillmore on September 9, 1850, did not reach California until the 18th of the following month. On that morning the mail steamer *Oregon* appeared off Golden Gate, gaily decorated with national flags and bearing a banner made on shipboard on which was inscribed, "California is a State." The steamer gave notice of her coming by the firing of her cannon. As soon as she was sighted, the good news was signalled to the city from Telegraph Hill. As the *Oregon* rounded Clark's Point, her bell<sup>2</sup> was rung steadily, and the throngs on shore and on the decks of the many vessels in the harbor greeted her with a mighty cheer. This continued long after she came to anchor.

The news spread like wildfire. Business was immediately suspended, the courts adjourned, and all who could leave their business made their way to the waterfront to join in the joyous demonstration. The newspapers imme-

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1. Delano, A., *Life on the Plains and Among the Diggings*, 357.

2. This bell, which pealed forth the good news from the *Oregon*, is now one of the treasured relics of San Francisco. Eldredge, Z. S., *History of California*, III, 399. The flags which she bore were presented to the Society of California Pioneers by Captains Phelps and Cox. Bancroft, *History of California*, VI, note 347-48.

diately issued extra editions which sold at from one dollar to five dollars each.<sup>3</sup>

The joy of the people was almost beyond description. The city of San Francisco was immediately decorated with flags. The people in their frenzied delight gathered in Portsmouth Square, where two large cannon fired salute after salute. When evening came, bon-fires blazed from the hills and lit up the streets, while rockets were sent up heralding the news far and wide. Guns boomed from the hills, bands played and hastily formed processions helped the people to express their joy.

Two stages bore the news southward to San Jose, the driver calling the glad news as he sped on his way. Governor Burnett himself, sat on the high box with the driver of one of these stages and shouted to the people, "California is admitted." We may well fancy that we hear the cheer with which the welcome news was received. On October 29 the formal celebration of the admission of California was held in San Francisco.

Whatever ill will might have existed, or whatever irritation might have been felt, it had ceased in a moment and acclamation resounded throughout the land.

for the people of California loved their brethern at home, and above all, the glorious Union of States which bound them in one common tie; and also ardently desired the 'Star spangled banner' should wave over her mountain and plains, a symbol that this too was 'the land of the free and the home of the brave,' . . . Could our Atlantic brethern have witnessed the general joy, they would have joined in the prolonged shout of 'the Union, now and forever!'<sup>4</sup>

The sentiment of the people of California for American government had reached its fruition. This sentiment, which had been fostered by the legal, social and economic conditions of the period, had resulted in the establishment of a government—a State Government—over the land. California had entered upon the path by which it was destined to become one of the greatest states of the Union.

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3. For example see the extra edition of the *Alta California* for October 18, 1850.

4. Delano, *Life on the Plains and Among the Diggings*, 358.



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# DEVELOPMENT OF TRAVEL BETWEEN SOUTHERN ARIZONA AND LOS ANGELES AS IT RELATED TO THE SAN BERNARDINO VALLEY

BY GEORGE WILLIAM BEATTIE

A thoughtful student of the history of California can hardly fail sooner or later to have his attention drawn to the routes by which the land was originally entered. Embracing as it does mountain, valley and desert, roads through it have not wandered as they listed, but have gone in obedience to imperious conditions. Long established highways are usually the result of numerous experiments—survivals of the fittest—and a study of their evolution is almost certain to bring out much that is thrillingly interesting. This paper is an endeavor to show something of what has gone into the making of *one* of these roads into California—a comparatively short stretch of the great transcontinental highway known in the days of the Forty-niners as the Southern Overland Route.<sup>1</sup>

## The San Bernardino-Sonora Road

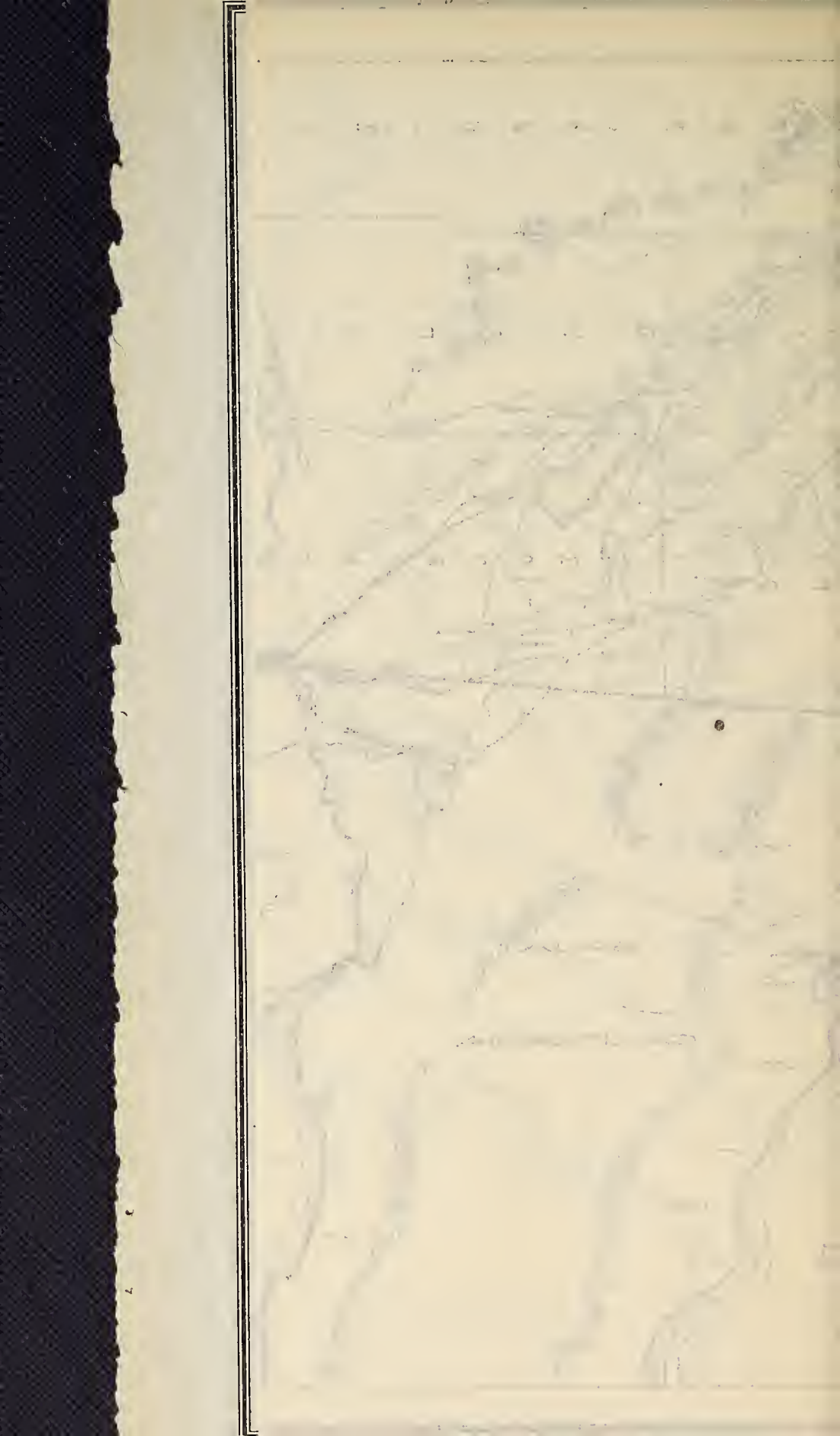
One of the first matters to come up in any newly settled region is that of deciding which of its various roads shall be classified as public highways. This problem arose in Southern California very soon after the State was formed. In Los Angeles County, which then included the San Bernardino Valley and the northern part of what is now Riverside County, an order adopted by the Court of Sessions, May 19, 1851,<sup>2</sup> designated certain roads as "public highways," each being carefully defined although in terms that would be unfamiliar to most of us today. One of these roads was referred to as the "San Bernardino-Sonora Road." Its description in the Court Order reads:

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1. The Southern Overland Route was referred to later by engineers seeking a line for a railway to the Pacific as the Thirty-second Parallel Route. The portion of it lying between the Colorado River and Los Angeles is now, oddly enough, known as The Ocean to Ocean Highway.

2. The order is somewhat inaccurately quoted in Guinn, J. M., "Old Highways of Los Angeles," Historical Society of Southern Calif., *Annual Publications*, (1905) Vol. VI, Part III, p. 256. According to U. S. Township Maps, this old road crossed the present line of the Santa Fe Railroad at North Pomona, and ran  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile south of the same railroad at Claremont, 1 mile north of the Southern Pacific at Ontario,  $\frac{1}{4}$  miles north of that railroad at Guasti, and touched the base of the hills at Declez Quarry, passing on to the Aguajito, a little to the east. The course of the road from the Aguajito to Politana is indefinite, in the light of present knowledge.







"From Los Angeles to San Gabriel and below Azusa between San Antonio and San Jose,<sup>3</sup> by the Plain below the Rancho of Cucamonga, thence to the hill of the Aguajita (Aguajito)<sup>4</sup> by the Old Pueblo (Pueblo) of the New Mexicans, known as the land of Apolitan,<sup>5</sup> by Jumua<sup>6</sup> and San Bernardino<sup>7</sup> to Yucaypa (Yucaipa) and San Gregorio (San Gorgonio.)"<sup>8</sup>

One mile to the south of San Gorgonio ran the line separating Los Angeles County from the county of San Diego, and the road was not described further as its course thenceforward was no concern of the Los Angeles County officials.

Recent investigations justify the belief set forth in this paper—that, after reaching San Gorgonio, the San Bernardino-Sonora Road turned southward and ran, via the present Lamb Canyon, to San Jacinto; thence to what is now Hemet; then through the hills, following approximately the line of the present St. John's Grade; and on until near what is now Aguanga, west of Warner's Ranch, it merged with another road from San Gabriel that was designated in the Court Order as the Colorado Road.<sup>9</sup> From this point of junction on to the desert and Sonora, the San Bernardino-Sonora Road and the Colorado Road were one

3. San Antonio and San Jose were two old cattle ranchos of the Mission San Gabriel. They were included in the Mexican Grant of the "San Jose Rancho" issued in 1837 to Ygnacio Palomares and Ricardo Vijar. This grant included lands from the hills south of Pomona to the mountains north of Claremont. San Antonio, the northern part of the grant, was occupied by Palomares. The headquarters for San Antonio in mission days was half a mile west of Claremont and a little north of the Santa Fe Railroad. The old San Jose Rancho was the southern part of the San Jose Grant.

4. "Hill of Aguajito," or little watering place—a small spring on the hillside east of Deelez Quarry.

5. The term "Old Pueblo of the New Mexicans," referred to a settlement of people formerly connected with the Santa Fe caravans who in 1842 or 1843 had been presented by the Lugos with about 2200 acres of land south and west of the present Bunker Hill. Their homes were on the bluff on the eastern end of the tract. This land was given in order that their settlement might protect cattle on the Lugo "Rancho San Bernardino" from Indian raids. These colonists later, in response to a more attractive offer from Juan Bandini, owner of the "Jurupa Rancho" south of Slover Mountain, moved to what was called the "Bandini Donation," on the Jurupa Rancho. Apolitan, Politan, Politana, Epolitana, Hypolitana, are apparently variations of a name in court records which according to the testimony of David Seeley, who came to the valley in 1851, was derived from the name of Hipolito Espinosa, one of the original New Mexican settlers.

6. Jumua, or Jumuba, was an Indian rancheria south of the Santa Ana river and east of Colton. San Gabriel Mission had cattle corrals there. The home of Jose Maria Lugo, one of the owners of the San Bernardino Rancho, was at Jumua.

7. Not the present City, but the branch of the San Gabriel Mission at Old San Bernardino, now on the outskirts of Redlands.

8. The old name of the settlement at the summit of San Gorgonio Pass. In 1887, a townsite was platted there, and the name San Gorgonio was changed to Beaumont.

9. The Court Order defined the "Colorado Road" as running "From Los Angeles to Mission San Gabriel, thence to the Rancho of Puente, thence to the Rancho of Ybarras, thence to the Rancho Chino, thence to the Rincon, and thence to the Sierra and Temascal (Temescal) and thence to the Laguna and Tamacola (Temecula)."

and the same. Bearing this fact in mind will save the reader considerable confusion.

Pioneers state that the road followed this course, and modern road maps show that such a route would have been the most feasible one. This region had been inhabited by Indians for generations, and was traversed by well-established trails. When Sonorans and Americans began coming in to California, they naturally followed the old paths whenever possible.<sup>10</sup>

After describing the roads in Los Angeles County that were to be public highways, the Court Order closed with this explanatory statement:

" . . . . and the roads in this order heretofore described are understood to be the roads existing as they have been long established and used."

The words "long established and used" attract immediate attention, since they invest the San Bernardino-Sonora Road with an antiquity of which people generally are unaware.

The very name of this road is intriguing. It leads back into history more than two and a quarter centuries, and recalls innumerable romances and adventures, though, up to comparatively recent times, it was but little more than a trail for horsemen and pack animals, traveled by ox carts only through the stretches that were open and fairly level. Starting in the Mexican state of Sonora, it had stretched to the northwest, over courses many of which are now almost or entirely forgotten. The name brings to mind Father Kino, the missionary who was perhaps responsible for the road's beginning; it recalls the Anzas and Pedro Fages, the adventurous soldiers and explorers; it recalls the race against time of Amador to head off the delivery of California missions to scheming colonizers; it brings to mind journeys of the "Santa Fe Traders"; over a part of it, guided by Kit Carson, marched General Kearny and his men on their way from Santa Fe to San Diego; over it crawled thousands of Argonauts on their way to the gold

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10. Mr. Silas C. Cox, born 1843, and still living in San Bernardino, (1925) tells in his manuscript reminiscences of being taken over the above described trail, in 1852, by James W. Waters, and refers to a trip over the same route nine years later to recover a stolen horse from a band of thieves. Mr. Francisco Remidiz, of Redlands, was United States mail carrier in the early seventies between San Bernardino and Julian, in San Diego County. He was familiar with all the trails in the vicinity of his route, and says an old Sonoran then living near Sage used to tell him about the early travel of Sonorans over this route from Warner's Ranch to San Geronio. Mr. Remidiz is a grandson of Jose Bermudas, a Spaniard from Sonora, and the only white man who lived on the site of the present City of San Bernardino in the period between the abandonment of the San Bernardino *asistencia* and the coming, in 1842, of the Lugos. Mr. George Wilson—born 1852, at Old San Bernardino, and an early prospector in the region south of Warner's Pass—also outlined the route as given above.

fields; over long stretches of it raced Overland Mail stages on their run from St. Louis to San Francisco; over part of it Crabb and his misguided colonists—or filibusters—marched to their death; over it traveled engineers in their search for a route by which a railway could reach the Pacific. A historic road, indeed.

Leaving out of consideration the uncertain and now all but forgotten wanderings of the Spaniards along the Colorado River during the years 1539-41, the first four hundred miles of the San Bernardino-Sonora Road—those leading from the interior of Sonora to Yuma—were first traveled by white men between the years 1699 and 1701. And here enters our first hero.<sup>11</sup>

In 1681, the year in which Charles Second, of England, granted William Penn his charter to Pennsylvania, there came to the City of Mexico a Jesuit priest of Italian ancestry but German birth and education—Eusebio Francisco Kino. He was a scientific man, and before leaving Germany had been offered the professorship of mathematics in the University of Ingolstadt, Bavaria, an offer that he declined as he was eager to devote his life to the mission service.

He was specially trained for geographical research and map-making, and his first assignment in "New Spain" was as missionary and royal cosmographer in the stations then being established in the peninsula of Baja California. When the exhaustion of the food supplies forced the temporary abandonment of these stations, Father Kino was transferred to the region now known as northern Sonora, in Mexico, and Southern Arizona, in the United States; a region bounded on the north by the Gila River and on the west by the Colorado River and the Gulf of California.

I would that I might dwell on the activities of this learned, efficient and devoted priest in our great Southwest—three-quarters of a century before our Declaration of Independence, and nearly three-quarters of a century before the coming of the great Franciscan, Junipero Serra. Kino established missions among Indians of many different tribes, and instructed them in agriculture and stock-raising. In the up-building of his various stations, he became the veritable cattle king of the Southwest. He made long journeys over mountains and deserts, often with none but Indians as companions, and his knowledge of and resourcefulness in the desert was unsurpassed by Carson or any of

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11. Bolton, H. E., *Father Kino's Historical Memoir of Pimeria Alta.*



the other desert rangers of later days. His habits of scientific observation and research and his continued anxiety for the welfare of the missions in Baja California, even after he had left them, had a direct bearing on the development of the San Bernardino-Sonora Road.

One of the chief problems occupying geographers and navigators of Kino's day was that of finding a Northwest Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Knowledge of western America was but vague, and it was commonly believed that the Gulf of California extended north to what was called the North Sea, and that the territory constituting Alta and Baja California was an island. To Father Kino, this problem was of deep scientific interest, but it had an added importance for him owing to his realization of the need of a more practicable way of getting supplies to the missions in Baja California than through the arduous and uncertain voyage across the treacherous gulf.

He was then living at Mission Dolores, more than a hundred miles south of the present city of Tucson; and on one of his journeys—to a point near the confluence of the Gila and the Colorado rivers—some Indians presented him with a handful of blue shells. It occurred to him later that he had seen shells similar to them on the western or ocean side of Baja California, but that he had never found them on the shores of the gulf. He reasoned that since the Indians were not sailors, there should be a route from the Pacific side of California, and the shells became important bits of evidence.

In order to learn whether the Indians had obtained them elsewhere than on the Pacific coast, he decided to hold a general Indian conference, and sent messengers to tribes living to the north, the northwest, and the west, summoning their head men to San Xavier del Bac, near what is now Tucson. Indian justices, captains, and governors arrived, some from distances of forty and fifty leagues; and as Father Kino wrote:

"Immediately, and also at night, we had long talks, in the first place in regard to our holy faith . . . . At the same time I made further and further inquiries as to whence came the blue shells, and all asserted that there were none in this nearest Sea of California,<sup>12</sup> but that they came from other lands more remote."

From information gained in this conference and verified in journeys of exploration, some of them one hundred fifty, one hundred seventy, or even two hundred leagues in length, over approximately the route that later became

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12. Gulf of California.

the Sonora Road, Father Kino was able, in 1702, to make the triumphant report:

"I have discovered with all minute certainty and evidence, with mariner's compass and astrolabe in my hands, that California is not an island but a peninsula . . . and that in thirty-two degrees of latitude there is a passage by land to California, and that only to about that point comes the head of the Sea of California."

Father Kino reached the Colorado River as early as 1701, and crossed to the California side of it, but the missions in Baja California never profited by his discovery of the land route to them from Mexico. Seventy-three years were to pass before any actual use was made of it. The knowledge that such a route existed stirred the souls of the adventurous minded in Mexico, but the difficulties and perils associated with it discouraged action until the establishment, in 1769, of missions in Alta California, when the overwhelming need for a land route to them led the viceroy to encourage efforts to find one. Captain Juan Bautista de Anza, a Spanish officer from the presidio of Tubac, in Sonora, volunteered to make the attempt—bearing the expense of his equipment himself—and the viceroy accepted his offer.<sup>13</sup>

Anza's forebears had been in military service on the frontiers of "New Spain" for several generations. His father, before him, had sought the privilege of hunting out a route into California, but his services had been required in an Indian uprising, in which he was killed. To the son, the dream of the adventure must have descended as a sacred heritage.

In 1774, therefore, accompanied by soldiers, priests, muleteers, and other assistants—a party numbering thirty-four—Anza left Tubac and made his way northwest to the junction of the Gila and the Colorado by what was the most direct but also the most dangerous, from the standpoint of desert perils, of the routes that Father Kino had traveled. He made friends with the Indians along the way, and especially with the powerful Yumas on the Colorado, realizing that the assistance of these latter Indians would be indispensable in crossing the river. After fording, he followed the river downward to a lagoon south of the present California line in an effort to avoid the sand dunes that were facing him. From there he attempted to cross the desert. Six days of wandering through sand drifts with their lack of water and feed nearly ended the expedition

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13. Cf.: Eldredge, Z. S., *Beginnings of San Francisco*; Bolton, H. E., *Dedicatory Address, San Carlos Pass, May 25, 1924*; "Diary of Pedro Font," *Academy of Pacific Coast History, Publications*, Vol. 3.

then and there. He struggled back to the lagoon minus many of his animals, his men compelled to travel on foot because of the exhausted condition of the mounts that were left.

They rested several days and then started anew. By going still farther south to a point where the desert was narrower, they succeeded in crossing it. They then pursued a northwesterly course along the base of the mountains to what is known as San Felipe Creek, at the point where it emerges from the San Jacinto Mountains. Water, though poor in quality, was found here in abundance. This was the first known crossing of the desert by white men. They then ascended San Felipe Creek, crossed what we now call Borego Valley, ascended the canyon of Coyote Creek, and crossed the summit of the divide south of Mt. San Jacinto by a pass that led to the Cahuilla Valley; thence they descended the canyon of Bautista Creek, crossed the valley of the San Jacinto, forded the Santa Ana River near Riverside, and from there proceeded to Mission San Gabriel by the most direct route, two and a half months from Sonora. The long dreamed of overland route to Alta California had been found.

The fathers at San Gabriel were not then raising enough to support themselves, although the fertile soil soon afterward rendered their mission the most prosperous of any in California. Anza found them with but a scant month's supply of food, but they rang the mission bells in their exultation over the discovery of the route that would free them from the uncertainties attending the transporting of their supplies by sea, and they were only too happy to share their meager hoards with their deliverers.

On the way back to Mexico, Anza profited by his experience and crossed the desert by a more direct line which thereafter became the regular road. On reaching Sonora, he was rewarded with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. He promptly organized a second and much larger expedition, financed this time by the viceroy, and composed largely of colonists who were to settle on the bay of San Francisco. This expedition reached Mission San Gabriel January 4, 1776.

Three years later, two Spanish settlements were made on the California side of the Colorado River near its junction with the Gila—a strategic point in the Spanish advance—but the settlements were short lived. Anza's soldiers, bearing gifts and representing the power of Spain, had been welcomed by the Indians who cheerfully ac-



knowledgeed allegiance to the viceroy; but the settlers were doubtless tactless, and they soon came to be regarded as usurpers. In July, 1781, a band of colonists with a military escort crossed the Colorado on their way to what was to become the pueblo of Los Angeles. After helping the travelers across the river, part of the escort returned and camped on the river bank opposite the settlements. The Yumas rose suddenly in revolt, killed the soldiers in the camp, the men in the two settlements across the river, including four priests, and made captives of the women and children.

Two punitive expeditions were sent from Sonora, one in September and one in November, both under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Pedro Fages.<sup>14</sup> They met the Yumas, killed a number of them, rescued the captive women and children, recovered the bodies of the four priests, collected the ashes of the others that had been slain, and regained some of the scattered mission property. A third punitive expedition was planned; and while arrangements were being completed, Fages, with a small detachment of soldiers, made two journeys to San Gabriel with dispatches. The first trip was wholly by the Anza route. On the second, Fages followed the Anza road across the desert and then, at the watering place on San Felipe Creek, he abandoned the established trail and entered the unexplored territory to the southwest. He wrote in his diary, in April, 1782:

"Hearing that the Indians in the mountains about San Diego were in a state of insurrection, I thought I might observe their movements and make them feel some respect if I should change my route and pass through their territory on my way. So . . . traveling five leagues southward . . . we stopped to rest at the mouth of a dry stream."

This stream was Carrizo Creek. He made his way through the mountains, by way of Carrizo Creek, San Felipe Valley, Warner's Pass, and the valley of the San Luis Rey River, to San Diego and thence to San Gabriel. At one point he wrote in his diary:

"We halted here and named the place San Felipe. This location is so well provided with pasture and water, with a superabundance of fine magueys, as well as of firewood, that it has the conditions required for establishing a presidio."

Fages later became one of California's most notable Spanish governors. His discovery of a way from the desert to Warner's Pass was his contribution to the San Bernardino-Sonora Road.

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14. "Diary of Pedro Fages," Academy of Pacific Coast History, *Publications*, Vol. 3.

With the closing of the Fages diary, kept during these two trips into Alta California, the land route from Sonora drops abruptly out of Spanish records. The settlements on the Colorado that the Yumas destroyed were never re-established, and for years the Anza road was practically abandoned. So complete was its disuse that until very recently the course it followed was a question for dispute among historians. Not a spot between the Colorado and San Gabriel bears any name given to it as a result of Anza's passage, unless it be the Pass of San Carlos which has been resurrected from oblivion by the Native Sons of the Golden West, who recently erected a monument at its summit.

But the missionaries in Alta California did not forget the road. The San Bernardino-Sonora Road is referred to by the Fathers of San Gabriel in their report, of 1822,<sup>15</sup> on the founding of the San Bernardino *asistencia* when they say:

"This locality (San Bernardino) . . . is traversed by the road to the Colorado River . . . It (the *asistencia*) lies at a distance of fifteen or sixteen leagues from this mission, across an expanse of chamisa brush which skirts the mountain range, through which a road could be opened."

It should be understood that when the *asistencia* was established, the road to it from San Gabriel led via Guapa (southwest of Riverside) and did not run direct as it ran later; but, from the last sentence of the quotation we infer that the direct road was then (1822) in the minds of the fathers; and when, in January, 1827, the Jedediah Strong Smith party traveled from San Gabriel to the *asistencia*, they found the road established. They traveled it themselves, and the diarist of the expedition, writing while in camp four miles west of the *asistencia*, reported "Ind (ians) traveling back and forward from the mission steady."<sup>16</sup> The *asistencia* was a frontier post through which the Indians of the mountains were to be reached, and it gave the San Bernardino-Sonora Road a local importance that it had not possessed before.

We know nothing more of travel between Sonora and California for half a century, or until the advent of American trappers, explorers and traders from Santa Fe. They brought back into use the Anza-Fages route that had been abandoned since 1782, and some of them played appreci-

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15. Santa Barbara Mission Archives. Informes y Correspondencia, 1802-1822. Tomo. III. Informe de la Mission de San Gabriel, Artículo 30, pp. 268-269. Copy secured from Bancroft Library.

16. Harrison Rogers' Diary. Copy secured from Missouri Historical Society. This diary has been published in Dale, H. C., *The Ashley-Smith Explorations and the Discovery of a Central Route to the Pacific, 1822-1829*. See p. 227.

able parts in its extension.<sup>17</sup> The first of these men to reach California, by the Southern Overland Route, was David E. Jackson, a former partner of Jedediah Strong Smith. Accompanied by eleven men, one of whom was J. J. Warner, Jackson made his way from Santa Fe to San Diego, traveling to Yuma via Tucson and the Gila, and from there crossing the desert and the mountains by practically the same route covered by Pedro Fages in 1782, forty-nine years before. So completely gone, however, was any trace or memory even of a former expedition that the route had to be worked out anew. In his "Reminiscences," Colonel Warner says:

"When Jackson's party came from New Mexico to California in 1831, there could not be found in Tucson or Altar—although they were both military posts and towns of considerable population—a man who had ever been over the route from those towns to California by the way of the Colorado River, or even to that river, to serve as a guide, or from whom any information concerning the route could be obtained, and the trail from Tucson to the Gila River at the Pima villages was too little used and obscure to be easily followed, and from those villages down the Gila River to the Colorado River and from thence to within less than a hundred miles of San Diego there was no trail, not even an Indian path."

The earliest mention that we have of the road from Warner's Ranch to Los Angeles, by way of Temecula and Lake Elsinore—the road designated as the "Colorado Road"—is in Warner's "Reminiscences" where, in discussing Jackson's trip from Santa Fe, he describes the party as arriving in Los Angeles from San Diego December 5, 1831, and going north to the missions about San Francisco Bay where they brought six hundred mules and one hundred horses; then returning to Los Angeles in the following March where Jackson was joined by Ewing Young whom he had taken as a partner after the death of Jedediah Smith. Warner says:<sup>18</sup>

"It was resolved that Jackson should return to New Mexico over the route by which he came . . . . In May, the return party . . . . left camp on the Santa Ana River at the Sierra Rancho . . . .

17. Some of the Santa Fe traders were men of exceptional ability. Colonel J. J. Warner, of Warner's Ranch fame, was with them for a time, and he furnishes much information concerning them. In his "Reminiscences" he states that they established trade relations between Santa Fe and California that lasted about twelve years. They brought Indian blankets and coarse woolens, returning with Chinese silks, fine bleached grass cloth, and bands of horses and mules. Owing to the perils attending their journeys, they traveled in companies or "caravans." Many men who were leaders or employees of these trading companies became settlers and well-known personages in California. The caravans did not travel by the Old Emigrant Road, but took a more northern route, from Santa Fe across the Mojave desert, entering San Bernardino Valley by Cajon Pass. Other traders sometimes used the route down the Gila River. Warner mentions five American settlers in California who came by this route, with a party, in 1833. There were doubtless others.

18. Warner, J. J., "Reminiscences of Early California from 1831-1846," Historical Society of Southern California, *Annual Publications* 1907-1908. Vol. VII. Part II-III p. 179.



. for the Colorado River where we arrived in June and found the river nearly bank full."

This reference to the Sierra Rancho, on which is located the present city of Corona, fixes the route that the Jackson party must have taken. The Los Angeles Court Order shows, however, that travel from the Colorado Desert must have gone sometimes by way of Temecula, Lake Elsinore, and the Sierra Rancho, and sometimes through the San Bernardino Valley. How much of the travel went by the one route and how much by the other, will probably never be known. A paragraph in the Los Angeles *Star*, twenty years later, informs us that San Bernardino was "On one (and the best) of the direct roads to Sonora."<sup>19</sup>

To this period—the early thirties, after travel had been reestablished by the Santa Fe Traders—belongs one of the dramatic events connected with the San Bernardino-Sonora Road. In 1834, during the absence from office of the Mexican President, Santa Anna, the Acting President issued an appointment to one Jose Maria Hjar as Governor of California, in place of Jose Figueroa, who had petitioned to be relieved. In addition to serving as Governor, Hjar was to head a gigantic colonizing scheme that involved the taking over of all mission properties in Alta California. When Santa Anna returned, he promptly disavowed the action of the Vice President and sent a swift horseman, Rafael Amador, with orders countermanding the appointment of Hjar, who was then on his way to California by sea, and directing Figueroa to remain in office. Amador's trip was eventful. At Yuma, Indians robbed him of his horse and other possessions, but he managed to make his way across the desert and through the mountains, although at times he nearly perished from hunger and thirst. He came out through the valley of the San Luis Rey, and then made his way northward to Monterey, reaching that station before Hjar. He was forty-eight days on the way—an unprecedentedly rapid trip. Bancroft quotes authority for the statement that President Santa Anna rewarded Amador for this exploit with a purse of three thousand dollars.<sup>20</sup>

In 1846, during the Mexican War, General Stephen W. Kearny, of the United States Army, was selected to

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19. In the Hayes Collection, Bancroft Library, is a clipping from the Los Angeles *Star*, July 5, 1851, reading as follows: "THE MORMONS — We learn they are negotiating for the purchase of the Rancho of San Bernardino from the family of Don Antonio Maria Lugo. This rancho is about sixty-five miles from Los Angeles, on one (and the best) of the direct roads to Sonora."

20. Bancroft, H. H., *History of California*, Vol. III, p. 271.

conduct the Advance Guard of the Army of the West from Fort Leavenworth to San Diego. At Santa Fe, he left all but about one hundred of his men, and then pushed on with the smaller force by the most direct route then known. The trails he followed down the Rio Grande and westward to the Pima villages on the Gila were passable only for horsemen; so Lieutenant Colonel Philip St. George Cooke, with the Mormon Battalion so intimately connected later with the history of the San Bernardino Valley, sought and found a road for the wagons by going south into Sonora,<sup>21</sup> and then working upward again to the Pima villages. From these villages, Kearny and Cooke followed practically the same route, down the river, across the desert, and up Carrizo Creek to Warner's Ranch, although they were a month apart. From Warner's to San Diego, Cooke and Kearny went by different routes. Lieutenant W. H. Emory, a topographical engineer with Kearny, describes the trip<sup>22</sup> across the desert, saying that the animals were without water from forty-eight to sixty hours, and then traveled fifty-four miles before finding water again. Many of them died.

Evidence of occasional use of the road through Warner's Pass by travelers to and from Sonora was reported. When near the confluence of the Gila and the Colorado, a horseman was intercepted with mail for Sonora, and at about the same time, a party of men under Emory captured a band of Mexicans with five hundred horses, just brought from California for the use of the Mexican army. On reaching Warner's Ranch, Emory wrote:

"We ascertained . . . that we were now in possession of the great pass to Sonora, by which he (the enemy) expected to retreat, if defeated . . . and to communicate with Mexico."

Gold seekers made use of this route into California in 1849-50, and travel by both Americans and Mexicans was heavy. In a memorial to Congress, in 1850, asking for the establishment of a custom house at San Pedro, the petitioners say:

"At least ten thousand Sonorans pass through Los Angeles on their way to the mines each spring, generally returning to Mexico in the autumn."<sup>23</sup>

Probably more than ten thousand Americans used the route that year. It was at that time that it became known as the Old Emigrant Road.

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21. Philip St. George Cooke, *Journal of March from Santa Fe to San Diego*, Senate Documents, 30th Congress, Special Session, Doc. 2.

22. Emory, W. H., *Notes of a Military Reconnoissance, Fort Leavenworth to San Diego*.

23. Guinn, J. M., "The Sonoran Migration," Historical Society of Southern California, *Annual Publications*, 1909-1910. Vol. VIII, Parts I-II, p. 33.

The Crabb Expedition,<sup>24</sup> to which reference was made early in this paper, was an aggregation of men headed by Henry A. Crabb and several former members of the California Legislature, that marched into Mexico for the alleged purpose of establishing a colony there under the existing laws of the land. They traveled from San Francisco to San Pedro by steamer, marched to El Monte where they purchased draft animals, and then proceeded to Sonora via Warner's Pass and Fort Yuma. The expedition was armed, and was organized along military lines. The Mexican authorities did not receive them kindly, but denounced them as filibusters, and, although they surrendered, treacherously shot them. Only one survivor, a fourteen year old boy named Evans, was left to tell what had happened. In his deposition he states that the party spent a week at Warner's Ranch before crossing the desert to Fort Yuma, thus showing the route that they followed.

In 1858, the San Bernardino-Sonora Road attained national importance when the Butterfield Company adopted a stretch of it for their stages carrying mail between St. Louis and San Francisco, continuing its use until the outbreak of the Civil War. They did not travel through the San Bernardino Valley, but, after leaving Warner's Ranch, went to Los Angeles by way of Temecula, Sierra Rancho, and Chino. This latter route was the military road between California and Arizona during the Civil War, and an army post, Camp Wright, was maintained at Oak Grove, the first of the stage stations west of Warner's.

### **Why the San Bernardino-Sonora Road Did Not Run Through San Gorgonio Pass**

A casual reader of the description of the San Bernardino-Sonora Road in the Los Angeles County Court order—where, we remember, the road was traced only from Los Angeles to San Gorgonio—would be wholly justified in wondering why, after reaching San Gorgonio, the trail turned abruptly to the south and proceeded to Yuma by the roundabout way of Warner's Pass and Carrizo Creek instead of continuing eastward from San Gorgonio and crossing the desert either by a direct line or by following the line of the present paved highway on the west side of

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<sup>24</sup>. Cleland, Robert G., *A History of California. The American Period*, pp. 338-342.



the Salton Sea, and joining the Old Emigrant Road to Yuma in what we now call the Imperial Valley. That such was the course of travel is generally believed. It will be remembered that Bancroft<sup>25</sup> described Anza's Expedition as coming through the San Gorgonio Pass along the line followed by the Southern Pacific Railroad, although this idea is definitely negatived by the observations for latitude taken by a member of Anza's own party; and the careful, scholarly Guinn routed bands of Sonoran miners through this pass in the gold days.<sup>26</sup> Furthermore, another able California historian states that, in 1857, the Crabb Expedition went via San Gorgonio Pass and Coachella Valley to Fort Yuma.<sup>27</sup> It is to be regretted that no authorities are cited for any of these statements, as it seems probable, in the light of evidence presented in this paper, that some of the authorities were misunderstood and hence misinterpreted.

San Gorgonio Pass would have been much easier to travel than Warner's Pass and Carrizo Creek, and it is only through a study of the development of travel through these regions, from the early Spanish days through the Mexican occupation and the gold days, and through a knowledge of the character of the desert between San Gorgonio and San Felipe Creek that we come to understand why the San Bernardino-Sonora Road went as it did, and that we acquire a basis for reinterpreting the authorities on which some of our historians have relied.

In 1853, Professor William P. Blake, a geologist in a party of United States engineers hunting available routes for a railway to the Pacific Coast, reported on a trip made from San Bernardino through San Gorgonio Pass to the Old Emigrant Road and thence, by Carrizo Creek, to Warner's Ranch.<sup>29</sup> The Indians living on the eastern approach to the Pass told him that his was the first party of white men with wagons that had ever gone that way.

Blake reported water in abundance at such points as Palm Springs, Indian Wells, Cahuilla Villages (Martinez), and Point of Rocks (Fish Springs); and at these places the Indians had quantities of grain, melons and squashes that they were eager to exchange for bacon, pork and other supplies. Beyond Point of Rocks, he said:

"None of the Indians could be induced to go with us; they were afraid to venture, saying that there was neither grass nor water, and that we could not take the wagons."

25. Bancroft, H. H., *History of California*, Vol. I, p. 223.

26. See Note 23.

28. See Note 24.

29. *Pacific Railway Reports*, Vol. V. Blake's report is included in the report of Lieut. R. S. Williamson. The party that explored the San Gorgonio Pass was under the immediate command of Lieut. J. G. Parke.

The party therefore proceeded without guides. They found the country cut into deep gullies into and out of which they had to construct roads, and they spent thirty-seven hours in covering twenty-five miles. Pioneers now living refer to this stretch of the desert as the "bad lands."<sup>30</sup> Owing to the exhausted condition of their mules, the party were on the point of abandoning their wagons when, unexpectedly, they came upon a stream of brackish water twenty miles north of the Old Emigrant Road. Blake dubbed the stream Salt Creek. It is known on modern maps as San Felipe Creek, and is the stream which, in 1775, revived Anza's party after their march across the desert. From this stream Blake's party proceeded to Carrizo Creek and Warner's Ranch. Later they retraced their course to the desert, and crossed to Fort Yuma. While halting for the night on Carrizo Creek, Blake reported:

"A party of Sonorans, with several ladies, arrived shortly afterwards from the desert, and encamped just below us."

These statements of Blake, especially the reported unwillingness of the Indians to serve as guides through the country between San Gorgonio Pass and San Felipe Creek, suggest the idea that is worked out in this paper—that no general travel went through the San Gorgonio Pass in the days of Mexican control or in the early days of American occupation despite seeming assertions to the contrary, and that the route from Sonora to California was by way of Warner's Pass. There is evidence to the effect that rare and infrequent trips through San Gorgonio Pass and the desert adjoining were made at this time, but the difficulties and dangers of the route in any except the cooler weather of the winter months and when timely rains produced grass and water, were too great to permit its becoming popular.\*

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30. J. Smeaton Chase, in his volume, *Desert Trails*, gives a vivid description of this stretch of the desert.

\*Benjamin Hayes, who crossed the desert and reached Warner's Ranch by the Carrizo Creek route, wrote in his diary, January 17, 1850, "Warner says, there is another road across the Desert, going up close to the mountains on the eastern side—the same by which the Mexican General, Jose Maria Flores, retreated out of California in the year 1847; it is easier of ascent, but has not as much water on the sandy part, as has the one we came by." Flores had special reasons for choosing a road on which he would be unlikely to meet any one. He had just been in conflict with Kearny and his American dragoons, recently arrived over the regular Emigrant Road, and Cooke's Mormon Battalion was known to be coming over the same route. John McCain, a well known stage driver on the old Butterfield Route, and now (1926) residing at Julian, San Diego county, is authority for the statement that cattle rustlers and smugglers operating between California and Mexico made use of the old Anza trail through Borego Valley, and also traveled the route through San Gorgonio Pass. They knew that they would be secure against encountering travelers on these routes. Even so great an organization as the Southern Pacific Railroad has been unable to develop usable water along their road across the desert, and today the Company hauls all water that is used at its desert stations in tank cars from Indio, as the water along the line, even from deep wells, has so high a mineral content that it is unfit for locomotive boilers or for drinking.

Americans did not adopt the San Gorgonio route quickly. Mr. C. J. Coutts, of Vista, San Diego County, has the diary kept, in 1848, by his father, Cave Johnson Coutts, when a lieutenant of the 1st Dragoons, United States Army, describing a journey made by his company from Coahuila, Mexico, to Los Angeles. The diary is illustrated by carefully drawn pen and ink maps of the route followed. From the Colorado River to Los Angeles, the line of march was along the route afterwards adopted by the Butterfield stages, and the maps show no road leading to the San Gorgonio Pass. Also, the first official map of the State of California, authorized by the Legislature of 1853 and printed a year later, shows the Old Emigrant Road with the desert watering places along it, but gives no suggestion of any road from Fort Yuma to San Gorgonio.<sup>31</sup>

The history of the selection of a route into California for the Butterfield Overland Mail Line adds force to our argument. On March 3, 1857, the day before the Pierce administration ended, Congress passed an act authorizing the establishment of an overland mail line. On July 2, the Postmaster General advertised for bids and definitely outlined the route as far west as Fort Yuma. From there he contented himself with specifying "thence through the best passes and along the best valleys for safe and expeditious staging, to San Francisco." The contract was let to the Butterfield Company September 15, 1857.<sup>32</sup>

Then began the struggles of Los Angeles, San Bernardino and San Diego for a place on the mail line. At the outset, it was assumed in Washington that the stages would pass through San Bernardino. The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *North American* published a table of distances based on "the best information in possession of the Government," ending with "Fort Yuma to San Bernardino, 180 miles, San Bernardino to San Francisco, via Cajon Pass, Cañada de las Uvas, etc., 420 miles."<sup>33</sup> This route, it will be noted, would have omitted Los Angeles, but would have taken stages through the San Joaquin Valley.

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31. A copy of this map was found in the San Bernardino County Recorder's Office.

32. Root and Connolley, *The Overland Stage to California*, Chapter I.

33. Quoted in *San Diego Herald*, August 29, 1857.



San Diego pressed her claim for the mail line on the ground that she possessed the shortest practicable route from Fort Yuma to the sea, whence mail could be dispatched to San Francisco by steamers, and in October, 1857, James E. Birch, President of the California Stage Company, established a stage service between San Diego and San Antonio, Texas, as a personal venture,<sup>34</sup> hoping, no doubt, that the Butterfield Company would adopt his route and make use of his stages in their general contract. This was before the Butterfield Company had much more than begun to prepare for their great undertaking.

At about this time, San Bernardino County elected to the State Assembly, Isaac W. Smith, a resident since the year 1853 of the San Gorgonio Pass. He was one of the best informed men on desert conditions in the country,<sup>35</sup> and had accompanied the expedition through the Pass upon which Blake made the report. Smith was keenly alive to the benefits that would accrue to San Bernardino if the Butterfield stages should run through San Gorgonio, and he worked earnestly to secure action by the Legislature that would place the mail line where he and his constituents wished it.

The San Diego *Herald*, January 2, 1858, said:

"We are all expecting the arrival of the agents of the great Semi-weekly Overland Mail to examine the feasibility of making San Diego the western terminus of their line . . . . The people of Los Angeles and San Bernardino are so alive to the importance of this that they are now actually laying out a new road entirely across the desert."

This "new road," the rumors of which had evidently excited San Diego, is described by Mr. Silas C. Cox as running from Dos Palmas along the base of the mountains to near the present Niland Station, and thence approximately along the line of the Southern Pacific railroad to Yuma. Mr. Cox made a horseback trip over this route in the fall of 1858, and remembers that a wagon road had been "broke through" then, although there were but few indications of travel remaining. It was his understanding that the wagon tracks had been left by immigrants. It is more probable that they were left either by Colonel Washington and other Government surveyors who were engaged in run-

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34. Farish, T. E., *History of Arizona*, Vol. 2, p. 1.

35. *Pacific Railway Reports*, Vol. V. p. 7, Lieut. R. S. Williamson's Report, under heading "Organization of Party," says:

"The party which embarked with me consisted of Lieutenant J. G. Parke, topographical engineer . . . . Mr. Isaac Williams Smith, civil engineer . . . . etc."

Elsewhere Lieut. Williamson writes, "Mr. Smith proved himself a very competent civil engineer."

ning the San Bernardino base and meridian lines and laying off townships on the desert in 1855-56-57,<sup>36</sup> or by the Butterfield explorers or San Bernardino prospectors for water during the spring and summer of 1858. Mr. Cox states that there was a slightly traveled road at that time on the west side of Salton Sink.

On January 20, 1858, the move San Diego had feared was made, and a resolution introduced by an assemblyman from Los Angeles was adopted by the Legislature urging Congress to establish "a weekly mail route from the City of San Bernardino, via San Gorgonio Pass and Couhilla Valley to Fort Yuma." The "Couhilla Valley" was not the well known mountain valley south of Mt. San Jacinto that bears the name "Cahuilla Valley" today, but included the present Coachella and Cabazon Valleys, at that time inhabited by Cahuilla Indians and cultivated by them to a limited extent.<sup>37</sup> In the same session, Dr. Isaac W. Smith, of San Gorgonio, introduced a bill appropriating money "for obtaining water on the Colorado Desert," to be used presumably on the new route then being urged by the Los Angeles and San Bernardino interests. There is some reason for believing that the route was outlined largely by Dr. Smith, as it was sometimes called "The Smith Survey." The bill failed of passage,<sup>38</sup> but two years later a similar bill was more successful.

A San Bernardino correspondent of the *San Francisco Call* wrote, February 16, 1858:

"On Saturday last we had an arrival from the vanguard of the overland stage line. Two pioneer wagons belonging to the great Butterfield Stage Company came here from San Francisco, by way of Tulare Valley, east of the Coast range, through the Cajon Pass . . . they pushed on toward Fort Yuma."

On March 11, the *Call* announced the arrival of these explorers at Fort Yuma, stating that the distance from San Francisco to Yuma had been found to be seven hundred miles—measured by odometer. This was one hundred miles more than had been expected, but it proves that they went via San Gorgonio Pass, since the distance by Warner's would have been much greater.

In June, representatives of the mail company arrived at Los Angeles to arrange for stations between San Ber-

36. The *San Diego Herald*, May 19, 1855, mentions Dr. R. C. Mathewson, and June 16, 1855, C. H. Poole, as surveying U. S. Lands on the Colorado Desert. On July 28, 1855, this paper says: "Col. Washington extending Base Line east from Mt. San Bernardino, has completed 86 miles of the survey." See also Note 51.

37. See excerpt from *Los Angeles News*, July 9, 1862.

38. *Sacramento Daily Union*, April 12, 1858.

nardino and Fort Yuma;<sup>39</sup> and early in July, the superintendent of the division reached Los Angeles from San Francisco and informed the *Star*:

"From Fort Tejon to Los Angeles there will be four stations and from Los Angeles to San Bernardino there will be three stations."<sup>40</sup>

Clearly influences had been at work, Los Angeles had found "a place in the sun," and San Diego had lost out. San Bernardino appeared to be secure. Soon after, however, the San Diego *Herald*, July 24, 1858, said editorially:

"The impracticability of the San Bernardino route amounts almost to a demonstration. It is a continuous desert for 200 miles . . . the sand deep and very heavy . . . much of the way lying along the south side of a mountain chain that makes it unendurably hot . . . with no grass and very little water . . . in fact in one place a distance of 60 miles over the sandiest portion of the road, without a drop of water."

This pessimistic statement was not wholly warranted, since more than half the route, a few years later, was adopted into the Bradshaw Road, an important freight and stage route well supplied with water and not especially sandy. The statement was correct in its characterization of the portion of the desert between Frink's Spring and Fort Yuma, a distance, on modern road maps, of eighty-nine miles.<sup>41</sup>

On August 27, 1858, the San Francisco *Call* quoted Colonel J. J. Warner as saying, in his Los Angeles paper *The Southern Vineyard*:

"The contractors of the Southern Mail Route have abandoned the San Gorgonio route, in consequence of inability to procure water, and intend proceeding via Warner's ranch. The San Bernardinians, on learning that the prospecting parties had failed to procure water, raised \$2000 and dispatched a party headed by Mr. J. Mitchell, to make further search."

San Bernardino then, as well as San Diego, had failed to secure the stage line, and Los Angeles was the victor. On September 15, 1858, the Butterfield Company began running mail stages by Warner's ranch, and continued until the beginning of the Civil War, when their Government mail contract was annulled.

Although disappointed in its efforts to secure the mail line, San Bernardino never gave up hope. So long as the Butterfield stages ran, she dreamed of securing them either by diverting them from the Old Emigrant Road through Warner's to a line following the course of the present paved road from the Imperial Valley to San Gorgonio Pass, or by

39. San Francisco *Call*, June 27, 1858.

40. Excerpt in San Francisco *Call*, July 13, 1858.

41. U. S. Geological Survey, *Water-Supply Paper* 490-A.



solving the water problem that had made impossible the direct route from San Gorgonio to Yuma, on the east side of the Salton Sea. In the *Los Angeles Star* for January 29, 1859, a San Bernardino correspondent reported:

"Effort is being again made to induce the mail company to run their stages by way of San Bernardino rather than by the roundabout line now in use. Contractors expended \$6000 on present road. If citizens deposit that amount with the company, the change can be effected."

According to the watchful *San Diego Herald*, a bill appropriating \$5000 for securing water on the Colorado desert had been passed by the Legislature shortly before, but apparently it was not approved by the Governor, for no such act appears in the statutes of that year. In 1860, however, a bill similar to the one proposed two years before by Dr. Smith became a law, and the board of supervisors of San Bernardino County were made agents of the State to carry out its provisions. A contract was let for "digging three wells on the Colorado Desert, on the road leading from San Gorgonio Pass to Fort Yuma (by way of Smith's Survey)." Two of the wells were accepted and paid for by the supervisors on December 22, 1860.<sup>42</sup> Mr. S. C. Cox states that these wells were dug on the road running from Dos Palmas to Yuma. He was intimately acquainted with the contractor who sunk them, and remembers that the contractor told him that no water was struck in either of them. Mr. Cox locates the first well not far from the present Niland station. From newspaper accounts of the time, we learn that the second well was about forty-two miles from Fort Yuma. The third well, which was never sunk, was to have been located about fifteen miles west of Yuma.<sup>43</sup>

For a brief time, in 1866-67, Banning & Company, of Los Angeles, endeavored to use the direct route to Yuma that the Government surveyors and the Butterfield explorers had traveled eight or ten years before, but they were forced to abandon it. The end of this last effort to run by a direct line from San Gorgonio to Yuma is noted in the

42. Minutes, Board of Supervisors, San Bernardino County, May 28, 1860, and June 27, 1860; also San Bernardino Co. Recorder's Office, Miscellaneous Records, Book A, p. 33.

43. *Los Angeles Star*, December 29, 1860.

"SEMI-WEEKLY SOUTHERN NEWS, LOS ANGELES, December 28, 1860. Correspondence from San Bernardino: "Two of the Board of Supervisors have been out, and accepted two of the wells and paid over the money . . . another large spring was found twelve miles from the second well and within thirty miles of Fort Yuma. The other well will be sunk as near midway on the thirty mile desert as circumstances will admit of. The road is represented to be far preferable to the old one, and from thirty to forty miles nearer from this place to Fort Yuma."

two following items in the San Bernardino *Guardian* of March 18, 1867:

"Terrible Suffering—About the 21st ult. Pat Murray, driver on the new route between here and Fort Yuma, left the place with one passenger and the quartermaster's mail. He lost the road, the station camp having been removed, and wandered about three days without water—horses turned loose finally came to Frink's spring."

"Hauled Off—We understand that the stock of Banning & Co. have been removed from the newly laid out road to Fort Yuma, branching from Dos Palmas, on the line to La Paz. It is unnecessary to say that the road was utterly impracticable, a desert country of nearly a hundred miles rendering it impossible for stock to travel, with sand up to the hubs. The military express will still be forwarded to La Paz and Fort Yuma."

This history we have been citing leads to certain conclusions: 1st, that, because of the difficulties encountered on the desert to the east of it, travelers in the early days did not use the San Gorgonio Pass as a route through the mountains, although engineers later found it to be the most desirable way into California for a railroad; 2nd, that the San Bernardino-Sonora Road led to the summit of the Pass and then turned off at a veritable right angle toward the San Jacinto Valley; 3rd, that the real mountain crossing—the crossing characterized by Lieutenant Emory as "the great pass to Sonora" and by Lieutenant Colonel Cooke as "the only pass leading to Sonora"<sup>44</sup>—was the Warner Pass, notwithstanding the fact that it was more than one thousand feet higher than San Gorgonio.

These conclusions enable us to reconcile the apparent discrepancies in the statements concerning travel by way of San Gorgonio Pass that were referred to earlier in this chapter. All confusion disappears when we remember that this so-called "San Gorgonio Pass travel" probably went by the San Bernardino-Sonora Road, which touched San Gorgonio, the settlement, and then turned to the south. For example, in the matter of the Sonoran miners, a deposition by Jeremiah Hill<sup>45</sup> shows that a party of fourteen Americans and another party of one hundred and fifty Mexicans crossed the desert together in April, 1850, by the Old Emigrant Road; and a diary kept by A. B. Clarke,<sup>46</sup> in 1849, describes a trip across the desert in June of that year by two parties of Americans and a party of Mexicans, all of whom went by the Old Emigrant Road and not by San Gorgonio Pass. And yet these Mexican parties were a part

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44. Official Report of Lieut. Col. P. St. George Cooke, *House Executive Documents*, 30th Cong., 1st Sess., Doc. 41.

45. Historical Society of Southern California, *Annual Publications* 1903, Vol. VI, Part I, p. 62.

46. Clarke, A. B., *Travels in Mexico and California*.

of the great Sonoran Migration that Guinn routed through San Gorgonio. It is very probable that, after reaching Warner's Pass, the Sonorans followed the road that led through the San Bernardino Valley instead of going through Temecula, and thus established the contact with San Gorgonio which Guinn mentions, the name San Gorgonio referring, in reality, however, to the settlement and not to the Pass. In this paper, the Pass is considered to be the opening in the mountains east of the old San Gorgonio settlement.

As for the ill-fated Crabb Expedition, since young Evans, the sole survivor, states that the party spent a week at Warner's before starting across the desert to Fort Yuma,<sup>47</sup> is it not entirely probable that the Crabb party, after leaving El Monte, also touched the San Gorgonio Pass, if at all, while traveling via the San Bernardino-Sonora Road?

### **The San Gorgonio Pass Comes Into Its Own— The Bradshaw Road**

We have already shown that although San Gorgonio Pass and the desert adjacent had been traversed by Government engineers seeking a line to the Pacific for a railroad as early as 1853, and by Colonel Washington and his surveyors running the base line from Mt. San Bernardino in 1855, and that although a few adventurous travelers had followed in the wake of these explorers, the Pass had seen no general travel prior to 1862. In that year, however, a discovery was made on the lower Colorado River that brought San Gorgonio speedily into prominence. Captain Pauline Weaver, the noted frontiersman who, in 1846-47, had been one of the guides for Colonel Cooke and the Mormon Battalion from Santa Fe to California, was trapping and prospecting along the Colorado with a party in the month of January, 1862, when they discovered gold in a gulch about seven miles east of La Paz, a town approximately seventy miles north of Fort Yuma. Weaver visited Fort Yuma shortly after and exhibited gold that he had collected.<sup>48</sup> The news of the great find spread immediately to Sonora and to California, and that a typical gold rush was under way in a very short time is evidenced by the Los Angeles papers of the day. A practicable road to the new diggings became an immediate desideratum.

47. *House Executive Documents*, 35th Cong., 1st Sess., Doc. 64.

48. Browne, J. Ross, *Resources of the Pacific Slope*, p. 454.



There was already a road from San Bernardino through Cajon Pass to Fort Mojave, and from there it was possible to travel down along the river to the mines; but the Los Angeles *Star*, on May 31, announced:

"Parties who have left town for the Colorado placers, intending to take a cut-off by way of San Gorgonio Pass, thence on a straight line to the new diggings, have sent word that the new road is in first rate condition and perfectly practicable."

This reference to the "new road" was to the so-called Bradshaw Road. W. D. Bradshaw, a man already prominent in Southern California,<sup>49</sup> was one of the first to make the trip from Los Angeles to the new gold fields. Guided only by a map drawn for him by a Maricopa Indian who, with Chief Cabazon, of the Cahuillas, had visited the mines previously, he made his way from San Gorgonio Pass to the river, and the route he followed became the road bearing his name.<sup>50</sup>

Although this road was hardly a part of the Southern Overland Route as we are accustomed to think of it, it calls for mention in this paper since it led to the diversion of travel from the Warner's Pass route to the route now followed by the paved highway through San Gorgonio.

Excitement in Los Angeles over the gold placers on the Colorado was intense. The *Star* for June 7 devoted its news columns to rumors and reports concerning the new diggings. The next issue, June 14, contained an advertisement by Messrs. Warringer and Bradshaw to the effect that a boat would be running on the river at Providence Point by June 16, and that a large ferry would be put on as soon as possible, evidently for the accomodation of persons traveling via San Gorgonio and the Bradshaw Road.

On June 12, 1862, the *Star* printed in its San Bernardino correspondence a letter from "Chucuwalla Camp" that indicated the beginning of freighting from San Bernardino\* to the mines by way of the San Gorgonio Pass. The letter, dated June 26, mentioned Charley Cunningham as having ten thousand pounds of freight at Chucuwalla, and referred to [W. W.] McCoy and one other person from San Bernardino who were there. An item of July 19, stated that about one hundred and fifty Americans, five hundred Sonorans, and two thousand Indians were at work at the

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49. See Major Horace Bell, *Reminiscences of a Ranger*, page 303.

50. *Los Angeles Star*, June 14, 1862. (Interview with W. D. Bradshaw.)

\*George Miller and S. C. Cox have supplied names of 43 desert freighters from San Bernardino.

mines. It contained a favorable reference to the Bradshaw Road.

On July 9, 1862, the *Los Angeles News* said:

"We have had the pleasure of meeting Mr. J. H. Riley, the traveling correspondent of the *Alta Californian*, who has returned from his trip toward the Colorado by the route designated by Mr. W. D. Bradshaw . . . . Mr. Riley believes . . . . that the road via the 'San Geronio Pass' past the Cabazon or Cahuilla Valley and 'Brown's Pass' will prove to be the most direct one: . . . . In his opinion, however, supported by the evidence of Mr. J. R. Frink, of San Timoteo, the road should continue through 'Brown's Pass' directly over the summit and thence direct to the river, instead of making the detour to the right towards Tabeseca as pursued by Messrs. Bradshaw and Grant."<sup>51</sup>

That opinion in San Bernardino as to the merits of this new road was divided is indicated in the *Star's* San Bernardino correspondence of August 12, which contained the statement:

"Quite a number of wagons have gone out by the Mojave route, which is decidedly the best."

Another letter to the *Star*, July 15, commenting on one of the desert tragedies common to those days, said:

"I traveled on the well known road to Fort Mojave. If the parties that were defeated on the Cabazon desert had gone by the Mojave route they would now have been at the mines, and none would have lost their lives."

The reference was to the Charles Yates party of five men and to the Garrett family—father, mother, and five children—all from San Bernardino, who perished on the desert from thirst.

On the other hand, a San Bernardino correspondent of the *Star* gave the information, on August 9, that three teams had lately arrived from the Colorado—apparently by the Bradshaw Road—and that it was intended to load them and send them back. Two other loaded wagons had been sent shortly before. Soon after this, the Bradshaw Road seems to have been accepted generally as the most practicable route to the mines. On August 23, the *Los Angeles Star* contained a statement that Mr. Bradshaw had started the day before for San Bernardino, where he was expecting to meet one hundred and fifty men and conduct them to the river. It also stated that everyone who had

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51. Mr. Riley continues as follows:

"According to the statement of Mr. Frink, who freighted for the surveying party under Colonel Washington in 1855-56-57, the road as made by them across the summit and thence to the river, was good for wagons carrying from 1500 to 2500 pounds, and that they had plenty of water at a natural tank twenty miles from the water in the pass, and again eight miles further on at a well 30 feet deep which the surveying party sunk in the bed of Dry Creek, the same which supplies the water holes at Chocowalla."

traveled the Bradshaw Road gave it the preference over any other route.

The *Star* for September 13 contained a table of distances from Los Angeles to the Colorado by the Bradshaw route, with the comment:

"On the diagram accompanying the foregoing table of distances the road from White River to Dos Palmas is marked 'sandy.' At this latter point the Fort Yuma Road comes in."

This mention of the Fort Yuma Road is a reference to the direct route from San Gorgonio Pass to Fort Yuma that the Butterfield Company had investigated and rejected four years before.

In September, the town of La Paz which, up to that time, had known nothing better in the way of transportation than pack trains and freight wagons, was astonished one day to have a veritable "coach and six" come dashing in from Los Angeles. It was the first of a line of stages between Los Angeles and the Colorado River, with an express for the safe transit of gold dust, letters, and so forth. The line had been established by Messrs. Warren Hall and Henry Wilkinson, acting for the Alexander Company of Los Angeles, who, in turn, were the agents in that city for Wells-Fargo. On the return to Los Angeles, the stage carried between five and six thousand dollars in gold.

Hall and Wilkinson were experienced California stage men—Hall having been road agent for the California Division of the San Antonio and San Diego Mail Line of the California Stage Company—but their management of the line to La Paz was destined to endure only a month, for on October 29, the *News* reported the death of both of them in the vicinity of Dr. Isaac W. Smith's ranch near the summit of the Pass—the first station on the stage line beyond San Bernardino. An employee at the station had been under the suspicion of stealing bullion from the stage, and he stabbed Hall and Wilkinson as they were endeavoring to extort an admission of guilt from him. It is but fair to state that he surrendered himself to the authorities in San Bernardino, and after examination, was discharged on his plea of having acted in self-defense.

Nothing further concerning stages through the San Gorgonio Pass appears in the newspapers until February 28, 1863, when the San Bernardino correspondent of the *Star* announced that L. A. Frink & Company, of San Timoteo, were preparing to establish a line of stages be-



tween San Bernardino and La Paz, to connect with stages from Los Angeles and carry both passengers and freight.

In the matter of water, that eternal problem on the desert, the Bradshaw Road, when compared with many other desert roads, was really well supplied. In only one stretch was the distance between natural watering places as great as thirty-five miles, and there were places in that stretch where water could be developed.<sup>52</sup> A letter from L. A. Frink, written from San Bernardino and printed in the *Star* of September 5, 1863, contained the statement that Frink and James Grant, the latter from San Bernardino, were then leaving La Paz with freight and passengers, and that they were taking men to "open the water" at Chucuwalla so that thereafter there would be an abundant supply at that point.

The placers on the Colorado, which had led to the opening of the Bradshaw Road, were exhausted eventually, but new mining fields in Central Arizona, and the carrying of supplies to various military posts there, made a large amount of freight and express business for the road during the period of the Civil War—a business in which San Bernardino men had a goodly share. The Government's mail contract with the Butterfield Company was annulled in the spring of 1861, and from then until 1865 there was no Government mail route between California and Arizona, mail being carried through the courtesy of the military authorities. In 1864, as the end of the war approached and a territorial government in Arizona was being organized, the road through San Gorgonio Pass began to assume importance as a prospective mail route. The *Los Angeles News*, January 4, 1864, said:

"The present is a favorable time to move in the matter of procuring establishment by Congress of a U. S. Mail route from Los Angeles to La Paz, and thence eastward. A line of stages is already in motion making weekly trips. The route used at present by the Los Angeles and La Paz Stage Co., is that by way of San Bernardino, thence taking the Bradshaw route direct to La Paz. If an eligible route exists between La Paz and the Gila Station on the old Butterfield route, the mail can be continued in almost a direct line to Tucson."

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52. Some of the natural watering places were not dependable at all seasons, and it was desirable to insure a permanent supply. The following extract is from the *Star*, July 11, 1863:

"Wells needed on the desert. 1st, between Agua Caliente and Toros, about 25 ft. deep. From Toros to Dos Palmas there is plenty of water. 2nd, Dos Palmas to Chucawalla, 45 miles. No wells now . . . ought to be two—15 miles from Dos Palmas and 15 miles further just this side of the 'Divide'—each 15 ft. deep. 3rd, From Chucawalla is 50 miles. Two wells needed, one about 15 miles from Chucawalla, second about 10 miles farther. Both will have to be deep. 10 miles from last proposed well you strike the Laguna—water brackish . . . thence to river, 10 miles."

The Government did not see fit to act in accordance with this idea but, instead, extended the San Bernardino-La Paz line to Prescott and Santa Fe, thus connecting with the so-called Thirty-fifth Parallel Route instead of with the old Butterfield road along the Gila. On February 28, the *Los Angeles News* announced that the first through mail for Arizona under the new contract had come down by steamer from San Francisco. On March 21, the stages were reported to be operating fairly regularly. The needs of Southern Arizona were met later by awarding a mail contract to Tomlinson & Company, of Los Angeles, who ran stages through San Bernardino, Box Springs and Temecula, and thence to Tucson on the old Butterfield route. This contract went into effect July 1, 1867.

The year 1867 saw considerable activity in the way of improving the Bradshaw Road,<sup>53</sup> stimulated doubtless by the resumption of stage travel over Warner's Pass by Tomlinson & Company, and also by Banning & Company who, undaunted by their failure to establish a line to Fort Yuma via the San Gorgonio Pass, sent stages for a time by way of Warner's. Like the Tomlinson Company, the Banning Company ran through San Bernardino and Box Springs, and entered the old Butterfield road at Temecula. The last advertisement in the *Guardian* of the Tomlinson & Company stages to Fort Yuma appeared February 15, 1868. On the same day, the paper announced:

"The San Diego mail is squelched; the Fort Yuma line is discontinued; the Tucson route is abandoned."

The increasing importance of the Bradshaw Road is indicated in the *Guardian's* announcement of March 14, 1868, to the effect that the old mail route from San Bernardino to Prescott, via the Cajon Pass and Fort Mojave, was to be permanently changed, and that mail would thereafter be carried from San Bernardino to La Paz direct and

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53. The following items are from the San Bernardino *Guardian*:

March 30, 1867. "The La Paz Road. The present road runs in an angling, crooked, roundabout course, over deep sands, and entailing forty miles of unnecessary travel. Starting from San Gorgonio Pass there is a line of natural road leading directly to La Paz along the bench of hard land. With the exception of only six miles it is free from sand, but passing across a wide plain are two deep canyons to be worked . . . . estimated cost \$3000."

May 4, 1867. "New Road . . . . Messrs. Daley, Smithson and others, returning from La Paz last week . . . . They laid out and traveled over a new road from the Two Palms to Martine's [Martinez] ranch . . . . six or eight miles saved . . . . one new watering place gained . . . . one day saved . . . . all sand on old road missed . . . . Mr. Bradshaw of La Paz (not the man for whom the road was named) is intending to make a new road this month from Chucawalla to the river . . . . will save a day's time by avoiding canyons . . . ."

May 11, 1867. "We understand Mr. Frink has made a new line of road from La Paz to Dos Palmas, shortening distance and finding excellent roadway. He cut brush for over fourteen miles . . . . found two new watering places."

thence to Prescott, via Wickenburg. Mail for Fort Yuma was diverted at La Paz.<sup>54</sup>

During the next few years the mail was carried from San Bernardino to Prescott over the Bradshaw Road, by various contractors and in various types of conveyances—sometimes stages, sometimes buckboards, sometimes in light wagons.<sup>55</sup> La Paz, however, suffered in 1870, from one of the vagaries of the Colorado River which left it high and dry; and a freight contractor named Goldwater, who had large consignments of Government supplies to transport, laid out the site of a new town, Ehrenberg, on the river about seven miles below LaPaz.<sup>56</sup> A large scow ferry boat capable of carrying two ten-mule teams at once was launched at this new town, and as business and travel were diverted from La Paz, it was soon abandoned.

After the establishment, in 1869, of railroad connection between the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts, overland stage travel declined, and soon the old stage coaches were used merely for local service. Freighting by the San Geronio-Ehrenberg road continued, however, and increased

54. Tables of Distances between Stations or Watering Places.

SAN BERNARDINO TO FORT YUMA. (Appeared frequently in San Bernardino Guardian, 1867-68.)

	Miles
Point of Rocks.....	25
Temecula .....	30
Negros .....	8
Cotton Grove.....	3
Oak Grove.....	11
Warner's Ranch.....	16
San Felipe.....	16
Vallecito .....	20
Carrizo Creek.....	18
Sackett's Well.....	17
Laguna .....	13
Indian Wells.....	2
New River Station.....	16
Alamos .....	14
Gardner's Wells.....	8
Cooke's Wells.....	14
Algodones .....	12
Pilot Knob .....	4
Fort Yuma.....	9½
	256½

SAN BERNARDINO TO LA PAZ. (Prepared by Henry M. Roberts, Major of Engineers, U. S. A., printed in Guardian, March 5, 1870, and in many later issues.)

	Miles
Crossing Santa Ana River.....	4.09
Old San Bernardino.....	1.
Mouth of San Timoteo Canyon..	3.12
Head of San Timoteo Canyon..	12.84
Summit San Geronio Pass....	5.16
Noble's Ranch.....	3.32
White River Station.....	14.71
White River Crossing.....	2.98
Agua Caliente Station.....	7.81
Indian Wells.....	13.71
Toros Mail Station.....	13.29
Martinez, Indian Village.....	5.02
Lone Palm.....	12.99
Dos Palmas.....	6.79
Canyon Spring.....	11.
Chucka Walla.....	34.
Laguna .....	30.
Willow Station.....	7.
Bradshaw's Ferry.....	12.
La Paz.....	5.

205.73

55. The following are gleaned from news items and advertisements in the *Guardian*:

- May 9, 1868, U. S. Mail Line to La Paz, Waters and Noble Proprietors.  
 February 25, 1870, J. W. Waters retired from firm and Newton Noble became sole proprietor.  
 April 2, 1870, Mail Lettings for Arizona. } James Grant  
     Hardyville to Yuma  
     San Bernardino to Prescott  
 July 9, 1870, Isaac H. Levy, U. S. Mail Line from San Bernardino to Arizona, via Ehrenberg, La Paz, etc.  
 August 5, 1871, Arizona Mail and Stage Line . . . . . only direct stage from San Bernardino to Prescott and Central Arizona points. James Stewart, Superintendent; James Grant, Proprietor.  
 56. Farish, T. E., *History of Arizona*, Vol. 2, p. 333:



as the country developed, until 1877, when the Southern Pacific railroad was completed from Los Angeles to Yuma, and the freight wagons went into the discard with the stage coaches, and Ehrenberg, like La Paz, became one of the many "ghost cities" of the West.<sup>57</sup>

### Summary

The development of travel over the Southern Overland Route between Southern Arizona and Los Angeles may be summarized as follows:

1. The way from Tucson to Yuma was blazed by Father Kino, about the year 1700.

2. A route from Yuma across the desert and through the mountains to San Gabriel was discovered, in 1775, by Captain Anza. This route was abandoned in 1782, but the part leading across the desert was retraveled many years later.

3. The Carrizo Creek-San Felipe route to Warner's Pass was discovered by Lieutenant Colonel Pedro Fages, in 1782; but so far as we know, the route was not used until the coming of the Santa Fe traders, in 1831.

4. In 1832, David E. Jackson, of Santa Fe, traveled from Warner's Pass to the Santa Ana River by way of Temecula Valley, making use probably of some old Indian trail.

5. Between 1832 and 1851, much travel from Sonora came into California by Warner's Pass, Aguanga and the San Jacinto Valley, or, in other words, by the San Bernardino-Sonora Road.

6. In 1853, Lieutenant J. G. Parke's party of Government engineers opened a road from the summit of San Gorgonio Pass to the desert; and crossed the desert west of the Salton Sink to the Old Emigrant Road through Carrizo Creek.

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57. Chase, J. Smeaton, *California Desert Trails*, p. 333:

La Paz—"I searched for houses, then for any token showing where houses had stood. There was nothing, not so much as a scrap of foundation, or adobe wall, or of lumber, or even debris. Apart from the monument (cone shaped cement) and a few mud bricks close thereby not a sign remained of the city of La Paz, which forty or fifty years ago was a place of five thousand or more people . . . .

p. 335:

Ehrenberg—"Here, however, there was at least a skeleton left—a dozen or so adobe houses, all but one or two wrecked and deserted gaping open to the sky. In the largest habitable building Ehrenberg's one and only citizen solemnly keeps store all by himself. Ehrenberg is probably the only case extant of a town with but a single inhabitant; almost certainly the only instance of such a place keeping a store going. We have read of that doubtful island where the people 'eked out a precarious livelihood by taking in one another's washing.' Here, though, is an authentic case of a person making a living off himself."

7. By 1858, a limited amount of travel had developed over a line paralleling Lieutenant Parke's route. Prospectors continued its use, but heavy travel over this line, now a part of the Ocean to Ocean Highway, came only with the development of the Imperial Valley as a farming region.

8. The opening of the Bradshaw Road to the Colorado River placers, in 1862, gave the San Geronimo Pass an importance that it has never lost.

9. Travel over the Old Emigrant Road by Warner's Pass to the California gold fields was extensive in 1849 and for many years thereafter. For about three years prior to the Civil War, it was traveled by the Butterfield Overland Mail Stages. It also served as a military road during the war, and both the Banning and Tomlinson Companies ran stages over it after the war. With the discontinuance, early in 1868, of the last stage line over Warner's Pass, the Old Emigrant Road sank into disuse.

## AN INCIDENT ON THE OLD ROAD<sup>1</sup>

BY SILAS C. COX

I was born January 14th, 1843, in Fayette County, Alabama . . . .

Uncle Jim Waters, an old pioneer trapper and mountaineer took quite a notion to me, so he would occasionally take me on some of his short trips. I remember my first trip with him. It was early in the winter of 1852-3. He had two men that he hired for the trip and myself, I being then nearly ten years old.

He took about twenty-five head of fat oxen down to the forks of the road near old Camp Cady, on the Mojave river, to trade to the emigrants coming in from Utah, and later on I went with him and three other men down through the Temecula country, then up through the Oak Grove and over to Warner's Ranch, then back through the low range of mountains into the San Jacinto Valley, and from there on over to Beaumont, then known as San Gorgonio, and down the San Timoteo canyon into San Bernardino . . . .

Late in the fall of 1859 I hired out to Uncle Jim Waters of Yucaipa to help break a lot of young colts to ride, and to ride the range also. I stayed with him most of my time until the spring of 1860, then I went to Holcomb Valley.

I soon bought an interest in a little placer mine in Big Bear Valley, but only worked there a short time before I sold out my interest. By that time things were getting pretty lively around Holcomb Valley, so I went down to Temecula and bought ten head of burros and started a pack train to Holcomb Valley with Billy Bryant as a partner. I ran the packing business until late in the fall, then father bought out the Elmore brothers' interest in the cattle in the San Timoteo Canyon, and moved them over on the Mojave, on the upper end of what is known now as the old Brown ranch, so he wanted me to go with him to take care of the cattle . . . .

During the summer of 1861 father sold the cattle to Uncle Jim Waters, so he hired me to stay with the cattle. .

About the 25th of November, Uncle Jim Waters came out to the ranch with a supply of provisions, and said he

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1. Selections from a manuscript sketch by Silas C. Cox, written in February, 1919, annotated by George William Beattie.



had concluded to move the cattle to Yucaipa about the middle of December, so I asked for a couple of weeks off which he granted me, so I could go and get our horses and take them to San Bernardino. I went to the horse ranch, got the horses, and drove them on to Big Bear Valley, as I had two horses there that I had traded for from Charley Lander. I found them the next day in time to drive on over to Deer Creek, and the next day on home .

. . .

I turned the horses loose as I came down on their old range near Harlem Springs. I hadn't much more than got off my horse when father told me he had bad news for me. He said some one had stolen my Chapo horse. He was one of the best saddle horses that I ever put a saddle on. I thought too much of him to keep him on the desert side, so I left him for father to ride.

I asked father if he had any idea who stole him. He said he thought it was a bunch of young men, mostly gamblers, who had been in Holcomb Valley and San Bernardino for some time. I asked him if they were in town. He said "No, that they had disappeared." After he told me their names I knew them all myself. The most of them were Texas boys and some of them were pretty good boys. It was just at the breaking out of the Civil War, and I suppose they wanted to get back home, but I objected to them taking my Chapo along with them.

I told father that I would follow them clear to Texas or have my horse back. I got on my horse and rode out to City Creek bench, now Highland, and drove in a bunch of horses. Some of them belonged to father. I caught two of them, changed my saddle to one of the fresh ones and went back home, put up some dried beef and bread and started out, then about four o'clock in the evening. I rode one horse and led the other. I went out through the San Timoteo Canyon, then over and through San Jacinto Valley, took the old Indian trail that Uncle Jim Waters had taken me over once before. I changed horses twice during the night, and rode hard. I came in to the old Government road about three miles above the old Jake Burgman ranch and about ten miles west of Oak Grove. About nine o'clock the next morning after leaving home, I soon found there had been a lot of horses on the road, and their tracks were very fresh and evidently not far ahead of me, so I rushed on and came in sight of them at the Oak Grove Station. They had stopped there likely to get a little supply of grub.

I never let them see me at all. I circled around to the left through the hills and brush, and rode a little extra hard, in order to get ahead of them. I struck the road again some six miles east of Oak Grove, where there was water and plenty of grass. My horses and I were pretty tired. I found a place hidden from the road, and unsaddled my horse and staked them, or rather tied them to small trees so they could get a good feed of grass and I also took a little lunch myself of my dried beef and bread, the first since leaving home.

I then went to a little rocky and brushy point some seventy-five yards off from the main road, and hid myself until they came along. My object was to see if they had my horse. They soon came in sight. There were eight men and twelve horses. They were riding eight and packing four. I soon saw that my horse was in the bunch with a man riding him that I had known for several years, and had always thought him to be a pretty nice fellow. I did a lot of thinking in mighty short time. I let them pass on, and about two hours later I saddled up again and followed them to their camp.

They camped about three hundred yards from the road on a little creek on the edge of Warner's Ranch. By knowing the country I knew almost where they would camp. It was near sundown when I located their camp. I tied my horses back in the brush and worked myself up through the brush to a hill some six hundred yards from their camp, so as to watch them and see what they did.

They made their camp among the willows so they had to stake and hobble the horses about a hundred yards or so from camp where it was more open and better feed. As soon as dark came, I went back to my horses and moved them back near to the road again. Then I went back toward the camp with the intention of stealing my horse back and let them go. I sneaked up so close to them through the brush and weeds that I could hear pretty much all they said. I heard one of them say, "Well boys, we are out of danger, and all tired out so we can lie down and take a good rest tonight."

Now you have no idea what a relief these words were to me for I expected to have a guard to contend with. After everything got quiet and I saw them roll up in their beds, I felt pretty easy, so I slipped out among the horses to get mine, and all of a sudden the thought struck me to take the whole bunch, so I crawled among the horses and cut the ropes and rope hobbles, took my horse and led

him slowly off. The rest soon began to follow. I got them back to my horses on the road. I lit into the saddle and I tell you I did some travelling that night. Whenever the horse that I was riding began to lag I would throw the lasso on another and change my saddle and light out again.

About ten o'clock next morning I had crossed the San Jacinto Valley and had got up in the Nickashay canyon.<sup>2</sup> I drove the horses up a side canyon where there was water and some grass. There I took my second meal of my dried beef and bread. I tied one horse to a bush where he could get a little grass and took my saddle blanket for a bed, and my saddle for a pillow, and took a nice little rest and sleep, after being in the saddle about 52 hours.

I stayed there until nearly dark, then I drove them on into San Bernardino. My object in making the night drive into San Bernardino, was to keep my trip a secret, as much as I could. I got in to or near where Meadow Brook Park is now. I took my three horses on home, let the rest go loose. When I got home I turned the two horses loose that I took from home knowing that they would go back to their range, put the stolen one in the barn and went to bed and took a good sleep and rest.

I stayed around for a few days, heard a good deal said about the horses coming home by different ones, but I said nothing. I never told anyone about it for years only father. All he said was that I was very foolish for taking the chances that I did.

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2. From the San Jacinto Valley to the Asistencia at Old San Bernardino, Mr. Cox did not follow the route of the old San Bernardino-Sonora road, but instead took a shorter road that ran through the Nechochea and San Timoteo canyons. Nechochea Canyon was the first pass through the hills west of Lamb Canyon. This part of Mr. Cox's route is the road referred to as, "a . . . drive up the San Timoteo Pass (which conducts to San Gorgonio) and over the hills from Weaver's, . . . to the residence of Don Salvador Estudillo," in the Benjamin Hayes MSS. attached to Rose L. Ellerbe's "History of Temescal Valley," Historical Society of Southern California. *Annual Publications*, 1920.











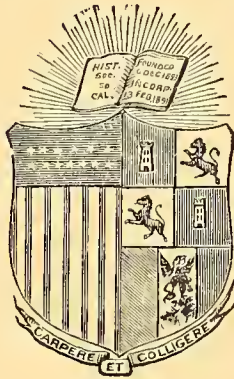




Organized November 1, 1883  
PART III

Incorporated February 13, 1891  
VOL. XIII

## ANNUAL PUBLICATIONS



# HISTORICAL SOCIETY

OF

## SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

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1926

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

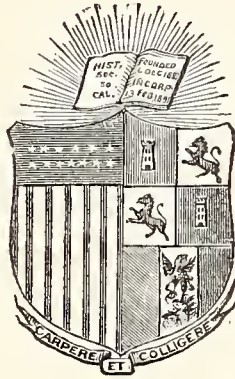




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## JEDEDIAH STRONG SMITH—PATHFINDER

By JOHN C. PARISH

The story of Jedediah Strong Smith does not cover a long span of years. He was only 32 when he met his tragic death at the hands of the Comanches; and into less than a decade are packed all the events of his western career. A hundred years have gone by since he crossed the desert and mountains and reached the Pacific Coast in California. Few at the time knew of his achievement and for nearly a century he seemed but a shadowy figure in the history of the west. The modesty of his disposition, the isolated nature of his travels, the absence of strong backing or governmental support, the loss of his papers by fire, all contributed to the haze surrounding the man and his work.

But recent investigations and the publication of contemporaneous documents have largely dissipated the haze, and revealed a man of unusual personality and attainments. This far-wandering man made himself known—often with startling abruptness—to mission fathers and Mexican officials, to factors and traders of the Hudson's Bay Company, to trappers in the mountains, and to Indians in the four corners of the West. And as the evidence accumulates, it becomes clear that the man who thus emerges from the dimness of the twenties was himself a large factor in dispelling the still greater obscurity that hung over the region west of the Rockies.

From the valley of the Great Salt Lake, in the vanguard of American trappers, he ranged north to Clark's Fork of the Columbia, and south to the Colorado. In 1826, first of all Americans, he made his way across the desert and through Cajon Pass to the Pacific Coast in Southern California; and then, not content to retrace his steps, he moved north into the central valley of California and opened another overland route to the Pacific by crossing the rocky barrier of the Sierras and finding his way back to Great Salt Lake. In 1827 he pushed out again to the Coast and was then the first to close by land travel the gap between the far-flung outposts of Mexico in Southern California and Great Britain on the Columbia River. He brought into live contact the farthest frontiers of three nations.

Jedediah Smith was born at Bainbridge, New York, on January 6, 1799.<sup>1</sup> The drift of his family was west-

1. This is not the date usually given but it rests on the evidence of a family Bible, once the property of Jedediah Smith's father, but now belonging to Mrs. C. F. Calhoun, of Los Angeles. In it are recorded the births of Jedediah Smith and his brothers and sisters.



ward to Ohio, and as a boy Jedediah found employment on one of the Great Lakes freighters. It was probably the lure of the western fur trade that brought him in the course of years to St. Louis. Here, in the early twenties, William Ashley was advertising for "enterprising young men" for the Missouri River trade, and expeditions under Andrew Henry and Ashley were setting out for the upper waters of the river.

It is with the Ashley expedition of 1823 that we begin to trace clearly the events in Smith's career. He fought in the disastrous battle in June against the Arikaras, then volunteered to carry word upstream to Andrew Henry. Finding Henry on the Yellowstone, he returned with him to Ashley's camp and was sent from there to St. Louis with the furs Henry had gathered. On August 10, he was back again with Ashley and commanded a company in the Indian battle on that date. These two months of ceaseless activity and wide wandering are typical of the remaining eight years of his life.

The west now claimed him as its own. Seldom, thereafter, did this serious minded young man with his unrelenting energy and his devout religious faith, leave the mountains and valleys so rich in furs and adventure yet so full of hardship and danger. In the winter following the Arikara fight he trapped in the Crow country where he was attacked by a grizzly and almost lost his life. 1824 and 1825 found him traversing South Pass and pushing so far north that he met trappers of the Hudson's Bay Company.

His most memorable travels began in 1826. In that year the firm of Smith, Jackson and Sublette took over the business of General Ashley, and almost immediately Smith set out on a journey south and west of Great Salt Lake. The land was without trails or trappers. He came upon the Colorado River, followed it for several days and then struck west across the desert. Finally, on November 27, 1826, he arrived at the mission of San Gabriel, much to the astonishment of the good Franciscan fathers.

Soon he found it necessary to go to San Diego to explain his presence to Governor Echeandía. Americans had invaded California by land. Mariners from the States were already there but the Mexicans found it one thing to receive Americans by the open door of the sea and quite another to have them slip through the mountains in the rear. Echeandía was alarmed though probably he had little idea of the real thing that had happened. He gave Smith instructions to go out of the land by the way he had come. Smith,

however, crossed the Tehachapi Range and moved northward, trapping as he went. At length, in May, 1827, leaving most of his men in the valley, he succeeded in crossing the Sierras with two companions, and after 20 days in the Great Basin reached Great Salt Lake.

Within a month he was on his way west again over his original trail with 19 men to rejoin the party he had left in California. This time disaster dogged his footsteps. At the Colorado River crossing the Mojave Indians killed half of his party, and when he reached California the Mexican officials were more hostile than ever. Undaunted, he gathered up his companions of the preceding year and continued northward finally coming out on the coast near the mouth of the Klamath River. Following the shore on into Oregon he met his crowning disaster. At the Umpqua River, Indians fell upon his party and Smith and two others were the only survivors.

After weeks of privation they reached Fort Vancouver on the Columbia, where Doctor John McLoughlin, the Hudson's Bay factor, treated them with the utmost kindness and kept them for the winter. Moving up the Columbia in the spring of 1829, Smith at length rejoined his partners, Jackson and Sublette, in the upper Snake country, and persuaded them to leave the trade beyond the South Pass thereafter to his benefactor and the British traders.

His great work as an explorer was done. Others could now travel the routes he had discovered. He continued his trading east of the mountains until the fall of 1830 when, returning to St. Louis with a wagon train of furs from the Rockies, he and his partners said farewell to the old trade. In 1831, they started on the fateful trip along the Santa Fé Trail, where, in the dry course of the Cimarron River, Smith lost his life to the Comanches.

Death had walked beside him for eight years, and time and again had reached out and then withdrawn its hand. But his life had been spared until his great work was done. His own journals were apparently lost; his maps—so much used in his day—have not been found; he lived to write no memoirs. Yet the evidence is abundant to show that, as much as Lewis and Clark before him, and certainly more than any man who followed him, Jedediah Smith deserves the title of Pathfinder.

## A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF SOURCES RELATING TO JEDEDIAH STRONG SMITH

### PREFACE

The bibliography which follows began with a considerable list of sources relating to Jedediah Smith which I prepared while a student at the University of California. This original bibliography gave specific page references but was without descriptive comment. Learning that Professor John C. Parish was looking for material on Smith for the annual publication of the Historical Society of Southern California, I turned over the list to him for use in that undertaking. Being out of the State at that time I was unable to prepare the work for publication.

Under his supervision the work was somewhat enlarged. New items were added from a bibliography prepared under the supervision of Miss Charlotte M. Brown of the University of Southern California. Miss Laura Cooley of the Los Angeles Public Library was also helpful in the discovery of new sources and in the checking of materials. Miss Edith Burns, while a student at the University of California at Los Angeles, checked all items which were available at Los Angeles, added new references, and prepared most of the comments.

I have since found it possible to recheck the items not found in Los Angeles but available in the Bancroft Library, and to make further additions. In some cases, where source material was not examined by any of the above persons, as in the case of the manuscripts at the Kansas State Historical Society, reliance has been placed upon Dale's excellent bibliography of materials on Ashley and Smith in his volume on *The Ashley-Smith Explorations and the Discovery of a Central Route to the Pacific, 1822-1829*.

The bibliography is by no means exhaustive but it is hoped that the fact that it is more extensive than any yet published on Smith, and the presence of page references and descriptive comments, will make it useful to anyone wishing to carry on either a wide or an intensive study of the much neglected pathfinder.

The compiler is under deep obligation to the editor, Dr. John C. Parish, with whom he has advised at all times and who has guided the bibliography through the various stages of publication.

A. P. NASATIR.



## MANUSCRIPT SOURCES

## Archives of California

(Manuscripts in Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley).

## Departmental Records

## Volume V. Letters:

Echeandía to Comandante de San Francisco. Monterey, May 18, 1827.

Orders Martinez not to rely on reports of Indians; dispatch scouts to ascertain identity of strangers and their business; demand their passports and detain them until further orders (p. 45).

Echeandía to Rocka. Monterey, May 18, 1827.

Institute proceedings against Juan Wilson, and take deposition of Daniel Ferguson in order to find out aims of strangers (p. 45).

Echeandía to Matinez. Monterey, May 23, 1827.

Smith's actions suspicious, must leave at once, come to San José and enjoy California hospitality under surveillance until Government decides concerning his case, or sail on first vessel that will carry him beyond latitude 42 degrees (p. 48).

Echeandía to Comandante de San Francisco. Monterey, August 3, 1827.

Thinks Americans have continued their journey beyond San José, but if they have not, they are to be brought to San José, where they are to be stripped of their arms and kept near the mission until further orders. If they have gone, ascertain in which direction (p. 73).

Echeandía to Comandantes de San Diego, Santa Barbara y San Francisco. Monterey, September 14, 1827.

Orders comandantes to carefully search Smith party and detain them wherever they are found (p. 88).

Echeandía to Arguello. Monterey, September 14, 1827.

Received Gil Breth's (Galbraith) declaration, which he will remit to Santa Barbara. Question "sick man" with able interpreter—if possible send him to San Diego. On same date orders Comandantes of Santa Barbara and San Diego to detain him until further orders (p. 89).

Echeandía to Comandante de San Francisco. Monterey, October 1, 1827.

Has received attestations relating to Smith and is remitting them. Sends a party to San Francisco, bringing the 12 Americans, who they say are on the other side of the river (p. 94).

Idem to Idem. Monterey, October 16, 1827.

Order permitting the American to seek his companions and bring them to San José. They are to be well treated; must deposit their arms in safety in order not to cause trouble (p. 102).

Idem to Idem. Monterey, November 15, 1827.

Grants American party (Smith) an escort of 10 men to go only as far as a point a little beyond Mission San Francisco Solano. Americans are traveling north. Smith's hides and other things kept "en depósito," to be returned (p. 107).

Idem to Idem. Monterey, November 28, 1827.

Orders Comandante to attempt to combine expedition against "Gentiles de Santa Clara" with the escort accorded Smith (p. 115).

Idem to Idem. Monterey, December 1, 1827.

If Smith agrees, will allow Brest (Galbraith) to remain in California on condition that he (Brest) goes to Monterey or San Gabriel (p. 115).

Volume VI, 178.

Echeandía [?] to Comandante de San Francisco. February 1, 1828.

Abuses committed by Smith.

Volume VII.

Echeandía to Ministro de Relaciones. San Diego, June 25, 1829.

Concerns rumors that United States will take San Francisco, caused by Smith's return to California (p. 25).

Echeandía to Comandante de Monterey. May 6, 1829.

Cooper, bondsman for Smith, ordered to pay \$176 due government by Smith (p. 148).

#### Departmental State Papers

##### Volume II. Letters:

J. S. Smith to Duran, May 19, 1827.

Motives for his arrival (pp. 17-19). Printed in Randolph's Oration, Frignet, Cronise, Dale, Guinn, Thompson and West's *History of Nevada*, etc. See below for references.

Wm. G. Dana, Wm. H. Cunningham, Wm. Henderson, Diego Scott, Thomas M. Robbins, Thomas Shaw. San Diego, December 20, 1826.

Attestation as to Smith's character and good faith, and motives concerning his arrival in California (pp. 19-21). Printed in Dale, Cronise, Guinn, Thompson and West's *History of Nevada*. See below for references.

Arguello to Comandante accidental (sic) del presidio de San Diego. San Gabriel, February 30 (sic), 1827.

Reports Smith's arrival in California; information concerning Smith and his companions; where they could be found; report of Smith's guides, route (pp. 33-34).

Arguello to Echeandía. San Gabriel, February 8, 1827.

A companion of Smith presented himself for investigation. Couldn't get information from him, as he didn't understand Spanish. Wrote to Alcalde of Los Angeles to send a good interpreter (p. 34).

Idem to Idem. Same date.

Investigation concerning Captain Smith and his companions (pp. 35-37).

Galbraith, T., to [?]. October 8, 1827.

Asks permission to remain or rejoin Smith, about whom information is given (pp. 39-40).



Arguello to Echeandía. San Francisco, November 18, 1827.

Arrival of frigate "Franklin" with Smith aboard (p. 45).

Volume XIX (Naturalization), pp. 16-17.

March 27, 1829, Angeles (Los Angeles), before Guillermo Cota.

Galbraith under oath declares he was "Americano, protestante, soltero, y de 34 [?] anos de edad."

State Papers, Sacramento

Volume XIX, pp. 37-38.

Echeandía to Minister of War [?]. San Diego, December 30, 1826.

Reports interrogation of Smith by Echeandía, states that he is enclosing Smith's diary and itinerary.

Archivo del Archobispado de San Francisco

(Manuscripts in Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley.)

Volume V, Part 1.

Duran to Comandante Ygnacio Martinez. San José, May 16, 1827.

Neophytes induced to run away by Americans (pp. 27-28).

Martinez to Echeandía. San José, May 21, 1827 (two letters).

Americans had nothing to do with flight of neophytes. Smith's letter to Duran received and translated. Wilson a prisoner at Monterey, etc. (pp. 28-33).

Ashley, W. H.

Letters and Business Accounts. (Manuscripts in Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis.)

Ashley, W. H.

Letter to General Henry Atkinson. St. Louis, December 1, 1825. (Manuscript in Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis.) Printed in Dale, H. C., *Ashley-Smith Explorations* (Cleveland, 1918), 117-161.

Deals for the most part with the expedition of Ashley down the Green River in 1825, but recounts the union with Smith at the rendezvous and describes the wanderings of

Smith in 1824 and 1825 down the Snake River, and north to Clark's fork of the Columbia.

Ashley, W. H.

Letter to Thomas Hart Benton. December 28, 1828. (Manuscript in Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis.)

Bojorges, J.

Recuerdos sobre la historia de California. (Manuscripts in Bancroft Library. University of California, Berkeley), 12-14.

Reference to a campaign on the Stanislaus against the Indians. Meeting a party of Americans (presumably Smith's party).

A Brief Sketch of Accidents, Misfortunes and Depredations, committed by Indians on the firm of Smith, Jackson and Sublette, Indian Traders on the east and west side of the Rocky Mountains, since July 1, 1826, to the present, 1829. (Manuscript in Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka.)

Ebberts, G. W.

Trappers' Life, 1829-39. (Manuscript in Bancroft Library, University of California Berkeley), 1-11.

Ebberts was a member of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, and gives reminiscences of Smith, including an account of Smith's struggle with the bear. Memory not always accurate.

Evans, E.

History of Oregon. (Manuscript in Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley), 197-201.

Much of the above manuscript is embodied in a composite work entitled *History of the Pacific Northwest, Oregon and Washington*. (Portland, Oregon, 1889.)

Hood, W.

Original Draft of a Practicable Route for Wheeled Vehicles across the Mountains. Written at Independence, August 12, 1839. (Manuscript in Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis.)

Kearney, S. W.

Journals, 1820, 1824, 1825. (Manuscripts in Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis.)

Kennerly, J.

Diary, 1824-25. (Manuscripts in Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis.)

McLoughlin, J.

Private Papers. (Manuscripts in Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley), second series, 1.

Account by Dr. John McLoughlin of coming of Smith into Snake River country in 1824-5 and into California in 1826.

Martinez, I.

(Letter to Echeandía, May 21, 1827, in regard to Smith's party.)

See under Archivo de Arzobispado de San Francisco.

Rogers, H. C.

Journals of Harrison C. Rogers. (Manuscripts in Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis.) Printed in Dale, H. C., *Ashley-Smith Explorations*, Cleveland, 1918. The most detailed source of information upon Smith's trips. He records events for portions of both expeditions, but was killed in the massacre at the Umpqua.

Smith, A.

Copy of a letter from Austin Smith to his brother, Walnut Creek on the Arkansas River, September 24, 1831, reporting the death of Jedediah S. Smith. (Manuscript in archives in City of Mexico, Secretaria de Relaciones Exteriores, serie segundo, caja 1830-1834.)

Cited in Bolton, H. E., *Guide to the Archives of Mexico*, 260.

Smith, J. S.

Letter to William Clark, Little Lake of Bear River, July 17, 1827. (Manuscript in Superintendent of Indian Affairs, Letter Book, 1830-1832, in Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka.)

Printed in various publications, the most available being:

Dale, H. C., *Ashley-Smith Explorations*, 186-193, and Historical Society of Southern California, *Annual Publications*, (1912-1913), IX, 200-203.



An important source, since it embodies Smith's own report to General Clark of his first expedition to California.

Smith, J. S.

Smith Manuscripts. (Manuscripts in the Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka.)

This important collection contains letters of Jedediah Smith and of his brothers Austin and Peter Smith. Among others are the following:

Jedediah S. Smith to his younger brother Ralph, December 24, 1829, and September 10, 1830; Austin Smith to Jedediah Smith (father of J. S. Smith), Walnut Creek, 300 miles from the settlements of Missouri, September 24, 1831, announcing the death of J. S. Smith.

Copies of the two letters to Ralph Smith may be found in the manuscripts of the Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis.

Portion of these letters are printed in Dale, H. C., *Ashley-Smith Explorations*, 180, 300-303.

Smith, J. S.

Record of births in family Bible belonging to Mrs. C. F. Calhoun, Los Angeles, California.

St. Louis Missouri Fur Company

Records. (Manuscripts in Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka.)

Sublette, William, Milton, and Andrew

Sublette Papers. (Manuscripts in Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis.)

This collection includes much of the correspondence of the firm of Smith, Jackson and Sublette, and papers covering the administration of Smith's estate.

Superintendent of Indian Affairs

Letter Book, 1830-32. (Manuscript in Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka.)

Vallejo, M. G.

Documentos para la historia de California. (Manuscripts in Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley), Volume XXIX.

Bond signed for Smith by J. B. R. Cooper, November

12, 1826. Characterization of Smith; motives for his coming; provisions for his return. Acknowledgment of the bond by Smith under his own signature (p. 171). [This is not the same document as the one printed in Dale, 235.]

Passport granted to Smith by Echeandía on basis of Cooper's recommendation (p. 173).

Letter, J. Lenox Kennedy (United States consul at Port of Mazatlan), June 26, 1828, thanking Cooper for services on Smith's behalf (p. 250).

Vasquez, Louis and Benito

Vasquez Papers. (Manuscripts in Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis.)

Vasquez was an employee of Ashley and, later, of Smith, Jackson and Sublette. Became a member of Rocky Mountain Fur Company.

Waldo, W.

Biographical Sketches of various explorers, fur traders, trappers and hunters . . . by William Waldo, Esq. (Manuscript in Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis.)

William Waldo's uncle, David Waldo, was an associate of Jedediah Smith. Pages 4-6 of the account tell of the Arikara affair and the general activities of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. Pages 6-12 tell of Smith's career and character, and describe the death scene as told by the Comanches.

Warner, J. J.

Reminiscences of Early California. (Manuscripts in Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley.)

Printed in Historical Society of Southern California, *Annual Publication* (1906), VII, 176-183.

Williams, Wilson

Contract of Wilson Williams to assist Jedediah S. Smith in trade to New Mexico for a term of six months, at \$13 per month. (Manuscripts in archives in City of Mexico, Secretaria de Relaciones Exteriores, serie segundo, caja 1830-1834.)

Cited in Bolton, H. E., *Guide to the Archives of Mexico*, 260.

## PRINTED SOURCES—PRIMARY

Ashley, W. H.

Letter to Major Benjamin O'Fallon, June 4th, 1823, in *American State Papers, Military Affairs*, II, 586-587. Also in Robinson, D. (ed), "Official Correspondence of the Leavenworth Expedition into South Dakota in 1823," in *South Dakota Historical Collections*, (1902) I, 182-185.

Report of the Aricara attack of June 4, 1823. Mentions sending an "express" (Smith) to Henry.

Ashley, W. H.

Letter to Colonel Leavenworth, June 4, 1823, in *Senate Executive Documents*. 18th Congress, First Session, Vol. I, Doc. 1. Extract reprinted in Dale, H. C., *The Ashley-Smith Explorations*, 75-76.

Sending of messenger to Henry.

Ashley, W. H.

Letter to Benjamin O'Fallon, dated Fort Brasseaux, July 19, 1823, in *Senate Executive Documents*, 18th Congress, First Session, Vol. I, Doc. 1. Also in Robinson, D. (ed), "Official Correspondence of the Leavenworth Expedition into South Dakota in 1823," *South Dakota Historical Collections* (1902), I, 188.

Notes the arrival of Major Henry to join Ashley at the mouth of the Cheyenne River.

Ashley, W. H.

Letter to Thomas Hart Benton, St. Louis, November 12, 1827, in *American State Papers, Foreign Relations*. Vol. VI, p. 706. Printed also in *Senate Executive Documents*, 20th Congress, Second Session, Vol. I, Doc. 67.

Describes region and operations of Rocky Mountain Fur Company and the dangers and profits of the business. Mentions relations of Smith with Peter S. Ogden at the Flathead Post in 1824.

Ashley, W. H.

Letter to Gen. A. Macomb, Commander in Chief of the Army of the United States. Dated Washington City, March, 1829. In *Senate Executive Documents*, 21st Congress, Second Session, Doc. 39, 1-7.



Atkinson, H.

Letter to Major General Gaines. St. Louis, August 15, 1823. In *Senate Executive Documents*, 18th Congress, First Session, Vol. I, Doc. 1. Also printed in "Official Correspondence of the Leavenworth Expedition into South Dakota in 1823." In *South Dakota Historical Collections* (1902), I, 187.

Deals with the return of Smith bringing Henry to the aid of Ashley in the Arikara affair.

Atkinson, H.

Letter to Major General Brown. In *House Executive Documents*, 19th Congress, First Session, Vol. VI, Doc. 117.

Cox, R.

Adventures on the Columbia River (N. Y., 1832), 333. "Extract of a letter" dated July, 1829. Makes very brief note of the Indian attack on Smith's party of 1828.

Cunningham, Captain W. H.

Extract from a letter of Captain W. H. Cunningham, San Diego, December, 1826, printed in *Missouri Republican*, October 25, 1827. Reprinted in Historical Society of Southern California, *Annual Publications* (1914), IX, Part III, 203.

Deals with Smith's arrival in California and apparent plan to trap northward and return to the Rockies.

Forsyth, T.

Extract of letter to Secretary of War, St. Louis, October 24, 1831. In *Senate Executive Documents*, 22d Congress, First Session, Doc. 90, 70-77.

Gordon, W.

Report to Secretary of War, St. Louis, October 3, 1831. In *Senate Executive Documents*, 22d Congress, First Session, Doc. 90, 26-30.

Gregg, J.

*Commerce of the Prairies*. In Thwaites, R. G., *Early Western Travels*. XIX, 235-239. Story of the Santa Fé train of 1831 by one who met the party after the murder of Smith.

McLoughlin, Dr. J.

The McLoughlin Narrative, in *Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society* (1900), I, 193.

Addressed to Hudson Bay Company in vindication of his kindness to Americans. Very brief summary of Smith's entry into country west of the Rockies, his activities as a trader in the Snake Country, the attack on his party at the Umpqua River in 1828, the arrival of the survivors at Fort Vancouver, and Smith's return to the Snake in 1829.

McLoughlin, Dr. J.

The McLoughlin Document. In Oregon Pioneer Association, *Transactions* (1880), 47-48, 54. Quoted also in Marshall, W. I., *Acquisition of Oregon*. Addressed to Americans in vindication of his treatment of settlers. An account of the arrival at Fort Vancouver of Smith and the other survivors of the Umpqua River attack, and the recovery of furs for Smith by McLoughlin. It refers to the effect on the Indians of their punishment for the murder of Smith's party.

Missouri Historical Society

Collection of newspaper excerpts, St. Louis, Missouri. *Missouri Intelligencer*. (Available at Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis, Missouri.)

Especially:

March 25, 1823,

April 1, 1823,

July 1, 1823,

July 8, 1823,

Sept. 3, 1823,

Sept. 9, 1823,

Sept. 17, 1823,

Sept. 23, 1823,

Nov. 18, 1823,

Dec. 2, 1823,

Dec. 9, 1823, etc.

June 18, 1825.

*Missouri Republican*. (Available at Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis, Missouri.)

Especially:

Oct. 11, 1827      April 13, 1830

Oct. 25, 1827      October 19, 1830

Issue of October 11, 1827, contains Smith's letter to General Clark describing his first trip to California. That of October 25, 1827, contains an extract from Capt. Cunningham's letter on Smith in California. Republished in *Historical Society of Southern California Annual Publications* (1914), IX, 200-203.

*Niles Register.*

Vol. XXXI, p. 229 (December 9, 1826).

Brief account of the Ashley expedition to Salt Lake, and discussion of the ease of travel and advantages of fur trading in that region.

Vol. XXXIX, p. 173 (November 6, 1830).

Mentions the arrival in the city of St. Louis of Smith and Jackson with "two four wheeled wagons" of furs, and comments on the extent of Smith's western explorations.

Ogden, P. S.

"Journal of Peter Skene Ogden; Snake Expedition, 1827-1828," *Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society*, XI, 368-369.

Discusses profits made by Americans in fur trading. Mentions the sale of Ashley's business to Smith, Jackson and Sublette.

Ogden, P. S.

"Journal of Peter Skene Ogden, Snake Expedition, 1828-1829." *The Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society*, XI, 395.

Tells of seeing armed Indians, whom he believed plundered Smith's party in the fall of 1827. The reference must be to the Mojave attack.

Pilcher, J.

Report to Secretary of War, Lewis Cass, December 1, 1831. In *Senate Executive Documents*, 22nd Congress, First Session, Vol. II, Doc. 90, 11-18.

Pilcher, J.

Letter to Secretary of War, John H. Eaton. In *Senate*



*Executive Documents*, 21st Congress, Second Session, Doc. 39, 7-21.

Robinson, D. (ed).

"Official Correspondence of the Leavenworth Expedition in South Dakota in 1823." In *South Dakota Historical Collection* (1902), I, 179-259. See also in *Senate Executive Documents*, 18th Congress, First Session, Vol. I, Doc. 1, and *American State Papers, Military Affairs*, II, 578-597.

Rogers, H. G.

Journals of Harrison G. Rogers. In Dale, H. C., *The Ashley-Smith Explorations*, 197-228, 237-271. The most important source on Smith in California.

*St. Louis Beacon*.

St. Louis, Missouri, October 7, 1830.

Smith, J. S.

*Letter to Father Duran*, May 19, 1827. In Dale, H. C., *The Ashley-Smith Explorations*, p. 232. Also in Historical Society of Southern California, *Annual Publications* (1896), III, 48-49, and elsewhere.

Written to conciliate the priests who feared the effect of Smith's party on the Indians. The letter gives the reasons for the entry into California, the attempts to leave, and the destitute conditions of the party.

Smith, J. S.

*Letter to Gen. Clark*. Dated Little Lake of Bear River, July 17, 1827. In Historical Society of Southern California, *Annual Publications* (1914), Vol. IX, Part III, pp. 200-203. Also in Dale, *Ashley-Smith Explorations*, pp. 186-194. Printed originally in *Missouri Republican*, October 11, 1827.

Smith's own report of his first trip to California, therefore a most important source.

Smith, J. S.

*Excursions a l'ouest des Monts Rocky. Extrait d'une lettre de M. Jedediah Smith, employé de la compagnie des Pelleteries*, in *Nouvelles Annales des Voyages*, XXXVII, 208-212.

A French translation of Smith's letter to General

Clark, taken from the *Missouri Republican* of October 11, 1827.

Smith, J. S., Jackson, D. E., Sublette, Wm.

Letter to Secretary of War, John H. Eaton. St. Louis, October 29, 1830. In *Senate Executive Documents*, 21st Congress, Second Session, Doc. 39, 21-23. Also in the *Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society*, IV (1903), 395-398, and in Alter, J. C., *James Bridger*, 110-111.

Account of the business of the firm, the number of men employed, territory covered, rival activities of the British in Vancouver, and a detailed description of the wagon train to the Rockies in 1830.

United States.

*House Executive Documents*, 25th Congress, Second Session, Doc. 351, 246-248.

Letter of Juan De D. Cañedo to Poinsett, August 8, 1828, in protest against the invasion by Smith to hunt otter. Reply of Poinsett, Mexico, August 20, 1828. Poinsett transmitted a letter of Smith's to explain his entrance into Mexican territory, and stated that in it Smith complained of harsh treatment by the government.

United States.

*American State Papers, Indian Affairs*, II, 451-457.

Information on the Arikara attack on the Ashley expedition and the attitude of the western Indians toward fur traders. No direct mention of Smith.

Warner, J. J.

*"Reminiscences of Early California from 1831 to 1846.* Printed in Historical Society of Southern California, *Annual Publications* (1907-1908), VII, 176-193.

Contains account of Smith's trips to California, of the treatment he received at Fort Vancouver, and of the death of Smith on the Santa Fé Trail. Warner was a member of the Santa Fé party.

Wyeth, N. J.

*Journal of First Journey.* In Young, F. G., *Sources of the History of Oregon* (Eugene, 1899), I, 181.

Wyeth, N. J.

Letter to Hall and Tucker and Williams. Dated Cam-

bridge, November 8, 1833. In Young, F. G., *Sources of the History of Oregon* (Eugene, 1899), I, 73-78.

Wyeth, N. J.

Letter to S. K. Livermore. Dated Cambridge, February 13, 1832. In Young, F. G., *Sources of the History of Oregon* (Eugene, 1899), 38, 39.

### PRINTED SOURCES—SECONDARY

Alter, J. C.

*James Bridger*. (Salt Lake City, 1925), 11, 38-39, 45, 77, 79, 93, 106-111, 118.

Describes Smith's experiences as a messenger to Henry after the attack on Ashley, his activities among the Crows and Flatheads in the region of the Snake and Green Rivers, the formation of the firm of Smith, Jackson and Sublette, the California trips, abandonment of the Snake River region to the Hudson's Bay Company, Smith's trapping on the Big Horn, Powder, Tongue and Yellowstone, his failure among the Blackfeet, the wagon train of 1830, and his death.

Bacon, W. R.

"Dilatory Settlement of California." Historical Society of Southern California, *Annual Publications* (1901), V, 157.

Mention of Edmund Randolph's lecture of 1860 on Smith, and Sprague's letter to Randolph on the abilities and accomplishments of Smith. See Randolph, E.

Bancroft, H. H.

*History of Arizona and New Mexico, 1530-1888*. (San Francisco, 1889), 335.

Brief comment and note on death of Smith.

Bancroft, H. H.

*History of California*. (San Francisco, 1884-1890), II, 551, 569, 600; III, 152-161; IV, 263; V, 723.

The reference of most value is the detailed account of Smith's activities in California given in volume III. Volume II mentions the month of Smith's arrival in San Diego and the Duran letter. Volume IV describes briefly



Smith's routes to California. In volume V, the "Pioneer Register and Index" gives a very brief sketch of Smith.

Bancroft, H. H.

*History of Nevada, Colorado and Wyoming, 1540-1888.* (San Francisco, 1890), 38-39.

Sketches route followed by Smith on his first trip to and from California, and comments briefly on his achievement.

Bancroft, H. H.

*History of the Northwest Coast.* (San Francisco, 1884-86), I, 514; II, 448-459.

Volume I deals with the establishment of the firm of Smith, Jackson and Sublette, the extent of their explorations, the transfer to a new partnership in 1830, and the death of Smith.

Volume II tells of Smith's explorations in Oregon and California, his reception in Vancouver, the first wagon train to the Rockies, and gives a general sketch of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company.

Bancroft, H. H.

*History of Utah, 1540-1886.* (San Francisco, 1889), 22-23.

A summary of Smith's route on his first trip to California and return to Utah.

Barnes, V., and Lesley, L. B.

"Jedediah Strong Smith; The Pathfinder of the Sierras." In *The Pomona College Quarterly Magazine* (June and October, 1926), 156-163, 25-31.

Interesting summary of the life and accomplishments of Smith.

Bell, J. C.

*Opening a Highway to the Pacific* (New York, 1921), 53-60.

Blackmar, F. W.

*Spanish Institutions of the Southwest.* (Baltimore, 1891), 306.

Mentions very briefly Smith's trips to California.

Bolton, H. E., and Adams, E. D.

*California's Story.* (Boston, 1922), 86-93.

Good popular account of Smith in California and the Umpqua incident, written for use in the public schools.

Breed, N. J.

*The Story of Jedediah Smith Who Blazed the Overland Trail to California.* Reprint by Department of Education from article in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, August 29, 1926.

Popular account of life and achievements of Smith. Emphasis on California.

California Historical Association.

"The Stories behind California's Place Names." In *California History Nugget* (May, 1924), I, 86.

American River said to have been named for Jedediah Smith's party.

California Historical Association.

"Things that People Want to Know About California." In *California History Nugget* (January, 1924), I, 13.

Credits Smith and party as being first Americans overland to California and briefly outlines route.

Camp, C. L.

"Kit Carson in California." In *California Historical Society Quarterly* (October, 1922), I, 118.

Mentions Smith in connection with Peter Skene Ogden's Trip. Warner quoted to the effect that Peter Skene Ogden was sent to San Joaquin Valley in 1829 to trap Beaver country reported by Smith.

Carey, C. H.

*History of Oregon.* (Chicago and Portland, 1922), 272, 286-291, 328.

An excellent account, sketching the entire career of Smith briefly, and telling in greater detail of the experiences in Oregon.

Carillo, C. A.

*Exposición sobre el Fondo Piadoso* (Mexico, 1831), 9.

The first book by a native Californian.

Chittenden, H. M.

*The American Fur Trade of the Far West.* (New York, 1902), I, 262-290; II, 552-553, 588-607.

Accounts of the Arikara attack on Ashley, Smith's

visit to Hudson Bay posts in 1824, the Ashley explorations, Smith's explorations in California, the Umpqua disaster, Smith's death, and the Leavenworth expedition against the Arikaras.

Clarke, S. A.

*Pioneer Days of Oregon History.* (Portland, 1905), I, 216-217.

The McLoughlin narrative. His account of Smith's Umpqua disaster, the arrival of the survivors at Vancouver and treatment accorded them.

Cleland, R. J.

*Early Sentiments for the Annexation of California.* (Austin, 1914), 9-12. Reprinted from *Southwestern Historical Quarterly*, XVIII, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

A brief sketch of Smith's activities in California.

Cleland, R. G.

*History of California: the American period.* (New York, 1922), 46-60. See also Index.

Complete, careful sketch of Smith's route to California, his reception, his return to Salt Lake, and second trip to California, with the resulting massacre at Umpqua. Interesting details of the stay in California and of other members in the party are presented.

Coman, K. C.

*Economic Beginnings of the Far West.* (New York, 1912), I, 355-362; II, 81-82, 171, 208-211.

Rather complete account of all of Smith's activities with emphasis on his operations in the northwest.

Connelly, W. E.

*A Standard History of Kansas and Kansans.* (Chicago, 1918), I, 119-120; II, 149.

A short account of the career and death of Smith and a discussion of the crossing of Kansas by Smith in 1830.

Coutant, T. F.

*History of Wyoming.* (Laramie, 1899), I, Chaps. xi, xii (pp. 119-147).

A good account of Ashley's trappers in Wyoming and of the trappers and fur traders of the Rocky Mountain



Fur Company. Smith's relation to the reorganization is given on page 130.

Cronise, T. F.

*Natural Wealth of California.* (San Francisco, 1868), 42-45.

Conflicting and inaccurate account of Smith's trips to California. Copy of the American shipmaster's voucher for Smith and his letter to Father Duran.

Dale, H. C.

*The Ashley-Smith Explorations and the Discovery of a Central Route to the Pacific, 1822-1829.* (Cleveland, 1918).

The standard work on Ashley and Smith. Presents the journals of Harrison G. Rogers, two letters of Smith, and other documents. Gives a careful account of the expeditions of Smith, valuable information in the form of notes, and a classified bibliography of Ashley and Smith.

DeBow, J. D. B.

*The Commercial Review of the South and West* (New Orleans, 1847), IV, 553.

DeBow, J. D. B.

*DeBow's Review and Industrial Resources.* (New Orleans, 1854-57), III, 517 et seq.

Dellenbaugh, F. S.

*Breaking the Wilderness.* (New York and London, 1905), 232-234, 250-252, 262, 269, 280.

Short account of Smith's explorations in California and the Umpqua incident.

Dellenbaugh, F. S.

*Fremont and '49.* (New York and London, 1914), passim, see index.

Refers to Smith in connection with Fremont's explorations.

Dellenbaugh, F. S.

*The Romance of the Colorado River.* (New York and London, 1902), 120-122.

Short description of Smith's first route to California.

Eldredge, Z. S.

*Beginnings of San Francisco.* (San Francisco, 1912), I, 249-250.

Short sketch of Smith's first trip to California. Locates return trip via the Pitt River pass near Lassen Peak.

Eldredge, Z. S.

*History of California.* (New York, 1915), II, 318-321, 433.

Account of Smith's explorations in California, the Umpqua attack and McLaughlin's courtesy to him.

Farnham, T. J.

*Travels.* Volume I. In Thwaites, R. G., *Early Western Travels*, XXVIII, 9, 113.

Mentions Smith in connection with the fur trade in the northwest and lack of early knowledge of the California region.

Farish, T. E.

*History of Arizona.* (Phoenix, 1915), I, 94, 98, 99.

Credits Smith with being the first white man to enter Arizona from the north and recounts very concisely his California explorations and death.

Fletcher, F. N.

"Eastbound route of Jedediah S. Smith, 1827." In *California Historical Society Quarterly* (January, 1924), II, 344-49.

Critical study of Smith's route from California to Utah in 1827. Disputes Dr. C. Hart Merriam's statement that he left California by the American River.

Frignet, E.

*La Californie.* (Paris, 1865 and 1867), 58-60.

Brief mention of Smith's relations with Mexican officials and a French translation of his letter to Father Duran.

Gallatin, A.

"Synopsis of the Indian Tribes within the United States East of the Rocky Mountains and in the British and Russian Possessions of North America." In *American Antiquarian Society, Transactions and Collections* (Cambridge, 1836), II, 140, 141; map opposite 265.

Gives Smith principal credit for discoveries south and west of Great Salt Lake. Map is based on a manuscript map and notes given the author by Ashley. The explorations are summarized. Important because so nearly contemporaneous.

Gaston, J.

*Centennial History of Oregon.* (Chicago, 1912), I, 53-55.

Mentions very briefly Smith's activities among the Flatheads in 1824 and 1825, and recounts inaccurately his trip to California. The Umpqua disaster and McLoughlin reception of the survivors are given detailed treatment.

Goddard, P. E.

"Life and Culture of Hupa." In *University of California Publication, American Archaeology and Ethnology.* (Berkeley, 1903-04), I, 8-9.

States that in 1828 Smith and "Hudson Bay" trappers crossed from Sacramento Valley to the Trinity, then to the Klamath and by that river to the Pacific.

Goodwin, C.

*The Establishment of State Government in California.* (New York, 1914), 6.

Mentions Smith in California.

Goodwin, C.

*The Trans-Mississippi West (1803-1859).* (New York, 1922), 126-128, 142, 428-432.

Description of activities of Smith among the Flatheads at Headwaters of Snake River (1824-25), the formation of the firm of Smith, Jackson and Sublette, a clear, interesting account of Smith's two trips to California, and the death of Smith as an example of the dangers of the Santa Fé trail.

Gray, W. H.

*History of Oregon, 1792-1849.* (Portland, 1870), 38-39, 206-209.

Quotes the statements of Gustavus Hines on the Umpqua disaster. Biased anti-British account, maintaining that the British traders instigated Indian attacks



upon the Americans and in this case profited greatly by the recovery and sale of Smith's furs.

Greenhow, R.

*The History of Oregon and California, and the Other Territories on the North-West Coast of North America.* (Boston, 1844), 357-358.

Account of the Rocky Mountain fur traders and a brief mention of the fact that Smith was a member of the firm of Smith, Jackson and Sublette and crossed to the Pacific twice.

Greenhow, R.

"Memoir, Historical and Political on the Northwest Coast of North America and the Adjacent Territories." In *Senate Executive Documents*, Twenty-sixth Congress, First Session, Doc. 174, p. 195.

Description of the trip of the first wagon train to the Rockies.

Guinn, J. M.

"Jedediah Smith: Pioneer of Overland Travel." In his *History of California, and Biographical Records of the San Joaquin Valley, California.* (Chicago, 1905), 89-91. Also in *Sacramento Valley*, 1906, 89-91.

Short sketch of Smith in California and description of his routes into and out of the State.

Guinn, J. M.

"Captain Jedediah S. Smith. The Pathfinder of the Sierras." In *Historical Society of Southern California, Annual Publications* (1896), III, Part 4, 45-54.

Short, clear account of Smith's explorations with special reference to California. Describes treatment accorded Smith by McLoughlin.

Hanna, P. T.

"California's Debt to Jedediah Strong Smith." In *Touring Topics* (Los Angeles, September, 1926), 24-25, 36-37.

Summary of Smith's explorations. Map of his Routes to California. Emphasis on routes later established over his trail.

Hebard, G. R.

*The Pathbreakers from River to Ocean.* (Lincoln, 1923), 61, 62, 67, 81.

Elementary account of Smith's connection with the Arikara attack, his explorations in California, and his death on the Santa Fé Trail.

Hebard, J. R., and Brininstool, E. A.

*The Bozeman Trail.* (Cleveland, 1922), I, 32, 34-39, 40.

Gives text of the advertisement of Ashley in 1822 for men for Missouri River trade, and brief comments on Smith and his various pathfinding activities.

Hittell, T. H.

*History of California.* (San Francisco, 1897), II, 100-4, 312.

Brief account of Smith's stay in California, the Mexican-United States diplomatic difficulty it aroused and the reported Smith discovery of gold in the Sierra Nevadas.

Hill, J. J.

"Ewing Young in the Fur Trade of the Far Southwest, 1822-1834." In *Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society* (March, 1923), XXIV, 5, 28.

Mentions Smith in connection with trails to California, the fur trade in the Southwest and expeditions from the Santa Fé region to California.

Hines, G.

*Oregon—Its History.* (Buffalo, 1851), 408.

Contains material on the Umpqua disaster.

Hines, G.

*Voyage Around the World with a History of the Oregon Mission.* (Buffalo, 1850), 110-112.

Tells of the Umpqua disaster and Smith's reception in Vancouver. It stresses the kindness accorded the Americans by the English.

Holman, F. V.

*Doctor John McLoughlin.* (Cleveland, 1907), 33-38, 74.

Cites the treatment awarded Smith as an example of the character of McLoughlin.

Horner, J. B.

*Short History of Oregon.* (Portland, 1924), 47-48.

Very brief mention of Smith's trip to California. Rather full treatment of the Umpqua attack and McLoughlin's courtesy to Smith.

Houghton, E. P. D.

*The Expedition of the Donner Party.* (Los Angeles, 1920), 104.

Mentions John Turner, one of Smith's employees and a survivor of the Umpqua attack.

Hunt, F.

*The Merchants' Magazine and Commercial Review.* (New York, 1840), III, 200.

Hunt, R. D.

*California and Californians.* (Chicago, 1926), I (by N. V. Sanchez), 386, 401-403; II (by R. D. Hunt), 5, 6, 11-18.

Good, succinct discussions of Smith in California.

Hunt, R. D.

"Significant Events in the History of California." In Historical Society of Southern California, *Annual Publications* (1909-1910), VIII, 27.

Credits Smith with leading the first trapping party overland to California.

Inman, H., and Cody, W. F.

*Great Salt Lake Trail.* (New York, 1898), 255.

Mentions Smith's naming Utah Lake and Ashley River.

A popular account of Smith in California.

James, T. J.

*Three Years among Indians and Mexicans.* (Waterloo, Illinois, 1846). (Reprinted for Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis, 1916. Edited with notes by W. B. Douglas.) 27, footnote; 266 (citations are to the reprint).

Mentions Brown, one of the followers of Smith, who was killed by the Mojaves, and the fact that Smith took Henry's place in the Ashley Company.

Johnson, S. V.

*A Short History of Oregon.* (Chicago, 1904), 182-187.

Inaccurate account of Smith's trips to California, the Umpqua attack and his reception at Vancouver.



Laut, A. C.

*The Conquest of the Great Northwest.* (New York, 1908), II, 276-280.

Hudson's Bay men obtain the furs of a group of Americans in the region of the Snake.

Lippincott, I.

"A Century and a Half of Fur Trade at St. Louis." In *Washington University Studies* (April, 1916), III, Part 2, No. 2, 230, 231.

Mentions a description of the firm of Smith, Jackson and Sublette taken from the *St. Louis Times*, March 5, 1831. Summary of territory explored by Rocky Mountain Fur Company.

Lyman, H. S.

*History of Oregon.* (New York, 1903), II, 383; III, 60-65.

Volume II contains a brief sketch of the treatment accorded Smith after the Indian massacre of his party. Volume III gives a full account of Smith in Oregon and Vancouver (based on the McLoughlin narrative), and the Company's use of wagons on the Oregon trail.

McGroarty, J. S.

*California, Its History and Romance.* (Los Angeles, 1911), 166-171.

Interesting but not altogether accurate sketch of the Smith party in California.

McMaster, J. B.

*History of the People of the United States.* (New York and London, 1914), VI, 107-108.

Short, clear account of Smith's journeys to California, the massacre of his party in Oregon, and their use of a wagon train to transport furs to St. Louis.

Marshall, W. I.

*Acquisition of Oregon.* (Seattle, 1911), I, 319-322, 400, 406-409, 431-433.

Quotations from sources.

Maximilian (Prince of Wied)

*Travels in the Interior of North America.* Part I. In Thwaites, R. G., *Early Western Travels.* XXII, 250 note.

Mention of Smith in relation to fur trade.

Meany, E. S.

*History of the State of Washington.* (New York, 1909), 57-58.

Meany, E. S.

"Two Studies in the History of the Pacific Northwest." In American Historical Association, *Annual Report* (1908), 168.

Mentions Smith in connection with the British-American rivalry for the fur trade of the Pacific Northwest.

Merriam, C. H.

"Earliest Crossing of the Deserts of Utah and Nevada to Southern California: Route of Jedediah S. Smith in 1826." In *California Historical Society Quarterly* (October, 1923), II, 228-237.

Copy of Smith's letter to General Clark on his first trip to California and a map of Smith's route to California in 1826. Critical study of the route of Smith in the first expedition. Maintains that course of trip was over the Meadow Valley Wash and Muddy River and thence to the Colorado River.

Merriam, C. H.

"First Crossing of the Sierra Nevada; Jedediah Smith's Trip from California to Salt Lake in 1827." In *Sierra Club Bulletin* (San Francisco, 1923), XI, 375-79.

Discusses Smith's route through Sierras in 1827. Contends that Smith left California by way of the American River rather than the Stanislaus.

Merriam, C. H.

"Jedediah S. Smith's Route Across the Sierras in 1827. (A reply to F. N. Fletcher.)" In *California Historical Society Quarterly* (April, 1924), III, 25-29.

Defense of his belief that Smith left California by the American River.

*National Intelligencer* (Washington, D. C.), November 1, 1830.

Reports arrival of Jackson and Smith and states that Smith had explored the country from the Gulf of California to the mouth of the Columbia.

November 25, 1830. Trade of Jackson and Smith.  
Account taken from St. Louis *Beacon*.

Neihardt, J. G.

*The Splendid Wayfaring*. (New York, 1920.)

An interesting and colorful story of the life and accomplishments of Ashley and Smith, told from the view point of a poet but written in prose.

Nesmith, J. W.

*Transactions of the Oregon Pioneer Association, 1880*.  
(Annual address by Colonel J. W. Nesmith, pp. 23-24.)

Mentions Ebberth's service in firm of Smith, Jackson and Sublette, then proceeds to a brief summary of the Indian attack on Smith's party, at Umpqua, the escape of Black to Vancouver, the arrival there of Smith, John Turner and another man, and the aid extended by McLoughlin to regain furs.

*Oregonian and Indian Advocate* (Lynn, Massachusetts), I,  
No. 5, 158-159 (February, 1839).

Discusses map making by Smith.

Palmer, J.

*Journal*. In Thwaites, R. G., *Early Western Travels*.  
XXX, 192 note.

Mentions attack on Smith as an example of hostility of Indians of South Oregon.

Parrish, R.

*The Great Plains*. (Chicago, 1907), 87-89, 101-103, 117.

Discussions of Smith's activities in the Rocky Mountain Fur Company and the Santa Fé caravan of 1831.

Paxson, F. L.

*History of the American Frontier*. (Boston and New York, 1924), 333-364.

Very brief summary of Smith's activities as an explorer.

Powell, E. A.

*Gentlemen Rovers*. (New York, 1913), 125-151.

An entertaining story of the crossing of the ranges by Smith, but contains much that is fiction and an utter confusion of the historical facts.



Powell, J. W.

*Exploration of the Colorado River of the West.* (Washington, 1876), 10 ff.

Useful for the nature of the Colorado and its tributaries, especially the Green.

Quigley, H.

*Irish Race in California.* (San Francisco, 1878), 156-157.

Short, uncritical comment on Smith in California. It contains the erroneous statement that Smith was born in Ireland.

Randolph, E.

*Address on the History of California.* (San Francisco, 1860), 54-56, 71-72. See also *Hutchings California Magazine*, V, 263-270, 308-314, 344-352.

Contains a short account of Jedediah Smith. It includes the Duran letter, the voucher made for him by American shipmasters in California, and an interesting but almost wholly inaccurate letter by Thomas Sprague, on his activities in California.

Richman, I. B.

*California under Spain and Mexico. 1535-1847.* (Boston and New York, 1911), 269.

Mentions Smith's first trip to California. Contains a map of value, giving route of trails into California.

Ross, A.

*Fur Hunters of the Far West.* (London, 1855), II, 127-130.

Smith's party escorts a group of Indian fur trappers who had met disaster, back to Ross on Goddin's River. Ross disbelieved the story of accident. He felt that the Americans seduced the Indians and obtained their furs.

Royce, J.

*California.* (Boston and New York, 1886), 35.

Mentions Smith's trip to California in 1826.

Russell, I. K., and Driggs, H. R.

*Hidden Heroes of the Rockies.* New York, 1923.

Full and interesting account of all Smith's activities, incoherent in spots. Page 164 gives a copy of bond of

Smith for \$30,000 as guarantee to Mexican government that he would leave California.

Sabin, E. L.

*Kit Carson Days*. (Chicago, 1914), 50-56, 66-68, 94-101, 140, 241, 511-518 (*Eulogy*), 627-8 (Biographical note).

This popular account of Kit Carson and his fur trading and scouting background, contains many references to Smith and reprints the *Eulogy* from the *Illinois Magazine* of 1832.

*San Francisco Times*, June 14, 1867.

Short biographical sketch of "Jedediah S. Smith: the California Explorer," written by an associate of Smith.

Schafer, J.

*The Pacific Slope and Alaska* (G. C. Lee, *History of North America*, X, Philadelphia, 1904), 118-121, 122, 221.

Schafer, J.

*History of the Pacific Northwest*. (New York, 1918), 108-109.

Brief account of Smith's trips to California, his reception by McLaughlin, and the first wagon train to the Rockies.

Schoolcraft, H. R.

*Information Respecting the History of the Indian Tribes of the United States*. (Philadelphia, 1853), Part III, 99.

Comment on Smith's travels and discussion of the manuscript map drawn by Smith. Not in words of Schoolcraft, but in those of George Gibbs, in journal kept during McKee expedition.

Semple, E.

*American History and Its Geographic Conditions*. (Boston, 1903), 194.

Credits Smith with the first overland expedition to California.

Shaw, D. A.

*Eldorado*. (Los Angeles, 1900), 237-248.

An extended and entertaining account, but very inaccurate and wholly unreliable.

Simpson, Sir G.

*Journey Around the World*. (London, 1847), I, 248-249.

Recounts the story of the Umpqua affair and Smith's reception at Fort Vancouver. From the English point of view.

Smith, E. D.

"Jedidiah Smith and the Settlement of Kansas." In *Kansas Historical Collections* (1911-12), XII, 252-260.

A brief sketch of the parentage and youth of Jedediah Smith, with an overdrawn account of his activities in Santa Fé trade, western exploration and death. The value to Kansas of the route he traced is stressed.

Smith, J. S.

*Harper's Encyclopedia of United States History*. (New York and London, 1912), VIII.

Rather good short account of Smith's explorations in California and the Umpqua incident.

Smith, J. S.

*Eulogy of*.

*In Illinois Magazine*, June, 1832. Also in Sabin, E. L. *Kit Carson Days*, (Chicago, 1914), 511-518.

Reprinted from the *Illinois Magazine*, June, 1832, in Sabin, Edwin L., *Kit Carson Days*. (Chicago, 1914), Appendix, 511-518. An enthusiastic account of an anonymous friend. Emphasizes his contribution to geographic information and western cartography. Gives a hearsay account of Smith's death.

Snowden, P. A.

*History of the State of Washington*. (New York, 1909), I, 463-465; II, 10-12, 63, 81.

South Dakota Historical Society.

"The War on Whiskey in the Fur Trade." In *South Dakota Historical Collections* (1918), IX, 169.

States that Smith was the first to protest against the use of whiskey in the fur trade. Ashley made "practically effective" the desires of Smith.

St. Louis *Weekly Reveille*.

March 1, 1847.

Article by John S. Robb entitled "Major Fitzpatrick the Discoverer of the South Pass." Reprinted in footnote in Alter, J. C., *James Bridger*, 38-40. Mentions Smith's



trip with Fitzpatrick and William Sublette to the Crow region after the Ree attack in 1823.

Stansbury, H.

*An Expedition to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake of Utah.* (Philadelphia, 1852.)

Good descriptions of the country, routes, and streams from Fort Leavenworth to the Salt Lake Valley. The valley is well described.

Thompson and West.

*History of Los Angeles County.* (Oakland, 1880), 32, 35.

Brief mention of Smith and of Joseph (Joaquin) Bowman, one of his party.

Thompson and West.

*History of Nevada.* (Oakland, 1881), 20-22.

An account full of mistakes. Reprints Duran letters and document of ship captains.

Townsend, J. K.

*Narrative.* In Thwaites, R. G., *Early Western Travels* (Cleveland, 1905), XXI, 192, 314, 329 (notes).

Mentions Smith in connection with exploits of Thomas Fitzpatrick, P. S. Ogden and John Turner.

Turner, F. J.

*Rise of the New West.* (New York, 1904), 121-123.

Brief summary of Smith in California and Oregon.

Tuthill, F.

*History of California.* (San Francisco, 1866), 124-125.

Mentions Smith's visit as an indication of the American interest in the fur trading possibilities of California and the Mexican distrust of foreigners. Loose narrative of Smith in California.

Twitchell, R. E.

*Leading Facts in New Mexican History.* (Cedar Rapids, 1911-17), II, 123-124, 135, note; IV, 516-518, note.

Quotes the Chittenden account of Smith's death, gives a very short account of his trading and exploring activities, and William Waldo's opinion as to his religious character and intellectual ability and accomplishments. Reference in volume IV is to the Santa Fé trading activities of Smith as related by E. D. Smith, his grand-nephew,

in Kansas State Historical Society *Collections*. It credits him with the discovery of the Cimarron route to Santa Fé and greatly exaggerates the account of Smith's death.

Victor, F. F.

*The Early Indian Wars of Oregon*. (Salem, 1894), 11.

A brief account of Smith in Oregon and of the later experiences of his companion, Turner.

Victor, F. F.

*The River of the West*. (Hartford, Connecticut, 1870), 33-36, and passim.

A short sketch of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, Smith's trading activities in the Snake region, and the Umpqua disaster, is given in the introductory chapter. The main text of the book is a story of the West based on the personal reminiscences of Joseph L. Meek, an employee of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. Numerous references to Smith occur in the early part of the book.

Wagner, H., and Keppel, M.

*California History*. (San Francisco, 1922), 112-114, 184.

Very elementary account of Smith in California and the Umpqua attack.

Wagner, H. R.

*The Plains and Rockies, a Bibliography of Original Narratives of Travel and Adventure*. (San Francisco, 1921), 27, 29, 35, 61.

Cites sources valuable for a study of Smith.

Wagner, W. F. (ed.)

*Adventures of Zenas Leonard, Fur Trader and Trapper*. (Cleveland, 1904), 27-32, 151-156, footnote.

The journal of Leonard, who made a trip from Independence to California in 1831-35 over the Utah, northern Nevada route. There is a short account of the Smith period in the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. The long footnote is a worthwhile, interesting summary of Smith's life.

Watkins, A.

"The Evolution of Nebraska." In *Proceedings of the Mississippi Valley Historical Association*. (1909-1910), III, 126, 128.

Mentions Smith as a member of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company in connection with fur trading in Nebraska and the use of wagons to carry furs to St. Louis from the Rockies.

Wilson, F. T.

"Old Fort Pierre and Its Neighbors." In *Collections of Historical Society of South Dakota*. (1902), I, 269, 335-337.

A brief sketch of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. Notes by Charles E. DeLand.

Willard, C. D.

*History of Los Angeles City*. (Los Angeles, 1901), 162.  
Mentions Smith's first trip to California.



## A GROUP OF JEDEDIAH STRONG SMITH DOCUMENTS

The two letters printed below, written by Jedediah Smith to his brother Ralph within the last two years of his eventful life, give an intimate view of the characteristics of that unusual fur trader and explorer. As far as the writer knows only a few paragraphs have heretofore been printed. The letters were made available for publication through the kindness of Miss Stella Drumm of the Missouri Historical Society, from copies in the possession of that institution. The originals are deposited at the State Historical Society of Kansas at Topeka.

The two excerpts from the *Missouri Republican* are also from the files of the Missouri Historical Society. A more detailed account of the wagon trip of 1830 is given in the letter from Smith, Jackson, and Sublette to the Secretary of War, John H. Eaton, October 29, 1830. It was printed in *Senate Executive Documents*, 21st Congress, Second Session, 1831, Doc. 39, pp. 21-23, and has been reprinted in other publications.

JOHN C. PARISH.

Wind River, East side of the Rocky Mountains,

Dec. 24, 1829.

Dear Brother

It is some length of time since I wrote you, but I think you will excuse me when I tell you I have never received a Letter from you since I left home, notwithstanding my repeated requests, in my Letters, for an answer—I cannot think you have not wrote—miscarried.

I have often written, but my memorandums are not at hand and I do not recollect the substance of what I wrote, further than I have always been anxious to know of the welfare of my friends & I do assure you that anxiety still remains—

I feel thankful for this privilege we enjoy of writing to & enquiring of each others welfare both Spiritual and Temporal; Should you receive this please give me (& as soon as possible as my partner will be in St. Louis a short time, &

then return to join me & my other partner in the mountains) an explanation of your Silence & a full account of the situation of our Friends—since I left home I have passed through various vicissitudes of Fortune; I have been fortunate in some respects in others unfortunate—I have passed through the Country from St. Louis, Missouri, to the North Pacifick Ocean, in different ways—through countrys of Barrenness & seldom one of the reverse, many Hostile Tribes of Indians inhabit this Space and we are under the necessity of keeping a constant watch; notwithstanding our vigilance we sometimes suffer; in August 1827 ten Men, who were in company with me, lost their lives, by the Amuchabas Indians, on the Colorado River; & in July 1828 fifteen men, who were in company with me lost their lives, by the Umpquah Indians, on the River of the Same name, it enters the North Pacifick, one hundred miles South of the Mouth of the Columbia—many others have lost their lives in different parts of the Country—My Brother believe me, we have many dangers to face and many difficultys to encounter, but if I am Spared I am not anxious with regard to difficulties—for particulars you must await a meeting—

When you write do not omit letting me know how Doctor Simons is, David & Titus Lique—Remember me to my Friends, the Dr. and his Sons. I wish as many of them as may find it convenient, to write, & that soon for the reason before mentioned—I shall write a few lines to Peter & Austin & as Austin writes they are at the Tin & Copper Smith trade I shall advise them to make them Selves masters of that Valuable Trade.

I shall likewise write to my other friends (I e) so many as I have time to write to—I shall only State the Substance of what I have written, above, & my Brother will, undoubtedly, do me the Favor to forward them.—

As it respects my Spiritual welfare, I hardly durst Speak I find myself one of the most ungrateful, unthankful, Creatures imaginable. Oh when Shall I be under the care of a Christian Church? I have need of your Prayers, I wish our Society to bear me up before a Throne of Grace—I can not speak to my friends with regard to my comeing home I have Set so

many times, & always found myself unable to perform, that it is better to omit it—Give My Love to My Father, Mother, Brothers, Sisters, Neffews & Nieces, none excepted.

I remain as ever Your affectionate Brother

JEDEDIAH S. SMITH.

P. S.—I concluded after writing the above, that if Mr. R. Campbell now resided in St. Louis he should be the Agent instead of Gen. Ashley, if he is not there it will be as above written. J. S. S.

Mr. Ralph Smith

P. O. Richland county.

Aside.

P. S. please Turn over & read a few lines

Providence has made me a Steward of a Small pittance; & my Prayer is, that whilst I am allowed the privilege of using it, I may use it without abuse—I will endeavor to forward a little Money, as you will see below, & no doubt my Brother will assist me in disposing of it according to my wish, and it must be your particular care that none, who may receive a benefit, know from where it comes—in one of the rest of my letters will I speak of my Temporal concerns—in the first place my Brother, our Parents must receive of our beneficence, & if Dr. Simons is in want I wish him to be helped; I want, if it is in your Power, that you Should place Ira B. Paddock, and Nelson, at a good English Scool—I will pay no attention to Austin, or Peter, further than to advise them to make themselves masters of their trade, as they are now men—I wish you to consult Dr. Simons, on the method of Educating our Brothers, as it is my wish to carry them into some of the higher branches of Education—I feel in hopes I Shall be able, when it is needed, to send more Money; you will consult the Dr., if a live, if not, some other guide, & write to me your own ideas, as well as the conclusion of the Dr. on the Subject.

I write to Gen. Wm. H. Ashley, of St. Louis, to take Charge of the money, & get an interchange of Letters with you, & then take the proper method to forward it Securely—My Partner Mr. Wm. L. Sublette takes this Letter to St. Louis



& forwards it—and if any accident has befallen Gen. Ashley he will appoint another Agent and let you know by Letter—as I before stated Mr. Sublette will remain in St. Louis about 2 months, before he returns to Join Mr. Jackson & myself in the Mountains—the Sum for which you Will expect to receive will be Two Thousand and Two hundred dollars—You will do me the favor to keep an act of the expeditures, if any of our Friends are in a distrest Situation youl please let me know, recollect that we are Brothers, and I shall not forgive you, if you do not let me know your own Situation—be not too modest—

It is that I may be able to help those who stand in need, that I face every danger—it is for this, that I Traverse the Mountains covered with Eternal Snow—it is for this that I pass over the Sandy Plains, in heat of summer, thirsting for water, and am well pleased if I can find a Shade, instead of water where I may cool my overheated Body—It is for this that I go for days without eating, & am pretty well satisfied if I can gather a few roots, a few Snails, or, better Satisfied if we can afford ourselves a piece of Horse Flesh, or a fine Roasted Dog, and, most of all, it is for this, that I deprive myself of the privilege of Society & the Satisfaction of the Converse of my Friends! but I shall count all this pleasure, if I am at last allowed, by the Alwise Ruler, the privilege of joining my Friends—Oh My Brother let us render to him, to whom all things belongs, a proper proportion of what is his due.

I must tell you for the past, that I am much behind hand, Oh! the perverseness of my wicked heart! I entangle myself altogether too much in the things of time—I must depend entirely upon the Mercy of that being, who is abundant in Goodness & will not cast off any, who call sincerely, upon him! again I say, pray for me My Brother—& may he, before whom not a Sparrow falls, without notice, bring us, in his own good time, Together again—as I said before let no man know of this little money which is to be forwarded, except the one whom you consult,—let it be the greatest pleasure that we can enjoy, the height of our ambition, now, when our Parents are in the decline of Life, to smooth the pillow of their

age, & as much as in us lies, take from them all cause of Trouble—but all this advice is quite unnecessary, to one whom I know to be much more ready than myself, to do that which is a part of our duty——

As I do not know where our friends, may now reside, you will please fill out the Superscription.

Your Brother

JEDEDIAH S. SMITH.

Blue River, fork of Kansas, 30 miles from the

Pawnee Village, Sept. 10, 1830.

Dear Brother

Yours of March 15th to April 3d were duly received, by which I received the mortifying intelligence of the Death of our much loved Mother, I had indulged the pleasing hope of again Seeing and, perhaps, administering to the necessities of Her to whom we owe so much / / / / but he who had undoubted right, has called and She is gone——

We can See Her no more here; therefore let us prepare against the Same Summons must be received by us——

I am indebted to Doctor Simons for his epistle dated March 15, 1830 and I wish you to express my gratitude in becoming terms of respect——I fear that Dr. Simons thinks I only feel bound, where I sign my Name, but, if so, he to whom I am under so many obligations, is much mistaken. . . .

how happy I should consider myself if I could *again* be allowed the privilege of spending some times with my much esteemed Friend. I think the Dr. recollects this excellent precept “if you have one Friend feel, or think your Self happy” I hope I have one *Friend*——on my arrival at the Settlements (Should I be so fortunate as to gain that point, I intend writing to Dr. Simons——

You recollect, My Brother that you, in your favor of 3d April, said you would be glad to See me, in St. Louis, if I could not come to Wayne,——you will confer a favor upon J. S. S. to come, on receipt of this, as soon as circumstances will permit.

Should you not be able to come in time apply to Tracy & Wahrendorf, we shall (if permitted by Him who rules) be in St. Louis in thirty five or forty days & I shall (if permitted

by the Same Good being) remain there one Month, perhaps more—Our business is so arranged that I am not under the necessity of visiting the mountains again—Brother I now recollect that when I came from home I owed \$10 to Ransom Clarke, if it is not Settled, pray Settle it at once for that Man will think I am not inclined to pay my honest debts—you have undoubtedly paid to the Dr. the few dollars that he will receive—no more at present— JEDEDIAH S. SMITH.

P. S. Having overtaken this Letter, this 22d of Sept. (at Kansas Fairy, 30 miles from camp Leavenworth, or rather Cantonment Leavenworth, I add we are there for Safe.

J. S. S.

WESTERN ENTERPRIZE.—An expedition has been for some time past, fitting out in this city, which furnishes a very favorable illustration of the enterprize of the Western people. The expedition is under the immediate control of Messrs. Smith, Jackson and Sublette, and is destined for the Rocky Mountains. Seventy men are engaged in the service, and *ten heavy wagons* are employed in the transportation of the merchandize and baggage of the company. It is the present design to proceed the whole of the distance with the wagons—a means of transportation never before used in expeditions to that country. The principal men concerned in the enterprise, are sanguine of the success of the experiment—and in the event of an attack from the savages in the open plain, the wagons may be formed into a breastwork, against which all their assaults will be unavailing. We wish the gentlemen every success in their adventure.—(*Missouri Republican*, April 13, 1830.)

A Trading Expedition, commanded by Messrs. Smith, Jackson & Sublette (successors to General Ashley), consisting of 81 men, with ten loaded wagons, each drawn by five mules, left St. Louis for the Rocky Mountains, on the 10th of April, last, and arrived at their place of destination—within 50 miles of the waters of the Pacific<sup>1</sup>—on the 16th of July. Returning,

1. This expression evidently means "waters flowing into the Pacific." In their report to Secretary of War John H. Eaton, the leaders themselves, Smith, Jackson, and Sublette, clearly state that they did not attempt to take the wagons further than the rendezvous at the head of the Wind River. See *Senate Executive Documents*, 21st Congress, Second Session, 1831, Doc. 39.



they left the place of rendezvous on the 4th of August, and arrived at St. Louis, on the 11th of October, with the same wagons and teams, and all in good order. We have not been furnished with any further particulars of the expedition, but understand that they have been successful.—(*Missouri Republican*, October 19, 1830.)

## SOME NOTES ON THE ANCESTRY OF JEDEDIAH STRONG SMITH

By GEORGE WILLIAM BEATTIE

While going through the papers of his late wife, a niece of the famous pathfinder, Jedediah Strong Smith, Mr. Walter R. Bacon of Los Angeles has recently located two valuable documents relating to Smith's genealogy. The documents follow:

1. COPY OF LETTER FROM MISS ANN CORNWALL TO MRS. ELIZA SPEARMAN, A GRAND NIECE OF CYRUS STRONG, SENIOR.

Binghamton (N. Y.), August 23rd, 1880.

Dear Mrs. Spearman:

Mrs. Clapp has handed me your letter of August 7th.

In compliance with your request, will give you what information the family possesses concerning their ancestors.

Elder John Strong, of Northampton, married Abigail Ford.

Their son Jedediah was born May 7th, 1637. He married Freedom Woodward, November 18th, 1662.

Their son, Jedediah Strong, Jr., was born August 7th, 1667; married Abigail Ingersoll, November 8th, 1688; moved from Northampton to Lebanon, Conn., August 24, 1696.

Ezra, son of Jedediah, Jr., was born March 2nd, 1702. Married Abigail Caverly, January 12th, 1730.

Jabin, son of Ezra, born August 12th, 1734. Married Betsy Curtis, year unknown, about 1762 or 1763. His wife died in 1782; married a widow, Mrs. Grover, who had a son, Jabin; he died without children.

Jabin Strong, Sr., died about 1817.

### THE CHILDREN OF JABIN

1. Sally, who married *Jedediah Smith*.
2. Abigail (?), who married Jedediah Higgins.
3. Lydia, who married Jedediah (?) Johnston (?).
4. Betsy, who married Jabin (?) Bush.
5. Cyrus (Sr.), who was born February 8th, 1777.
6. David, who went to sea in the ship Smyrna when he was 21 years of age, and was never heard from afterwards.

7. Jabin, Jr., son of the second wife, who died without issue.

Your ancestors were of English descent.

Cyrus Strong (Sr.) was married to Rosalinda Brooks in Bainbridge, September 16th, 1804. He probably lived there for three or four years. I do not think the family knows anything more about those early days. He lived with your grandfather part of the time.

Yours sincerely,

ANN E. CORNWALL.

(Note: Interrogation points indicate questions raised by Mrs. Spearman's memorandum.)

2. MEMORANDUM IN HANDWRITING OF MRS. SPEARMAN.

"*Hugh Johnson* married *Lydia Strong*. *Moses Bush* married *Betsy Strong*; these two women were *all* the sisters my Grandmother Smith had. *Cyrus Strong*, the only brother, married *Linda Brooks*; their home was in Connecticut. Judge *Ford* was my great grandmother's brother. My grandmother lived with them until she married *J. Smith*.

(Signed) SARAH ELIZA SPEARMAN.

To these documents Mr. Bacon adds the following note:

"Mrs. Spearman, who furnished this to Mrs. Bacon in her life time, has been dead some years. Her mother was *Eunice Smith*, a daughter of *Sally Strong*, the wife of *Jedediah Smith*, which latter was the father of *Jedediah Strong Smith*, our first overland Californian.

"Mrs. Spearman's uncle, *Cyrus Strong*, was the son of *Cyrus Strong*, the fifth child of *Jabin Strong*, mentioned in the enclosed, and she for years kept in touch with him, and had his picture. He was quite a wealthy man, and occasionally came west to see her, so that she kept track of the family.

"The enclosed copy of letter giving the family history, was written by *Ann Cornwall*, who for years lived in the family of this uncle, *Cyrus Strong*, and was an old lady at the time the letter was written . . ."

The authors of the above quoted documents were intimately associated with the near relatives of *Jedediah Strong Smith*, so their statements showing his place in the *Strong* family, so widely distributed in America, are especially valuable, in the absence of official records. Time, however, would be required to verify details of the traditions they give by



examining entries in family Bibles, or birth, baptismal, marriage and death entries in town, church or court records.

The genealogical line given in these documents, from Elder John Strong to Sally Strong, is in accord with that given in the "*History of the Descendants of Elder John Strong of Northampton, Mass.*", by Benjamin W. Dwight, 1871; Joel Munsell, Pub." Descendants of Sally Strong are not given in this book.

On page 892 of this work is given the following about Jabin Strong, grandfather of Jedediah Strong Smith:

Jabin Strong (son of Ezra and Abigail Strong of Hebron, Ct.), b. Aug. 12, 1734, m. Betsy Curtis: a farmer at Easthampton, Ct. She died in 1782 and he m. for 2nd wife, a widow, Mrs. Grover. He traveled largely through the west when it was a wilderness filled with Indians, and went accidentally over Niagara Falls without being killed. he d. about 1816, aged 80 and more.

(6th Gen.) CHILDREN

By first wife:

Sally Strong, m. Ozias Brainerd (?).

Abigail Strong.

Lydia Strong.

Betsy Strong.

Cyrus Strong, b. in Easthampton, Ct., Feb. 8, 1777.

David Strong went to sea when 21 years of age in "The Smyrna," built at Chatham, Ct. (Capt. Hall), and was never heard of afterwards.

By second wife:

Jabin Strong, Jr., d. without issue.

From the above it might be inferred that Sally Strong first married *Ozias Brainerd*, and that Jedediah Smith was her second husband, but the memorandum by Mrs. Spearman makes it probable that the entering of the name *Ozias Brainerd* in this place was an error.

The *History* of the Strong family contains the following letter to the nineteen-year-old son of Jedediah Strong, Jr., great-great-grandfather of Jedediah Strong Smith. The writer of this letter was killed by Indians at Wood Creek, N. Y., in October, 1709. The letter helps to explain the strongly religious character of Jedediah Strong Smith—something unusual among the Rocky Mountain men of his day. He was born of a line of deeply religious men.

## LETTER FROM JEDEDIAH STRONG, JR.

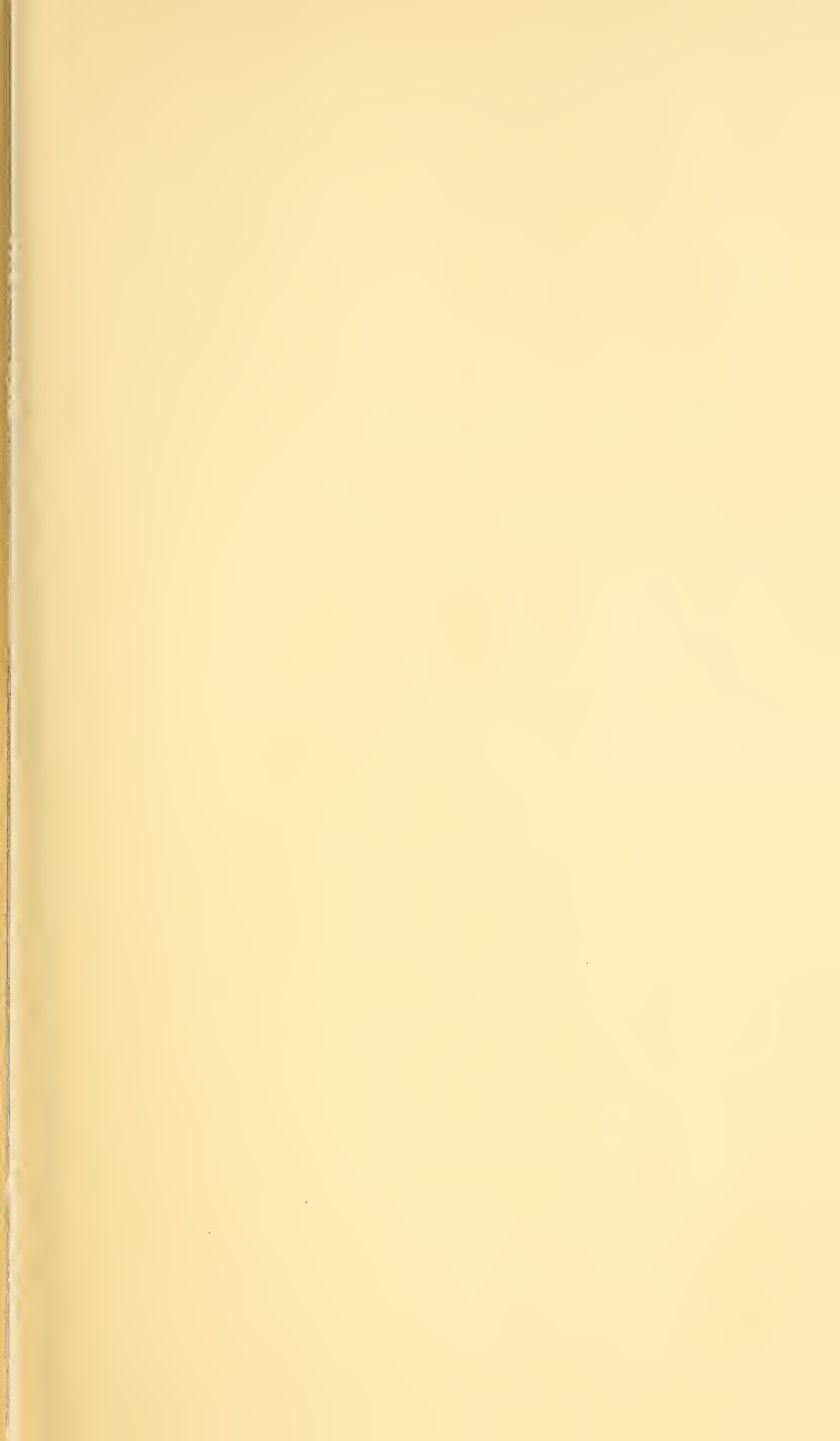
Son Stephen:

Hearty love to you, hoping you are well; as I am, blessed be God for it. I have nothing of news to write to you. I wrote a letter to your mother yesterday, and therein all the news I have: but yet I gladly take the opportunity to write a word to you, as a testification of my love to you. I hope you will be mindful of the advice I left you. Be tender of, and obedient to your mother. I hope you take care of affairs at home; but they are little in my thoughts; but I daily mind you, and God forbid that I should cease to pray for you daily. I want such opportunity for it as I had at home. Dear son, pray for yourself and for me also. Give my respects to your mother. What I here say to you, I herein say to the rest of the dear ones. Also my affectionate love to my dear daughter.

I remain your affectionate father,

JEDEDIAH STRONG.

July 19, 1709.



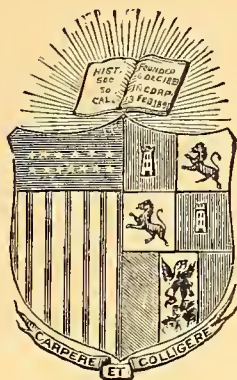




Organized November 1, 1883  
PART IV

Incorporated February 13, 1891  
VOL. XIII

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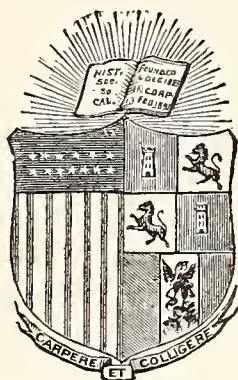




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JOTHAM and MARCELLUS BIXBY  
February 23, 1907  
Fifty-five years from the day  
they started for  
CALIFORNIA



## THE DIARY OF MARCELLUS BIXBY

FROM 1852 TO 1856

(Kept by him during his trip with his brother, Jotham Bixby, from Maine to California, and their residence in Amador County.<sup>1</sup>)

### INTRODUCTION

With the passing of the years, there appears to be, if anything, an increasing interest in the era of the Great Migration to California. For several years following the discovery of gold, California was a magic name that drew men of spirit and bold adventure from the far corners of the earth to seek their fortune here. Of the thousands that came by every available route, around the Horn, over the Isthmus of Panama, across Mexico at Tehuantepec, or over the transcontinental emigrant trails, many remained to become citizens of the newly formed State, and to establish a civilization on the Pacific slope. The history of California in the Spanish period has been scientifically studied by Professor Herbert E. Bolton and his students, who have had as their laboratory the great collection of books and manuscripts made by Hubert Howe Bancroft, and now happily the possession of the State of California. The Native Sons of the Golden West, a patriotic order, has provided travelling fellowships to permit trained students in history to exploit the Spanish archives and thus lay the foundations for the systematic study of the early history of California. The American period has been surveyed by such competent historians as Dr. Robert G. Cleland and Dr. Rockwell Hunt, — to mention only two, — and vast quantities of valuable materials have been put in print by H. H. Bancroft and his collaborators. But a great deal of patient "spade work" remains to be done before many obscure episodes of the later period are cleared up and various aspects of the "transit of civilization" across our Continent are sufficiently illumined to enable the scientific historian to make effective use of them. As we approach our own time, the mass of sources, printed and manuscript, becomes almost overwhelming. In the face

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1. From a copy made by Dr. Edward M. Bixby in San Francisco in 1907.

of such a situation, indiscriminate publication of materials of uncertain value may seriously retard the cause of genuine scholarship. It is a pleasure to note the increasing tendency on the part of historical and patriotic societies in California to publish serious and mature studies in local history, on the one hand, and documents deserving of preservation, on the other.

The Diary of Marcellus Bixby, like that of his cousin, Dr. Thomas Flint, published a few years ago,<sup>2</sup> throws light upon the coming to California of some of the men who became leaders in the early days of statehood. The Flint Diary describes briefly the trip by way of Panama, and in greater detail the overland journey. The present Diary, brief in compass, less gossipy, and admittedly less informing, derives its interest partly from the fact that it is one of the surprisingly small number of published diaries that describes the trip around the Horn, and partly from the circumstance that Marcellus and Jotham Bixby became actual settlers who helped in the development of the communities of San Benito County and Long Beach. They were brothers of Llewellyn Bixby, and came from Norridgewock, Maine.

Since the Flint and Marcellus Bixby Diaries may be considered as a unit, it may not be without interest or inappropriate to quote here certain paragraphs from a History of Amador County<sup>3</sup> that will serve to illustrate the surroundings to which these transplanted New Englanders were obliged to adjust themselves. Those were stirring days, when legal procedure was likely to be supplemented by extra-legal action of self-appointed groups of citizens. In describing Volcano, the compilers say:

"A number of houses of respectable appearance were built in 1851, among which were the Volcano Hotel by G. W. Gemmil; the National by Dr. Flint of Flint, Bixby & Co.; the Philadelphia House by Downs . . . The last two were standing until a few years since, a relic of pioneer days."

And further:

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2. "Diary of Dr. Thomas Flint" in *Historical Society of Southern California, Annual Publications* (1923), XII, 53-127. Also reprinted in separate form.

3. Thompson and West, *A History of Amador County* (Oakland, 1881), 206.

"Dr. Flint, since an extensive stock raiser in some of the southern counties, under the name of Flint, Bixby & Co., went into the mountains on the line of the emigrant road, and purchased stock. In driving it down to Volcano some of it escaped and was taken up by some men at Fort Ann, who advertised the cattle as well as they were able at the time, as *estrays*. They refused to give them to Flint on proof of ownership, which he presented, and a lawyer advised him to avoid the preliminary costs of a suit, a hundred dollars or more, by taking the cattle by force, so as to compel them to initiate the lawsuit, if they wanted one.

"Flint took Rod. Stowell as the force element, but force was something both sides could appeal to, and a row ensued, Rod. getting a ball which made a cripple of him for life; and the two miners, wounds which were thought by the physician to be mortal. Stowell was arrested and found guilty of murder by a jury of miners, and a resolution was passed to hang him when either of the victims should die. Unexpectedly, the two miners recovered, and Stowell escaped hanging, more on account of the pleadings of his mother than from any good will the people bore him, for his name had become offensive . . ."<sup>4</sup>

The accompanying map, showing the route taken by the sailing ship, "Samuel Appleton," was prepared by Dr. Edward Bixby of San Francisco, a son of the Diarist. The map of the region of Volcano, Amador County, was made by Mrs. Sarah Bixby Smith, the author of *Adobe Days*, an interesting and authoritative account of the life led in California by the diarists and their relatives after they had settled down to ranching.<sup>5</sup> Of the 760 vessels that are credited with making the trip around the Horn in 1849-1850, it is said that not a single one was lost on the route, and that all entered San Francisco Bay without a pilot.<sup>6</sup> A complete list of these ships, many of them

4. Rod. Stowell was a Texas ranger who had killed an Indian at "Indian Gulch" in '49, and a Missourian named Sheldon about 1850. Thompson and West, *A History of Amador County*, 204.

5. The ranching ventures of the family are briefly described in the notes appended to the reprint of the Flint-Bixby Diary (pp. 76-78), supplied by Mrs. Sarah B. Smith, daughter of Llewellyn Bixby, who accompanied Dr. Flint across the plains in 1851. The connection of the family with Southern California began with the purchase of Rancho los Cerritos from Don Juan Temple in 1866.

6. Farwell, Willard B., "Cape Horn and Co-operative Mining in '49." In *Century Magazine*, XX.



near-derelicts that were beached upon their arrival at San Francisco, would be of value to the student, especially if the compiler would note the owners, skippers, ports of origin, and dates of sailing. What an interesting collection of names might be found in some of the passenger lists of those days!

WALDEMAR WESTERGAARD.

#### THE DIARY

Feb. 23, 1852. Left home today for California. My birthday. Age 28 years. Took the stage to Waterville, the cars to Portland, and the steamboat to Boston.

Feb. 24. Boston. Arrived here about 4 o'clock this morning. I have paid the balance down on my ticket, \$120.00, also on Jotham's and Frank's. Stopped at the New England House.

Feb. 25. Today I have been strolling through the city, without any particular object in view.

Feb. 26. Today I have been wandering through the city, the same as yesterday. Jotham, Frank [Bixby], and Josiah Gilman<sup>7</sup> arrived this evening.

Feb. 27. Today we have been up into Bunker Hill Monument. Have purchased a pistol, blanket, and mattress. This evening we were at the Museum.

Feb. 28. Today we have had a very severe snow storm, so that we have had to keep the house the most of the time.

Feb. 29. Today is Sunday. I have not attended church today. Stopped in my room most of the time.

March 1. Today we are aboard of the ship Samuel Appleton, and have been towed out about 10 miles. The wind is so strong that we have dropped anchor. There is a good deal of dissatisfaction among the passengers. We have held indignation meetings, and to pacify us the Captain has sent ashore and got another stove. It is very cold.

Mar. 2, 1852. Today we have laid at anchor. There is great dissatisfaction among the passengers. There is nothing to eat but hard bread and tainted meat.

7. Josiah Gilman was a cousin of the Bixbys—a son of David Gilman and Lucy Bixby. See *A Genealogy of the Descendants of Joseph Bixby, 1621-1701*, 546. Reuben and Amasa Gilman were brothers of Josiah.



Course of the ship "Samuel Appleton"  
March 1, 1852 to July 21, 1852





March 3. Today we weighed anchor about 6 o'clock a. m. Wind is fair and we made a good start on our long voyage. The wind is strong and the ship rolls badly. I am very seasick.

March 4. Today I am yet seasick and I have no appetite to eat anything. Wind fair and we are making about 10 knots an hour.

March 5. Today I am no better. It is very rough, but the wind is fair and we are making good headway on our long journey.

March 6. Today is rough. The wind is blowing a gale and we are under double reef top sail. Last night potatoes, plates and barrels were rolling from one side of the cabin to the other.

March 7. Today, Sunday, we have a sort of a meeting. A chapter read in the Bible and a sermon read. The wind is fair today.

March 8. Today makes six days since I have eaten anything except a little gruel. I vomit up everything that I eat.

March 9. Today I am quite smart. I have got over my seasickness. It is quite calm and pleasant today.

March 10. Today we have a strong wind and the vessel rolls as bad as ever. I am as seasick as ever.

March, 11, 1852. Today is pleasant. We saw a whale. Duff for dinner.

March 12. Lat. 30, Long. 39. Today there is excitement. There was a flying fish on board.

March 17. Lat. 16, Long. 28. Today is very pleasant and the winds are very light. It has been very rough since we left port and my seasickness has been rather severe. We have had very strong winds and the vessel rocked very badly. Our food has been poor and poorly served up. Today is the first day that has been comfortably warm. We are expecting the trade winds tomorrow.

March 21. Today the ship Sea Nymph sent a boat aboard of us. Their chronometer had stopped and they came aboard to get the time. It is warm and almost a dead calm.

March 24. Lat. 5°, Long. 28°. Today we have had a good wind and are getting along finely. We are getting near the Line. The weather is warm but not oppressively hot.

March 25. Lat.  $2^{\circ} 40''$ , Long.  $25^{\circ}$ . Today we have had quite a rain. We have caught a few casks of water.

March 28. Today we cross the Line in Long  $27^{\circ} 30''$  at 11:30 a. m. It is Sunday. We had singing and a sermon read.

March 31. Today we have a good wind again and are moving along finely. We have had very light winds for the last fortnight. We did not have any of the trade winds north of the Line. It is rather dull business to go to California in a sail vessel. We have the most splendid evenings that can be imagined.

April 5. Lat.  $10^{\circ}$  south, Long.  $34^{\circ}$ . Today we have seen land from the masthead. The first that we have seen since we have left Boston. The Captain supposed that we were 150 miles from land. We saw some catamarans near the shore. The winds are light and we are making slow progress.

April 8. Lat.  $13^{\circ} 30''$ . Today we have a dead calm. The Captain has launched the quarter-boat and taken the cabin passengers out on a row.

April 17. Lat.  $23^{\circ}$ , Long.  $37^{\circ}$ . Today is the first day that we have had a fair wind since the 7th of March. We have seen three sails today.

April 20. Lat.  $28^{\circ}$ , Long.  $42^{\circ}$ . Today we are becalmed again. We have given up the idea of making a quick voyage. We see a number of sails off the coast of South America. I have lost flesh so fast that I am poor as a lantern. Going to sea does not agree with me at all. I have been seasick most of the time since I came to sea.

April 26. Lat.  $35^{\circ}$ . Today we are becalmed again. Yesterday we had strong head winds. That is about the way we get along, one day of fair wind and two or three days of head winds or calms. There was quite an excitement on board today, caused by the catching of a shark. He was a young fellow about 8 feet long.

April 28. Lat.  $36^{\circ}$ , Long.  $54^{\circ}$ . Today we have fair winds. We saw some whales spouting off quite a distance. There [are] quite a lot of sails in sight of us today.

May 1. Today we have a strong head wind, sailing under double reef top sails. The sea is very rough. We feel quite

encouraged. The weather is very pleasant, about like our November weather at home.

May 2. Lat.  $45^{\circ}$ . Today we have head winds and a heavy sea which prevents us from making much headway. One of the sailors fell from the gallant yard this morning, a distance of 120 feet, without injuring him much. He struck in the clew of the main sail that threw him on the deck.

May 3, 1852. Lat.  $47^{\circ}$ , Long.  $62^{\circ}$ . Today we have a good breeze. We saw plenty of Cape pigeons. They came within a few feet of the vessel. They are the prettiest bird that flies. They are a little larger than a dove, of the purest white and black, all just alike. The weather is cold and pleasant.

May 4. Lat.  $50^{\circ}$ . The days are pleasant, the nights squally.

May 5. Lat.  $52^{\circ}$ . Today we have strong head winds. Some of the sailors knocked an Irishman down today. It made quite a stir among the passengers. Anything for a change or excitement.

May 7. Lat.  $54^{\circ}$ , Long.  $64^{\circ}$ . Today the thermometer stands at 42. We are becalmed near the shore. The mountains are covered with snow.

May 8. Lat.  $55^{\circ}$ . Today we made up to the Straits of Le Maire; the wind changed into the west so that we could not go through. The land scenery viewed from the vessel is grand beyond description. The mountains look like marble pyramids.

May 9. Lat.  $56^{\circ}$ , Long.  $62^{\circ}$ . Today we are running a south course snug on the wind. The sun rises about half-past eight. Twenty-eight miles make a degree of longitude here.

May 10. Lat.  $57^{\circ}$ . Today we made our most southern point. We tacked ship this evening in Lat.  $58^{\circ}$ , Long.  $62^{\circ}$ .

May 11. Lat.  $56^{\circ}$ , Long.  $67^{\circ}$ . Today is a cold, raw day. Thermometer 35.

May 12. Lat.  $56^{\circ}$ , Long.  $67^{\circ} 30''$ . Today we are lying off the coast of Magellan, becalmed. We are a little north of Cape Horn. The country is very mountainous and covered with snow.

May 13. Lat.  $56^{\circ}$ , Long.  $67^{\circ} 30''$ . Today is cold and squally.



May 14. Lat.  $58^{\circ}$ , Long.  $68^{\circ}$ . Today we have a fair wind and shall clear the Horn. After the calm we had a head wind that drove us back around the Horn. The wind came around fair this morning and we are all right.

May 17. Lat.  $54^{\circ}$ , Long.  $75^{\circ}$ . Today we have free winds. We shall leave the Horn without any more trouble.

May 19. Lat.  $49^{\circ} 7''$ . Today is pleasant. We have had a very pleasant voyage around the Horn. Weather has been pleasant for this latitude. One squall and a warm snowstorm is about all of the storm that we had and it has not been very cold. Frank took a bad cold coming round the Horn and has been quite sick. It has taken some of the extra flesh off from him.

May 22. Lat.  $43^{\circ}$ , Long.  $80^{\circ}$ . Today the sea is rolling in heavy swells. The wind blows a gale. Last night it was the heaviest that it has been since we left Boston. We have made 10 knots an hour for the last twenty-four hours. One of the passengers caught an albatross today that measured 14 feet from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other.

May 25. Lat.  $38^{\circ} 19''$ . Today the sailors are taking out the anchor chain, ready to enter port.

May 30. Lat.  $34^{\circ} 27''$ . Today we are in sight of land, but the wind is not fair to enter port, so we have to lay back and wait for a fair wind.

June 2. Lat.  $33^{\circ}$ . Today we are entering the port of Valparaiso. The view, from the vessel, of the mountains is grand. They are of a dark brown color without any trees or shrubbery. The soil is a reddish clay. We dropped anchor about 2 p. m. and all hands went ashore. We got dinner at the Star Hotel, the first dinner that I have relished since we left Boston. We had a very good dinner and I felt much better.

June 3, 1852. Today we had to be on board by ten o'clock. We did not get any sleep last night. We stopped at the Star Hotel. We engaged two beds, but Dr. Getchel put a drunken fellow into our room and he made it smell so that we could not stay in it, so we had the privilege of staying up all night and fighting the fleas. Weighed anchor at 3 p. m. with a fair wind.

There was a Captain Brown smuggled out of port by some

of the passengers. Our Captain set him aboard of his own ship as soon as got out to sea.

Valparaiso is built on the spurs of the mountains without any regard to streets, except one or two on the beach, where all of the business is done, that look quite respectable. The rest of the buildings are poor and dirty. The mountains come down to the sea on the coast. There are rich valleys back. They bring their produce into the city from over the mountains on mules. The people do not seem to have much ambition. A few foreigners do most of the business. The working class is kept down by the nobility.

June 8. Lat.  $30^{\circ}$ . Today we think we have got the south-east trades. The wind is strong and we are going 10 knots an hour.

June 10. Lat.  $25^{\circ} 40''$ . Today we are becalmed again. We have not taken the trades yet.

June 12. Lat.  $22^{\circ} 53''$ . Today we probably have the southeast trades very lightly.

June 14. Today we are moving on quite smart. The wind is increasing quite fast.

June 17. Lat.  $14^{\circ}$ . Today we have had quite an excitement. The Boston boys celebrated the Battle of Bunker Hill. The Fantastic Guards were out with a band of music and marched around on deck for an hour or so. We had an election to choose a President of the United States. The Democrats ran for Dodge and Butler; the Whigs for Webster and Corwin; the Free Soilers for Hale and Giddings. The votes counted:

Democrats.....107

Whigs..... 81

Free Soil..... 41

June 20. Lat.  $10^{\circ} 32''$ . Today it is warm and pleasant, with a good breeze.

June 23. Lat.  $7^{\circ}$ , Long.  $106^{\circ}$ . Today the second cabin passengers were put on an allowance of two quarts of water, and so were the steerage. Sailors on three quarts. The first cabin passengers not on an allowance.

June 26. Today at 10:30 a. m. we crossed the Line in longitude 100 with a good breeze. It is not uncomfortably warm. It is very pleasant.

June 30. Lat.  $11^{\circ} 30''$ , Long.  $113^{\circ}$ . Today we have fine breeze. In the last twenty-four hours we have made four degrees of latitude, the greatest day's sail that we have made.

July 5. Lat.  $17^{\circ} 28''$ . Today we celebrated the Fourth. About four o'clock this morning the passengers commenced firing guns. At eight o'clock the cannon was fired without the consent of the Captain. He came on deck in a passion and asked the Mate what it meant. The Mate said that he did not know, but a few words passed between them before the Captain discharged the Mate. The Appleton Fantastic Guards were out in full uniform today. A ball came off this evening. Several of the ladies got drunk and went into the cabin and sauced the Captain. There was a good deal of dissatisfaction felt by the passengers because the Captain would not have the flag hoisted or let them fire the cannon. We had a sea pie for dinner and had our allowance of water increased a pint a day.

July 8. Lat.  $23^{\circ} 29''$ . Today is cloudy and cool. The Captain has put the Mate on duty again today.

July 10, 1852. Lat.  $25^{\circ} 45''$ . Today we take the northeast trades, fresh. The winds have been light for a few days.

July 15. Lat.  $34^{\circ} 38''$ , Long.  $138^{\circ} 29''$ . Today we tack ship. We have been running snug on the wind ever since we took the northeast trades.

July 21. Today we are in San Francisco Bay. We have dropped anchor, but do not go ashore till tomorrow morning.

July 22. Today we stopped in San Francisco and this evening we took the boat for Sacramento. We arrived here in good health and in good spirits. We lived poorly but the passengers enjoyed remarkably good health, but two passengers being sick on the passage. It was 140 days from the time we left Boston till we arrived in San Francisco.

July 23. Today we are in Sacramento. It is so warm that we can scarcely move. Most of the passengers are here, scattering in every direction for the mines.

July 24. Today we are on the way to Volcano. We took



the stage to Jackson and then footed to Volcano. In the night we camped down when within half a mile of town.

July 25. Today we arrived in Volcano. We found Llewellyn<sup>8</sup> and Amasa well. The prospect for mining is dull, but our courage is good and we shall go to work.

Aug. 1. This week we have been prospecting in Soldier's Gulch and have drawn out a few loads on the flat to dry.

Aug. 8. Jotham and I have taken up a claim on the South Branch this week.

Aug. 14. This week Jotham and I have bought a mule and cart. We are drawing out dirt and piling it up to wash out next winter.

Sept. 30, 1852. We have quit our claim on the South Branch. We think that we have taken out dirt enough to get \$500.00.

Oct. 1. This week Amasa, Jotham and I have been to Butte City prospecting. We made enough to pay our expenses.

Oct. 15. This week I built a granery for the butcher shop.

Oct. 23. Today Amasa and I came to Cedarville and bought a claim. We paid \$75.00 for it.

Oct. 26. We moved over from Volcano today.

Oct. 28. Today is a rainy day. The first rain that we have had this fall.

Nov. 15. Frank has gone to Hangtown today with Reuben Gilman. We have taken out of our claim \$150.00.

Dec. 4. It has been very rainy this week. Made \$22.00 this week.

Dec. 11. It has been cloudy most of the time this week, but not much rain. Divided claims with Mr. Torry this week.

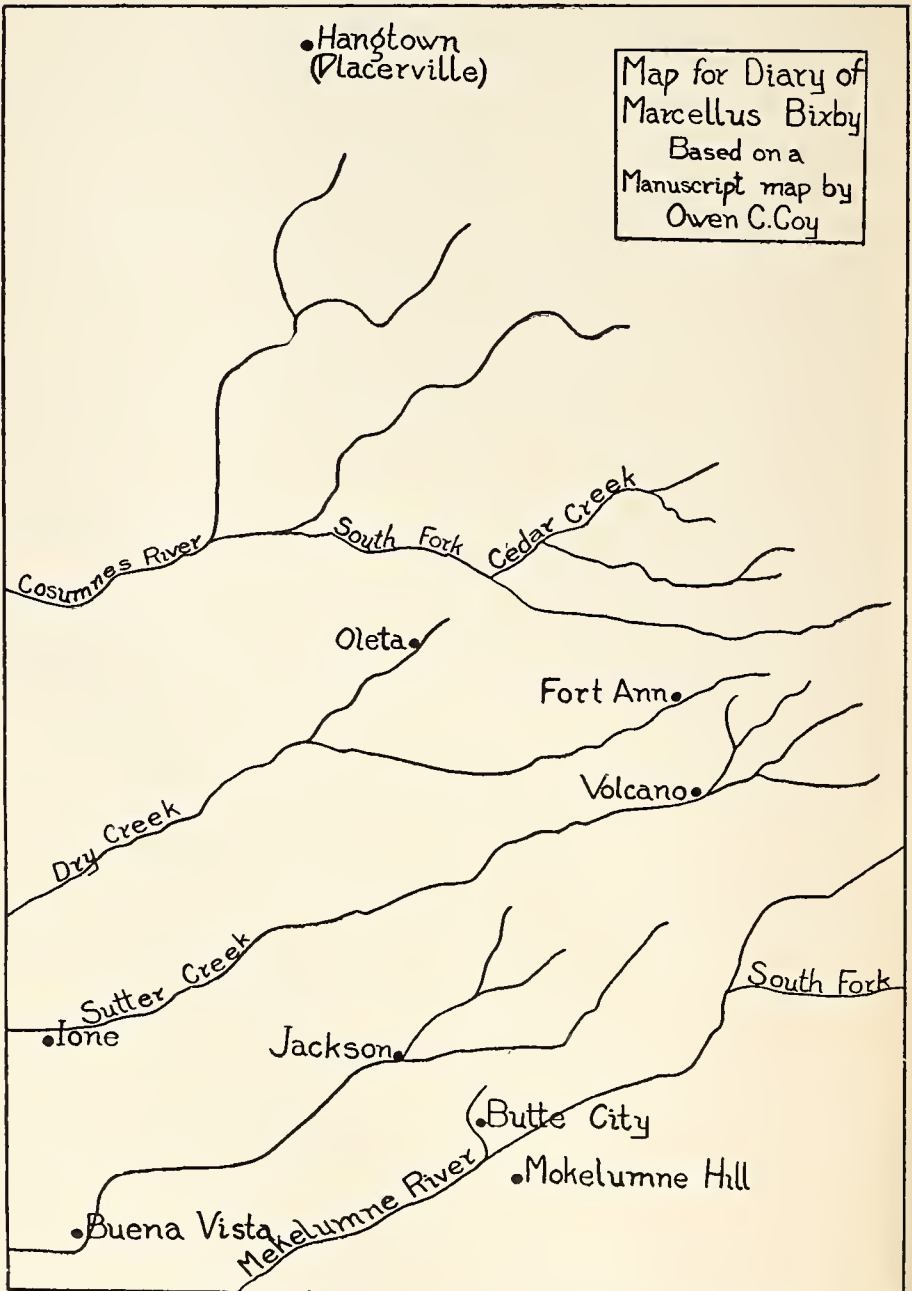
Dec. 18. We had 18 inches of snow the first of the week and a heavy rain the last that took it off.

Dec. 25. The weather has been squally most of the week. We have had two feet of snow this week. Lewellyn was here to see us this week before leaving for home. Amasa went over to Volcano with him. Made \$34.00 this week.

January 1, 1853. It has rained most of the time this week and has carried the snow all off. Made \$24.00 this week.

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8. Llewellyn Bixby had come to California in 1851 with Dr. Thomas Flint.



Jan. 8. I have been over to Volcano this week. The weather was fair the first of the week, rainy the last. Made \$32.00 this week.

Jan. 15. We paid \$11.00 for 22 pounds of flour this week. Sleet the first of the week, cloudy the last. Made \$50.00.

Jan. 22. The weather has been fine all of this week. Made \$24.00 this week.

Jan. 29. A little rain this week. Made \$9.00.

Feb. 5. Fine weather this week. Prospected most of the week without finding anything. We bought a claim this week from Mr. Denham for \$75.00. Made \$6.00.

Feb. 13. We have prospected again this week without any better success. Jotham and I have been to look at a ranch on the Cosumnes. Frank was here this week from Hangtown. Made \$8.00.

Feb. 19. The weather has been fine most of the week. We have bought three claims. We paid \$300.00 for them.

Feb. 26. A heavy rain this week.

March 5. Pleasant this week. Divided, \$42.00 my share.

March 12. A very heavy rain this week.

March 19. Rained Thursday; \$34.00 this week.

March 27, 1853. Pleasant this week. Made \$42.00.

April 3. Rainy the first of the week. Thursday I went to Volcano and back again. Made \$17.00.

April 9. Fair weather this week.

April 16. Two rains this week.

April 23. A heavy rain this week. Division this week, my share \$100.00.

April 30. A snowstorm Friday. Amasa went to Volcano Monday. He had a hard time getting back Friday. He got lost in the snowstorm.

May 6. Fine weather this week. Made \$48.00.

May 14. We have had quite a rain this week. I have been quite sick this week and lay still two days.

May 21. We have had heavy thunder this week, but not much rain. \$50.00 this week.

May 28. I have been to Volcano this week. Took a new route over the hills.

June 4. A little rain this week. Made \$50.00.

June 11. Mr. Jones left this week. We paid him \$15.00 for his claim. \$50.00 this week.

June 18. It has been very warm this week. Jotham cut his hand on Amasa's shovel. Made \$50.00.



June 25, 1853. Amasa has been to Volcano this week. He lost his way coming back and staid out all night.

July 2. It has been cool this week.

July 9. The Fourth I made \$14.00.

July 16. Amasa to Volcano this week.

July 23. Sunday we had a sprinkling of rain. It has been cloudy this week.

Aug. 7. The weather has been cool and pleasant.

Aug. 14. Frank was to Volcano.

Aug. 21. Pleasant this week.

Aug. 28. Cloudy, muggy and warm.

Sept. 3. Jotham to Volcano.

Sept. 10. I have been laid up a day and a half with rheumatism this week.

Sept. 17. Wednesday we had quite a shower. Mr. Camp commenced to work for us today.

Sept. 24. Pleasant this week.

Oct. 1. Amasa to Volcano. He had remarkably good luck in getting papers.

Oct. 8. Very pleasant weather this week.

Oct. 15, 1853. It rained a little Saturday.

Oct. 22. Paid Mr. Camp off this week.

Oct. 29. I went to Volcano and got seventeen papers.

Nov. 5. Pleasant this week.

Nov. 12. Tuesday was rainy. The first this fall.

Nov. 19. Pleasant this week.

Nov. 26. Paid Amasa Gilman off this week. Heavy rain Friday and Saturday.

Dec. 3. It has been fair this week.

Dec. 10. Rainy the last of the week. Saturday we lay still.

Dec. 17. Pleasant this week.

Dec. 24. Snow and rain Saturday.

Dec. 31. I have made \$2000.00 this year mining. I have paid out \$500.00 for expenses.

Jan. 7, 1854. The new year has come in very pleasant. It has been very pleasant this week.

Jan. 14. We have had a very heavy rain this week. It

commenced to rain Thursday morning and rained till Saturday morning.

Jan. 21, 1854. We have had about four inches of snow this week. It has been very cold. I let Mr. Nims [Nimms?]<sup>9</sup> have one hundred ounces of gold this week, \$1,750.00.

Feb. 4. We were taken very much by surprise by Ben Flint making his appearance at our cabin door just at dark, with J. P. Jones. We supposed that he was at Salt Lake. He reports that they have just arrived at Los Angeles with their stock; that Llewellyn and the Dr. are well and lively.

Feb. 11. Amasa was over to Mokelumne Hill this week.

Feb. 18. Cold this week.

Feb. 25. Very rainy this week.

March 4. Rainy this week.

March 11. Pleasant this week. Jotham to Volcano.

March 18. Rainy the last of the week.

March 25. Pleasant this week.

April 1. Fair weather this week.

April 8. Mr. Nims was here Tuesday. I let him have \$140.00 at two per cent per month. We got him \$500.00 from the Gilmans and let him have at three per cent per month. Friday Mr. Mace was here. He brought a letter from Flint, Bixby & Co. They want more money.

April 15, 1854. Rain this week. Saturday I was at Fiddletown.

April 23. Heavy rain this week.

April 29. Heavy rain this week. We laid off Saturday.

May 6. Fair this week.

May 13. Rain Saturday night.

May 20. A heavy thunder shower this week. The weather is cool. Frank went over to Stoney Gulch to work Monday.

May 27. Warm and pleasant this week.

June 3. Cool this week.

June 10. Pleasant this week.

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9. Warren Nims, who, with Charles Stone and Fletcher Baker, had bought a ranch which had belonged to Theodosia Yorba (1840). In 1852, Nims had the western half of the tract, located in Jackson Valley, about six miles from Ione. Thompson and West, *History of Amador County*, 204-206. Dr. Bixby states that Nims is spelled with one "m."

June 17. Showery this week.

June 24. Pleasant this week.

July 1. Pleasant this week.

July 8. Very hot this week. On the Fourth we took dinner up town at 9 o'clock a. m.

July 15. Hot weather this week.

July 22. Cool and pleasant this week.

July 29, 1854. Lewellyn made us a visit this week. We were very glad to see him. We let him have \$800.00.

Aug. 5. Pleasant this week.

Aug. 12. I took a trip up into the Northern Mines this week to see what the prospects were for mining.

Aug. 19. Today I went down to Mr. Nims to see if I could get my money of him. It was no use to try, so I gave up the idea of going home this fall.

Aug. 26. Cool this week and a little rain.

Sept. 2. Pleasant this week.

Sept. 9. Amasa has left for home and Jot. and I start on a trip up north.<sup>10</sup>

January, 1855. It commenced to rain in good earnest the last day of December; the first we have had this winter.

Feb. 13, 1855. We came onto the ranch today.<sup>11</sup>

Feb. 20. Commenced to sow wheat.

March 9. Finished sowing.

March 20, 1855. Left for San José.

April 20. Arrived from San José.

May 4. Commenced haying.

May 11. Rainy.

10. No entries made during the months of October, November, and December, 1854.—E. M. B.

11. This ranch was taken for the money loaned to Mr. Nims.—E. M. B.  
A letter written by Mrs. Marcellus (Amanda) Bixby from San Juan Bautista, in San Benito County, under date of December 16, 1857, to a sister of Dr. Thomas Flint, says: "Last week we moved, so here we are housekeeping, well, contented and happy . . . Jotham left here yesterday for Ione. He and Marcellus have purchased about 1500 sheep at five dollars apiece. I expect [them] to remain at Ione about a month longer. They employ a man to herd the sheep. We have a very convenient house for California, consisting of a kitchen, parlor, three sleeping rooms, two clothes closets, a pantry, two piazzas. Jotham sold all the furniture with the house, so we have to buy all new. I went to San Jose with Marcellus to select furniture . . . We have enough of everything to make us comfortable, and in much better style than I expected, too . . . The girls all seem very happy and so do your brothers. . . . Where did you spend Thanksgiving? We were at your brothers'. Had a very pleasant time. It reminded me of many family gatherings we have enjoyed at home. When shall I have the privilege of meeting you all again, is a question that often arises. Before many years, I trust . . . (Signed) Affectionately, M. A. G. Bixby." The original is in the possession of the son, Dr. Edward M. Bixby of San Francisco, who has also supplied the notes signed "E. M. B."

- June 17. Finished haying.  
July 6. Finished cutting grain.  
May 14, 1856. Commenced haying.  
May 21. Rainy.  
June 5. Finished mowing.  
June 11. Commenced to cut barley.  
July 19. Finished drawing hay.<sup>12</sup>

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12. The above is the last entry in the book. In the fall of 1856 he returned to Maine and remained there till the fall of 1857. He was married Aug. 31, 1857, and returned to California with his wife via Panama.—E. M. B.



## THE REMARKS OF MAJOR FREDERICK R. BURNHAM<sup>1</sup>

A few days ago Mr. Ellis came to see me and said: "Do you know that I belong to a little historical society here in Los Angeles, and we are all very much interested in the early days of this community? Wouldn't you like to come down and give a little talk, or a speech, or make small medicine of some kind for them?" I offered many objections, as speaking is not in my line. His reply was, "Well, this is just one family and we will sit around the table and re-live the events of the old days as we remember them." We conversed for some little time and he told me that the tales I was relating to him were so vivid he felt the members of this society would be interested in them also. So tonight there will be repeated some of the events I told Mr. Ellis.

My own birthplace was in Minnesota, among the Indians. Our family came to California while I was a small boy. Our voyage down the coast was aboard a little, old paddle wheel steamer whose port was Wilmington, now San Pedro. The country seemed rather barren, with only herds of cattle and horses and a few ranch houses, until we reach the Pueblo of Los Angeles. We stopped at the old United States Hotel on Main Street. The first thing that struck my youthful eye was the towering flagpole in front of the hotel, the tallest I had ever seen. Right there I determined to climb that flagpole. Probably the climb would have been successful had not a roughneck barkeeper caught me by the ankle and pulled me down, saying, "Here, sonny, you are too young to climb that pole."

That was my first introduction to Los Angeles. But I have climbed several poles since, and there was no barkeeper to pull me down.

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1. Given at the monthly meeting of the Historical Society of Southern California, May 3, 1927. Major Burnham came to Los Angeles as a boy in 1870. His years in the West were full of action including experiences as cowboy, scout, miner, and deputy sheriff. In the nineties he found still more stirring events in South Africa as scout and soldier in the Matabele Wars and as Chief of Scouts under Lord Roberts in the Boer War. Since that time he has made numerous explorations in both Africa and America. He is the author of a book entitled *Scouting On Two Continents*, (Garden City, Doubleday, 1926).—J. C. P.

There are many of the early pioneers of Los Angeles for whom we all hold a warm spot in our hearts, but somehow in later years a conviction has grown upon me that there is a false conception of those men now presented to the public. I think that many of those real constructionists, men who were truly the founders of this country, were a more quiet and forceful sort than commonly believed to be, and about ten thousand miles removed from what we now see on the screen as the old-timer.

Among the pictures of those men, worthy of record in our histories, are men like General John Phineas Banning; I think he was the first great pioneer who realized that San Pedro would be a world harbor. He told everybody that, but no one believed him. We were all landmen. We turned our eyes toward the mountains, looking back over the trail of the covered wagons to the East. We thought of the ocean as being worthless because it was very salty, and many of us looked upon Banning's idea of a harbor at San Pedro as a pipe dream. I hope that the spirit of General Phineas Banning, rugged and virile, is somewhat about us now, where he can see the great steamers passing in and out of that harbor every day, to all the seaports of the world.

H. K. W. Bent was another pioneer of wide vision, whose splendid sons carry on the best traditions. One of them, Arthur Bent, as you know, was president of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, with its wonderful organization and this spacious building, under whose roof-tree we are now sitting. The sons have built the father's visions into concrete and steel on every river in California, yet have kept their father's kindness of heart.

Writ large on the page of memory is the name of Senator Jones. He came from the little sage-brush state of Nevada. He developed the great lead and silver mines of Cerro Gordo. All the charcoal they used in the smelters had to be burned in the mountains and dragged down by ox teams. The ore had to be freighted to Owens Lake and rafted across to a place called Olanche. From there it was put on mule teams and freighted to San Pedro. Nadeau was the great freighter in those days, and as regularly as the clock struck, sixteen and

eighteen mule teams were started across the Mojave desert with its burning sands, then over rugged mountains, and finally down to San Pedro. There the bullion was put on ships that sailed around Cape Horn to Swansea, England, where the lead, silver, and gold were separated.

Senator Jones decided to build a railroad of his own, because the Southern Pacific did not give him the right freight rate. His initial effort was called the Independence Line. There was a wonderful little white station with cupolas on it, situated on a corner of San Pedro and some other little street whose name I have forgotten. That line finally ended at Santa Monica, where Senator Jones was going to establish a new harbor and then extend that railroad across the desert to his mines. Eventually he had the dream that he would build it across the Rocky Mountains and form a new transcontinental line. About the time his dream took tangible form, the ore gave out in the mines, as it often does, and the Southern Pacific finally got a mortgage on this streak of rust and took it away from Senator Jones; but they forgot to take a few thousand acres of then worthless land along the ocean front which is now the city of Santa Monica. This land made Senator Jones millions in later years. His experience with land was very similar to Luck Baldwin's.

When I was a messenger boy for the Western Union, they used to keep four horses ready for me, under saddle all the time. I rode them each day, very hard. Sometimes I delivered messages to Santa Monica, Anaheim, and all the various towns around this part of the country. One night a message was given me to deliver in the San Gabriel Valley at what is now Lucky Baldwin's Santa Anita ranch. It was the final word that closed the deal for the ranch and the adjoining lands. Lucky Baldwin paid a dollar and a quarter an acre for it, and it was these ranches that left the estate worth twenty million dollars when he died.

These are but a few of the names of strong men whose doings stand clear on memory's page. They did their part in the building up of this great country. It was through their efforts that we are here now under the circumstances that we are, and it is a very great pleasure to me to think that so



many of you in this roaring city would be interested enough to come out tonight to hear a few of my tales of the olden days.

The founding of Pasadena holds in my boyhood memory a clear picture. Always in the foreground there is a spectacled, worried looking man, with his hands behind his back, walking up and down in front of the Clarendon Hotel. Somebody pointed him out and said, "That is a Yankee from Indiana, a Mr. Berry, formerly a school teacher, and he has bought a portion of the Garfias Ranch from a man named Wilson, who lives near San Gabriel." Somebody else said, "Well, that Yankee is bilked. They charged him a dollar and quarter an acre for the ranch." Another said, "Oh, it is worse than that. He paid five dollars an acre for some of it, and there is no water anywhere near and they can do nothing with the land." What they and their successors did was to build the city of Pasadena on this land.

The shortage of water mentioned in regard to Pasadena recalls that in the old days we firmly believed there was not enough water here in Los Angeles for the two thousand Americans and five to seven thousand Mexicans and Spanish. Every once in while, especially in the late summer, we had a killing because somebody went up the river and destroyed another's brush dam that had been put in to divert the water. We had legal battles about water then, just as we do in this day. Yet there are now over a million of us in the old pueblo and we seem to have more water than we had then. Perhaps some of the problems that now confront us will likewise dissolve as completely for our children.

Mr. Ellis inquires, "How did you handle the bad man?" In the early days, when crimes were committed, we had few telegraph lines and made little use of the ones we had. It seemed impossible to catch a criminal with all these deserts around us, horses everywhere, and no means of getting knowledge of a crime out beyond the range of the murderer.

An incident concerning this may shed light on the problem. Harris was one of the men who afterwards took part in the capture of Vasquez and was looked upon as one of the greatest detectives in the West. A murder was committed in San Francisco and they sent for him. After he returned, a few of us



were together one night, when the conversation drifted along that line, and we asked him how he found it possible to locate a murderer in a great cosmopolitan city like San Francisco. San Francisco was looked upon as an enormous city in those days. Its population was about 170,000 and contained representatives of all classes, sailors, trappers, hunters, miners, and a sample of nearly every nation in the world. It seemed impossible to us that he could find a criminal in a city like San Francisco.

Harris told us this was accomplished by the use of a little common sense. In the first place, when a crime is committed, it is by either a man or a woman. Almost surely there will be some mark to show which it is. Immediately you cut the world in half. Half the population need not be considered from that time on. You next naturally eliminate the very old and the very young. It is not likely that they would commit a crime. Perhaps the latter would not apply to these days, but it did then. So, by a very quick process of elimination, it only takes a moment or two to narrow that crime down to one of a very few people. In this particular instance it was a woman that was killed. There had been a fight in the room. The man had reached up and put his hand on a shelf. Harris was clever enough to note that mark of the hand in the dust on the shelf, and saw it was not the print of a man's hand which had been *reaching* up on the shelf, but had *clutched* the shelf to support himself, showing there had been a struggle.

Then he discovered that the man wore a number ten shoe. The number of men who wear a number ten shoe is rather limited. By careful examination he soon narrowed it down to a few men, and soon he found a strand of hair and realized that it was a white man. Then he discovered where the man had taken a wide, rolling step on leaving the premises, and he knew that the man was a sailor. Had he been a miner or plainsman he would have walked more as an Indian walks. The number of white sailors wearing a number ten shoe, even in a great port like San Francisco, was quite limited, so in a very few days Harris, with the assistance of local police, caught the murderer in San Francisco.

Recalling other incidents of the old man hunters and

sheriffs, Carillo, Harris, Mitchell, old Billy Rowland and some of the other sheriffs; they had a certain method by which it was almost impossible for a criminal to get away. The following incident may roughly explain it:

A man had been killed on Bath Street. The murderer's name was Chavez. He was part white and part Mexican, or part Mexican and part Indian. Immediately the news came to Carillo, he sent several of us boys to notify the outposts. He sent one of us to the Sterns Ranch, which was then the ranch of the Lugo boys, all of them wonderful horsemen, upstanding, brave men, and the instructions he sent were: "Look out for so and so," accompanied by a brief description. He sent a man to San Gabriel and another to Anaheim. He sent a man to General Banning at Wilmington. He sent another to Captain William Tell, who kept a station at what is now called Playa del Rey, which was then known as Tell's Landing. He sent two more men up the river, one up to the Arroyo Seco and the other to La Canada, and in a very short time this whole section was ringed with men on horseback and other men on the high peaks as lookouts, and no one could escape their combined scouting. Then, taking his deputies inside this ring, they finally located the culprit in a rancheria that was built just beyond what is now Elysian Park, and near the location of the pigeon farm, so famous in later year.

One of the deputies knew that a relative of Chavez was living there and was confident that this would be his final hideout. Knowing this shack was visible from a certain point on the bluff, he put men higher up on the hills to watch that point. He then rode to the shack and opened conversation with the old woman who was making tortillas and smoking cigarettes. Everything was pleasant all morning and all afternoon. Indians and Mexicans were constantly passing. Everything was quiet. The officer sat there and talked. Along in the afternoon, his men, who were watching, expected the murderer to crawl out on this point to see if everything was clear for him to go to the shack. They thought he would climb out on one of these observation points for a look around. But he did not come.

Late in the afternoon, as the officer sat there, he noticed

a little bit of ash drop in front of him. Instantly he knew what had happened, but did not make any sign. He went away and called his deputies and surrounded the house, and shouted for Chavez to come down off the shed under which the officer had spent the day. Chavez came down and, like many others, was sent to Clancy's Jail. We did not call it the County Jail, but "Clancy's," or often "Mrs. Clancy's boarding house."

This is what had happened. On the roof of this shack Chavez had had his relative shock a lot of corn, as is the ordinary custom of the country, and then secreted himself snugly on the roof under the corn, looking down through the cracks. He was comfortably hidden. Late in the afternoon, however, he needed a smoke so badly that he lit his cigarette. But he wasn't careful enough to prevent the ash from dropping down in front of the officer.

I used to hunt along with Nadeau's freight outfit between here and Cerro Gordo. All of this country was familiar to me. With my horse and gun, I would disappear into the mountains for weeks at a time. Some of this knowledge thus gained slowly was carefully stored away. It was of service afterward under the Southern Cross and many flags. The desert scouts were rather silent men, yet if they "took a liking to you" would spend hours in explaining the simple art of survival in these waterless wastes.

The oil fields at Newhall, then known as Lyons Station, left a vivid impression upon me. After hunting in the mountains for deer all day in the hot sun, I came down to the pools at night and found there a film of oil and many dead insects, frogs, mice, and other small life that had fallen into the oil and died. I thought to myself, "What a terrible country!"

Later I met in Los Angeles Doctor Gelsich, a German professor, a wise looking scientist, who invited the Los Angeles citizens to the Methodist Church to hear about the oil resources of the country. There were only about twenty of us present. I listened to his lecture on the oil fields which he declared existed around Lyons Station. He explained to us how it could be refined and told us many things that later came true. If I had the time I could almost repeat that lecture



of his word for word. He had made a deep study of it and did his best to interest us, but our minds were dumb.

It makes me think of the day when Senator Warner Miller of New York tried to tell us about the Nicaragua Canal and the Isthmus Canal. In the whole city of San Francisco there were only about forty citizens present to listen to him. Our minds were again dumb. Now we have many meetings about bringing in the Colorado River. If we don't control that river, we will have a great valley of death. Are we still dumb?

One of the interesting characters in the early days was Don Pio Pico. I shall never forget an incident that happened when I was a small boy. The old Don was a fine looking man, I think past eighty at the time. He was standing on the steps of the Pico House. An Indian beggar stepped in front of him, a small, old, diminutive man, wearing a towering, broad-brimmed sombrero. With a beautiful bow and a sweep of the sombrero, he said, "For the love of God." Old Don Pio Pico made a very polite bow, as if he had just met a senator from Washington, and from his pocket he took a handful of silver and held it out to the beggar. The beggar only took the smallest coin, a ten-cent piece, made another low sweep of his hat, and said, "The grace of God be with you forever." Then he walked away. Old Don Pio Pico bowed as if he had met a friend, performed a duty, and then passed on.

That little courtesy, the manner of it and the whole incident, has left an indelible impression upon me of Don Pio Pico.

There was a time in my life when I was stranded in New Mexico. There were five hundred miles of Indian country in front of me. I had been a little careless and let the horse thieves steal my horse, so I had to make that five hundred miles through to Prescott on foot.

When I came to the Little Colorado River, where the Mormons had established a colony, I found a canal full of cold water, about twenty feet wide and four feet deep. I tried to wade across it, but couldn't. I was walking up and down to find an easier crossing, when a Spaniard rode up to me on the opposite side and said, "Would you like to cross?" I said, "I would, very much." He said, "Take my horse," and he threw



the rope to me, and I pulled the horse across and threw the rope back to him, which enabled him to assist the horse and me up a nearly vertical bank.

Of course it was not customary to ask anybody his name or where he came from. It was not considered polite. But in this instance I thought I would infringe the etiquette of the frontier a little. There was something strangely familiar about him. He told me he was a nephew of Andreas Pico. I told him that I was a Los Angeles boy myself, and said, "Give my kind regards to the Picos, and many thanks." With that I turned away through the Mogollones and Sunset Pass on the long trail to Prescott. That was the last meeting I remember having with any of the Andreas Pico family. It may be that there are some of their descendants here tonight. I hope there are. I hold for them the kindest memories.

There was another character here in the old days, Manuel Carillo, the policeman, a powerful man. One day in front of the old Downey block, one of our then Exhibit "A" buildings, and the cause of much civic pride, there appeared a great, tall mountaineer from Kentucky or Tennessee. He had come to this country where wine was as free as water and had taken on a gallon too much, which made him feel so good that he thought he would have a little rough house. He didn't want to murder anybody, but he would just like to have a fight. So he started in to clean up the town, beginning at the corner of Temple and the Downey block. The old timers considered themselves pretty husky in those days and objected to anybody coming in from the outside to clean up the town. Several of them took him on. In fact, too many took him on at once. He did pretty well for a half block. Some he threw bodily into the street. Others were worthy of a blow from his huge fist and some he simply gave one swift kick. Finally some quitter blew a police whistle and Manuel Carillo came down. I was standing around on the edge of the crowd, like a boy will, just trying to get close enough to see what was going on, when I saw Carillo do exactly what good football players do today. He did not want to kill the man. He saw that the man was not a murderer, but was just out for a good time. However, he was having it in such a way that he must be

taken care of and lodged in Clancy's old adobe jail on Spring Street. He sprung a low tackle and caught this big mountaineer around the knees, and down he went like a tall pine in a storm. The others hopped onto him and they took him away, clinging to him like ants to a long straw. He got good food from Mrs. Clancy, while Clancy told him funny stories, and the judge gave him a small fine and a very long lecture on deportment. The old pueblo again dozed peacefully in the sun.

At another time, riding very hard on a saddle that did not fit me, or fit the horse either, I was coming down Fort Street, which is now Broadway, when Juan Carillo, Manuel's brother, came along and, stopping me, said, "Sonny, that saddle doesn't fit you. You are ruining the horse and wearing yourself out. Come down to my barn with me." He gave me a good saddle that I rode as long as I was in the service of the Western Union Telegraph.

Speaking of the Western Union Telegraph: Upon its completion to Los Angeles many of the old timers objected very strongly. They claimed the Western Union got the money from the people to build the wire across the desert to San Francisco and the drifting sand would cut the poles off; also that nobody had any use for a telegraph anyhow, excepting to announce a death. They wondered how the shareholders would get their money out of it, and looked upon it as an extravagant luxury and a swindle of the investing public.

The superintendent in those days was Mr. Haynes. The operator was Mr. Shepard. Many days I was in the saddle sixteen hours and regular hours were from seven in the morning until ten at night. They had another boy, but his horse ran away with him, dragging his head on the roadway for a couple of blocks, so he concluded that he was not built for a messenger and resigned.

In 1876 an old woman was sent to the Centennial Exposition. The officials wanted to make her comfortable for the trip. She was 135 years old and believed to be the oldest living human being. They had the baptismal records at San Gabriel Mission to prove it. When she returned after the unheard of trip to Philadelphia, there was a reception committee to do her honor. She would not ride in the carriage provided, but

insisted on getting into an old careta drawn by oxen and thus have a real comfortable drive home, after the exhausting Pullmans and soft spring buggies of the East. So she sat flat on the bottom of the old cart and was hauled in state to San Gabriel to her little adobe near the big tunas. I think the old lady's name was Eulalia Perris. I remember seeing her in 1875.

Many of you will remember those two little houses built in octagonal shape that were known as the first college in California. They were just a mile or two outside the mission, and have only crumbled away in the last few years. They were built by a bishop of some cult or other, for cults seem to always thrive here. Many of us came for miles to see them. Some people said they were ordered built in that curious fashion direct by God. However, inside their walls the Mexicans and Indians were taught the three R's.

Nick Cavarubias was another character worth remembering, a man who rode the finest horses and one of the best judges of them I ever knew. One time he took me into a stable, or corral, and said, "Sonny, let me show you how to pick a horse. Don't look at the points of a horse like a veterinarian does, but look at him as if he were a man. Read his face. Look in his eyes. There you can tell the strength, courage and ability he may have."

He showed me horse after horse and told me the characteristics of each one of them, just as if he were looking at and talking about a man. I was much interested and remembered what he said.

Years afterwards, in Africa, I was called upon to make a foray into the enemy's lines. The men chosen to go with me were from the Eastern Province Horse. We had to invade the enemy's territory and do it without a base of supplies. The commanding officer said, "We are very sorry, but we cannot give you good horses. The only choice you can have is to go down the sick lines and among the discards and pick your horses from them."

That was a pretty hard layout to pick horses from to raid into the enemy's country. Fortunately, I found that the veterinarians, in picking out the horses for discard, had picked



them out according to pictures and points, weight and blemishes, instead of characters. There were many good horses there. Some of them had been condemned because they had only one eye, some because they had a splint on the leg; but when I looked into their faces, I could pick out the good, strong horses, and was so successful in the selection that we managed to bring back 500 head of much needed beef and 40 remounts. We had a three-day running fight with the enemy, and only two casualties on our side. I attributed much of our success to what Nick Cavarubias put into my head about horses when I was a small boy.

I have been asked to tell you a little about the kind of training required to become a scout. My experience on the frontiers of Arizona happened to come at a time when the great scouts of America, of that particular generation, were just about passing; names like Al Sieber, Archie McIntosh, Fred Sterline, Cibicue Charlie, Lee and many others. I happened to make friends with some of the great scouts under General Crook, and one particular man had served as interpreter and scout for Zachary Taylor when some of my ancestors went over the Rock of Chapultepec. He took me into the mountains and across canyons to the head of the San Gabriel, then out by way of San Gorgonio Pass, which is now Banning.

During my trips with him, night after night, he would tell me of campaigns and explain to me about the building of fortifications. He would show me with corn cobs and sand how forts were built by Vauban, and the meaning of military movements.

When I was in Arizona, there was an old scout whose family had been killed by the Indians and who himself had been touched in the head a little by the sun while crossing the deserts of Altar. During his lucid times he said he was looking for a young man who could learn some of the things he knew, before he passed on. Several of the boys tried. They were keen young fellows and anxious to get a knowledge of woodcraft. But when they went with him they found him impossible. In the evening, after the hot day, he would get so abusive that you could hardly stand it. Nothing you could do was right. When you pulled the saddle off a horse he would



curse and say, "Oh, you fool! Why did you put it down like that? Don't you know any better? Oh, my God, I never can teach you anything! You are a little ass. In the morning you go back home." But in the morning I did not go back home.

Yet at other times he would tell me the most wonderful things and show me the secrets of woodcraft. He had the keenest power of observation. He would show how, by dropping a little dust, you could discover a change of air. He explained how the cold air was like a river, the warm air along the ridges of the hills, the cold air in the depths of the canyons. That little trick saved us from a terrible massacre by the enemy in South Africa years later, when the odor of smoke from a great camp drifted down the kloof two miles or more to my nostrils.

A thousand things he told me. I could not remember all of them, but a few were stored away and used afterwards. He was a keen observer. I imagine had he lived in these times he would be among our great research workers. His power of deduction from very small things was astonishingly accurate. Take the track of a horse. He would study the four feet of a horse and learn them so thoroughly that he could let that horse walk through the tracks of five thousand other horses, and if he saw one of those tracks made by that horse, he would recognize it instantly, just the same as if I would concentrate my attention on one face and then, though I look at a hundred others, it would be easy to recognize that face again. By long experience you can drill your mind to carry the picture. You learn the individuality of each horse and you can learn the individuality of cattle just the same.

I have a partner who has a keen sense of observation. He has been with me all over the world and we have a ranch in the central part of the state of several thousand acres. On top of the mountains there are about twenty thousand acres of range, where a lot of stray cattle drift in. While we are riding along, many times he will say, "Fred, look over there. That steer doesn't belong here." They all look alike to me, but he will ride over and, sure enough, that steer is a stray.

Many times he will say, "See that calf? That is old Line

Back's calf. You remember, she was so and so." And so on, through a thousand head of cattle. He knows them just the same as a school teacher knows her own scholars in the class room. He knows the pedigree for three generations. It is that sort of knowledge and reasoning that makes the observer that is so valuable on the frontier, and it is those qualities for scouts which the generals of armies are glad to have in their commands.

One of the jobs sometimes given you, especially when you are in charge of commissary, is that of protecting the rear guard. The post of honor in many wars is the rear guard. In Africa our troops were at war with the Boers, who were very similar to our western frontiersmen and for that reason I felt at home among them. They would swing around behind the British camp at night and in the morning half of our oxen were gone, two-thirds of the mules failed to answer roll-call, and perhaps an ammunition train or two were blown up. So the men who kept guard of those cattle at night held a rather important position. It took the best men to do it. We found that by listening we could tell just about what was going on. If you take a hollow gourd or dish and put it on the ground and put your ear on it, you can go to sleep. The constant grazing of the cattle is all right, but the moment they stop or lift their heads the cessation of sounds rouses you, or if they step around rapidly the thud will be conveyed to your ear and you are up instantly. It is as plain as the ticking of a clock. You get up at once and round them up.

We found by using the old Indian tricks that our scouts could get sleep and rest and still keep the cattle from being stolen, and keep the mules and wagons from disappearing from the ammunition trains.

Mr. Ellis has asked me to name some of the old scouts on the Arizona frontier. Of course, in Minnesota I was too young to remember much about it. My mother and Buffalo Bill went to the same school at Le Claire, and he used to come to our house quite often. I remember him coming out and shooting holes through oak leaves on the trees, just to make the boys sit up and take notice of what could be done with a six-shooter.

Later on I met Al Sieber. Al Sieber had a strange and tragic death. After accomplishing wonderful things and being one of the really great scouts, in later years he helped to build the Roosevelt dam, using his old antagonists, the Apaches, as willing helpers. A piece of a mountain slid off and killed him, a strange ending for so famous a scout.

It was my good fortune to meet in boyhood General Crook, Colonel Jack Hayes of the Texas Rangers, and John C. Frémont, the Pathfinder, but I was too young to campaign with them.

In South Africa there was a scout known as Johann Colenbrander. He led Rhodes into the Matopa Mountains to offer peace and bring out the hostiles. He spoke the language perfectly, but it was a most desperate undertaking. A great deal depended upon the man who spoke the language of the country and knew its veldt lore and woodcraft. Rhodes told the hostiles that he would like to give them a real peace. Finally, after days of palavar, the peace treaty was made. Rhodes got up to make a final speech with all the chiefs before him and said, "We owe a debt to the great Johann. He is a wonderful scout and has done good service. His interpretation has been wonderful. Without it, we still would be seeking each other's blood. Now that all is peace and happiness, we should recognize the important part he played in this struggle."

One of the old chiefs got up and said, "Oh, yes. We know Johann. We knew him when he was a youth and we knew him as a fighting warrior. We know him now. He is the little tick bird that picks the ticks off the great rhinoceros." The old chief meant that Rhodes was the great rhinoceros, and he took that way of pointing out the difference between the two men. It was quite accurately portrayed by the old Kaffir chief. So none of us scouts should ever get proud of our positions or accomplishments.

The end of Johann was pathetic. A company came out from America to take motion pictures and insisted on Johann playing before the camera. The old man was broke as per usual and needed money. So they took him down the Tugela River and wanted him to show how the old scouts crossed it. He put his horse into the river and swam across. But that



was not the thing they wanted. It was not exciting enough. He must go into the foaming, white water, among the great rocks. He said, "Only a fool would put a horse in there." But the camera man insisted, and poor old Johann was over-persuaded and in his old age he plunged his horse into the riffles, was knocked down, and drowned. It made a wonderful picture, but if some of Johann's men had been around there about that time there would be one less camera man living today. And that was the end of Johann, who, next to the great Boer scout, Danny Theron, was the greatest scout in Africa.

I have been asked how the scouts keep their sense of direction. Unconsciously you always keep your direction wherever you go. It is not accurate to say that you can "feel" the direction, although you believe at times you do, yet if it were true, then any sailor at sea could know the direction. But on land you become expert. It is hardly ever possible for a trained scout to miss it. I never worried about a compass in Africa or in any strange country and never carried one. A scout was out with me and a fog came suddenly upon us and we had to backtrack through a hostile country. He had a little compass. Dismounting and placing it carefully on the ground under shelter of his hat, he lit a flash and said, "We are going straight into the Samabula Forest, due north." We knew that was full of the enemy and that daylight would be the end.

But I would not follow the compass. My own sense of direction forbid. We started off, each on his own. After he had ridden a short distance he called to me and said that he had decided to go with the Yankee scout. At four o'clock in the morning I was back on the trail and we rejoined our column all right. The compass was wrong. My instinct, or rather memory of direction, was right. Those things you acquire through practice from childhood until you become proficient. You never do become proficient enough to go into absolute blackness or out on the ocean and tell your direction.

Some of the incidents of the desert may hold your interest for a moment. There is a diminutive tribe on the Kalahari desert, called the "Mausari." They do not camp near the

pools for fear of enemies. In this instance they were hid in a grassy, scrubby kloof two miles away from water. When I came in I wanted some water, and one of the men said, "Oh, yes, I will get it." So he took some grass, rolled it into a bundle, went to the pool, dipped it in the water and brought it back to me, constantly rotating it as he walked. He then let it drop into my tin canteen, about a pint and half. If you think this is easy to do, try it on your next hike. I have carried water up a cliff to my horse by soaking a saddle blanket, then wringing it out in a hollow rock for him to drink.

They have another strange custom on the desert. Moisture goes down into the sand to a clay subsoil, and while it does not collect in the sense of a pool, there is a water saturated sand. The black women take a long reed and insert little fibres in the reed and put it down into the wet sand and by sucking on the reed, long and carefully, they will bring up a mouthful of water and put it into a basin, and after a while they get a quart or more. You would think you could not drink that, because of the fact some of these old ladies are very "vieja," as the saying is, and you would not be pleased with the looks of their teeth. You might think, "Oh, I will dig a hole. It is only three or four feet deep to water." But you can dig and dig until you die of thirst, for there is no way of getting it excepting by the reed, and it takes a peculiar ability to get it that way. It is like using a blowpipe in an assay office. The first time you don't get results, because you don't know how. You have to use your breath in a certain way to make the flame steady. When you pull on the reed, it must be a steady pressure which will draw the moisture up into this tube. Digging is useless. And so, wherever you go, there is always something to learn, even from the most ignorant savages.

I remember an old scout, Archie McIntosh, in Arizona, who one time said to me, "Bring me a live coal for my pipe." It was a mesquite fire, always a very hot one. Upon my hesitating, he said, "You can't do that?" I said, "No." He said, "Why that little boy can do it. Bring me a coal." Sure enough, the boy reached in, picked up the coal, and brought it over. But the trick was to pick up some of the dry ashes

underneath it. We should be learning something always, no matter how long we live, or how long we play the game.

I have been asked something about the rawhide rattles that the Indians used to stampede the horses. They would take gourds and tie them together with rawhide, with little pebbles inside. Then they would tie them to a horse and turn the horse loose in the herd. That has been done many times in the Southwest.

In Africa, the military observer for the United States in the Boer War was Col. Steven Slocum, now retired. He was then a young man, and he went to Africa to see how the Boers and the British fought. He proposed to Lord Roberts to stampede the enemy's horses in that manner, as we had learned to do on the plains, among the Indians. But the way we did it, we took a big tin can and wrapped it up, and put smaller ones inside, then put a necklace of them on a spare horse and turned it among the Boer horses at night. Lord Roberts would not allow us to do it at first. However, the stunt was successfully pulled off later. It was an improvement on the old Indian rattle, but the same principle.

I remember at one time we rattled up the town of Globe, Arizona, one Fourth of July night, by taking a lot of stray dogs, and one big one, and we put a five-gallon can on the big dog, with two little cans inside. The dog went down the center of town and ran into a resort full of lights and joy, ran into the parlor, around the table, upset the lamp and set the place on fire, and half the citizens and all the "canaries" ran out into the street in the middle of the night. It was quite a celebration.

In reply to your question, "What about Lord Roberts?" It was my good fortune to serve as chief of scouts under Lord Roberts on the frontier of Africa. He brought a fund of knowledge to Africa which was almost incredible. He had 41 years of service in India, mostly on the frontiers, fighting the tribesmen in those mountain countries. They are our ancestors and clever minded people. Roberts was a small man. He won his Victoria Cross in a sword duel against two native swordsmen who attacked him simultaneously in the Sepoy Mutiny. After 41 years in India he had retired with



honors, but his son was killed fighting the Boers, and it looked as if Europe was going to combine against England. All the battleships of England were coaled and fitted up to the last minute, even with fresh vegetables, waiting for that dread hour which did not come, however, until 1914. Under these critical conditions, and in spite of his years, Lord Roberts, a truly great warrior, was asked by his country to go to South Africa to take command.

Many things I learned from Lord Roberts. He had a wonderful faculty for holding the enthusiasm of his soldiers. With Kitchener and Lord Roberts you felt that Kitchener was the great organizer; whatever plan you were ordered to do with Kitchener, you felt had been well thought out. But with Lord Roberts, if he said to go, you did not care what plan had been thought out. It was sufficient, if he gave the order, for you to follow him, anywhere, any time. He would ride up and down the lines on his little Arab saddle horse, and it was just one long cheer. I cannot think of anything like it excepting what we read in history of how Napoleon was cheered by his men as he rode before his great battalions. Lord Roberts had that strange magnetism and ability to carry the spirit of the soldier with him, from his generals down to the lowest ranks.

A little over a year ago I stood under the shadow of his monument and saw many of his old veterans reviewed. I saw the old 24th go by, and as they went by they saluted, not only the rider, but the horse as well.

Not since the days of Nelson or Lawrence has any British officer inspired the same enthusiasm as did "Bobs," as the soldier affectionately called him.

## A MODERN INTERPRETATION OF THE GARCES ROUTE

By DIX VAN DYKE<sup>1</sup>

A student of the journey of Padre Garcés across the Mojave Desert, as described in his diary,<sup>2</sup> will fail to gain a very clear impression of the trip unless he has an understanding of the country and of the Mojave River. The following brief description of the Mojave Desert and River is therefore given.

In past ages, the desert was a very rugged, mountainous country, but erosion has worn down the mountains and filled up the canyons until now it consists of numerous groups of low mountains with plains between, and gravelly slopes reaching from the level of the plains to the hill tops. The plains are really valleys surrounded by hills and mountains. One is never more than a few miles from some elevation.

The rainfall varies from three inches a year in the driest localities to eight inches in the more rainy sections of the higher elevations. In the drier regions, the rainfall usually comes either in light showers or in a heavy summer downpour.

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1. Dix Van Dyke is one of our best authorities on the Mojave Desert. Twenty-six years of his life have been spent at his ranch at Daggett, on the Mojave River, and it is in the desert and its history that his main interest centers.

The retracing of pioneer trails is one of his special hobbies. He has a keen scent for quaint old maps and diaries, and finds them in most out of the way places. In his study of early travel routes, he has covered hundreds of miles of desert and mountain, making many of his journeys on foot. In regions traversed by railroads, he has been known to perch precariously on top of freight cars, the better to survey the country as he goes. Fortunate indeed is he if an auto can make its way through the sections he wishes to explore.

When, some time ago, I asked Mr. Van Dyke to write this paper on Father Garcés' route across the Mojave Desert, he had just returned from one of his characteristic jaunts. Taking advantage of a heavy rain that had packed the desert sands, he and his trusty Chevrolet had nosed their way into some hitherto unexplored places, traveling two hundred and fifty miles of trackless waste.

Mr. Van Dyke comes of a family distinguished for scholarly attainments. His great-grandfather was President of Rutgers College; his grandfather was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New Jersey; his uncle, John Charles Van Dyke, is author of many works of art, and of a well-known book on the Mojave Desert; his father was a graduate of Princeton, and an intimate friend and associate of John Muir, who was a frequent visitor at the desert home. Dix Van Dyke has gained most of his education from Nature herself, and it is not strange, therefore, that with such an inheritance and such associations, he sees the desert through eyes much more discerning than those of the ordinary desert visitor. His "interpretation" that follows is a valuable contribution to Southern California History.—G. W. Beattie.

2. The most accessible form of this diary is the English version in *On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer, Garces' Diary, 1775-1776*, by Dr. Elliott Coues.

There will sometimes be plenty of stock feed in the shape of bunch grass, flowers, weeds, and brush; but often there are long drouths, when feed is very scarce.

The Mojave River rises in the San Bernardino Mountains east of the Cajon Pass, and in times of considerable flood flows to Silver Lake, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles. It is the only river crossing the desert between the Humboldt River, in Northern Nevada, and the Colorado. In times long gone by, it was a large river running through the country at a lower elevation than it now follows. Instead of scouring deeper, as rivers generally do, it has been raised gradually by deposits of sand and gravel, which in some places are very deep. At intervals the river bed is crossed by sub-surface dikes of rock or other impervious material, which act as dams and form natural basins that have filled with gravel and water. The annual winter floods fill these basins; and while the upper parts of them sometimes become dry, the lower parts, where the water comes to the surface, are always covered with verdure. Even through long periods of drouth, the river has always conserved its waters, and given them out gradually. For this reason, travel across the desert has always been along its course.

This river was first an Indian highway. Then came the trappers and traders from New Mexico, following it with their pack trains loaded with merchandise, and returning along it with herds of live stock. Still later came the 49'ers, seeking gold, and after them the Mormon emigrants to San Bernardino. Today the old route is followed by railroads, automobile highways and aeroplane routes.

In trying to follow the route covered by Garcés, some allowance must be made for possible errors both of Garcés himself and of his translators, and also for the fact that watering places may have disappeared during the one hundred and fifty years that have elapsed since he made his "entrada," through cloudbursts or other agencies.

Most of Garcés diary can be reconciled with the topography of the upper Mojave River today. His descriptions of certain places cannot be misconstrued, since the places look



now as they appeared when he wrote of them. Such errors as his diary seems to contain are relatively unimportant.

The Colorado River, at the point where Garcés left it, on March 1, 1776, has an elevation of 450 feet. From that point, Garcés mounted gradually to a region with an elevation of three thousand feet, through which he passed during the two days following. He evidently followed the Piute Wash (a large gulch which, after leaving the river, runs southwest and then northwest), until he reached a suitable place to leave it and turn west. His camp, on March 4, was probably in this wash. At the present time there is water in it at Klinefelter, on the Santa Fe Railway. This point would be southwest of the point where he left the river, and leaving there on March 5, he would have had to follow the wash in a northwesterly direction for a time.

On the night of the 5th, he probably stopped north of Goffs, about where Vontrigger Spring now is, reaching Providence Mountain the next night. There is no mistaking his description of this mountain, for there is no other like it.

March 7, he tells of passing through a good gap, and at the outlet finding a "canyada" with sand hills on either side. This gap is a pass in the Providence Mountain, and the sand hills are the northeast edge of the "Devil's Playground." The canyada is merely a sandy wash that meanders through the sand hills and carries storm waters from the Providence Mountain towards Soda Lake. I traversed the same canyada, in an automobile, for the reason that, like Garcés, we found the footing there firmer than it was on the sands. These places are easily visible from the town of Kelso.

March 8, Garcés evidently continued along the present route of the Union Pacific Railroad, and followed the sandy wash except in places where he could take short cuts across its curves. To the south of him was a range of rocky mountains, and to the north was a large area of sand dunes. He was picking the best route between. That night he camped at the edge of Soda Lake. The Beneme nation he describes must have been Piutes.

March 9, he arrived at the Caves Canyon, through which

the Mojave River flows. This canyon has walls several hundred feet high which are streaked with different colors. Except in flood times, all of the water flowing in this canyon rises from the ground a short distance above the upper end, and is heavily impregnated with alkali. This is the saltish water Garcés describes.

Coues has endeavored to show that thus far Garcés followed the course afterwards taken by American travelers, but he is in error. The latter route was more roundabout, and passed to the north of Providence Mountain. It was better for travelers with livestock and wagons, for it traversed country that was devoid of drift sand and that had watering places at intervals of a day's journey. It possessed no advantages for bare-footed Indians, who could easily out-travel horses. Until about 1870, or later, the desert Indians used horses only for eating, and never rode them. Indians carried but little baggage, and considered horses an encumbrance.

March 10, he followed the course of the river, and camped four miles downstream from what became Camp Cady.

March 11, he camped at the site of Camp Cady. This is a stretch of timber about six miles long.

March 12, he camped at another river basin that was later called Forks of the Road.

March 15, he camped between Daggett and Barstow.

March 16, he cut across country to the east of Barstow to avoid a bend in the river, and camped about where Helendale now is. The government survey maps of 1856 show that, at that date, there was an extensive swamp opposite Helendale, into which the river flowed, and there was no river channel passing through it. Since then, floods have scoured a wide channel, and the old swamp is only a memory.

During the next four days, he wandered up the river, and on March 20, he took an observation either at the Victor Narrows or at the Lower Narrows between Victorville and Oro Grande.

March 21, he left the river above Victorville, and cutting







across a spur of the Hesperia Mesa, reached the Little Mojave River about where Las Flores Ranch now is.<sup>3</sup>

On his return journey, he evidently descended from the Tehachapi Mountains and crossed the desert on some route between the present towns of Mojave and Helendale. There are two or three places there where water is near the surface, and the Indians probably had holes scooped out. There is now a cattle watering place midway, called Flowing Wells.

Sixty-eight years after Garcés, Frémont descended from the Tehachapi Mountains, following probably in Garcés' footsteps. He recoiled, however, in fear of the desert, and instead of taking the direct route to Mojave River, as did Garcés, he followed around the southern edge, keeping close to the mountains; and somewhere near Cajon Pass he fell into the Spanish trail, following it northward to the river below Victorville.

May 23. There is a sandy plain stretching eastward from Soda Lake and north from the westerly route of Garcés. On the edge of Soda Lake and about four or five miles from the route Garcés followed, there are some water holes with good water, known locally as Cow Holes. The Chemebet Rancheria he describes must have been within reach of this water, for there is no other near. The inhabitants were Chemehuevi Indians, who, within the memory of white men, have always lived on the Colorado River. There are now very few of pure Indian blood left, although there are many of mixed Indian and white.

May 25. Garcés was retracing his steps of March 7.

May 26. He was now traveling northward along the east side of the Providence and New York Mountains. This is an elevated country, with plains four thousand feet high and peaks rising from five hundred to about two thousand feet higher.

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3. Because of unfamiliarity with the ground, Mr. Van Dyke attempts no description of Padre Garcés' travels beyond Las Flores Rancho, on March 21, 22, 23, and 24. There are difficulties for commentators in the description of this portion of the route, growing out of apparent omissions and errors in the descriptions, due perhaps to copyists. It is impossible to trace the route of March 22 by the text that has come down to us. Tracing back from San Gabriel Mission by the notes of March 24 and 23, however, we arrive at one of the streams flowing through Cucamonga, either Cucamonga Creek or one of the branches of San Antonio, near where it emerges from the mountains. On March 21 and 22, Father Garcés probably traversed Saw Pit Canyon, crossed the summit whence he saw the sea, the Santa Ana River, and the valley of San Jose, descended the southern slope by the old Indian trail along the ridge between Devil Canyon and Cable Canyon, crossed Cajon Creek between Verdumont and Devore, and skirted the base of the mountains to the Cucamonga region.—G. W. Beattie.

It has a rainfall of about eight inches, much of it falling in summer. It is the best watered section of the Mojave Desert. The plains abound in various kinds of grasses, brush, and yuccas. The heights have cedars and junipers, and in times past abounded in quail, rabbits, and wild sheep.

The watering places here are too numerous to be identified in Garcés' diary, but there is a wide plain rimmed part way round with hills, and he evidently followed a circuitous route, first paralleling the east side of the mountains until he reached approximately the southern Nevada boundary line. Thence, on the afternoon of May 28, he turned southeast to the hills now known as the Castle Mountains, about where the mining camp of Hart was later established. Thence he followed along the western slope of the Piute Mountains; and passing around their southern end, he evidently arrived, on May 29, at Piute Springs. It does not seem possible for him to have failed to visit Piute Springs. It is the only place where there is a flowing stream. Whipple described it, in 1855, as an Indian rancheria where crops were raised by irrigation. There is still a small stream of water flowing from these springs, but cloudbursts have washed away all of the arable land, leaving only a boulder-strewn wash. From Piute Springs, he could easily have reached the next camping place on May 29.

Garcés make but little mention of hardships, and the Indians seem to have treated him cordially everywhere, in marked contrast to the way their descendants treated later travelers. Frémont had to be on guard all of the time, and Whipple likewise. Each expedition lost a man who straggled behind, and the Indians were not subdued until forts had been established and many of the savages had been killed. The desert Indians were of a particularly low type. They were but little more than omnivorous animals who eked out a precarious existence by eating bugs, lizards, snakes, tortoises, mesquite beans—anything they could get that would sustain life.

According to Irving Berdine Richman in *California Under Spain and Mexico*, Garcés, when compared with his prototype, Kino, was not of so original a mind, though fully as valiant as an explorer. In him was the cardinal virtue of sincerity. Pedro



Font, his colleague on the second Anza expedition, gives the following spirited portrait of him :

“Padre Garcés is so fit to get along with the Indians, and go about among them, that he seems like an Indian himself. He shows in everything the coolness of an Indian ; he squats cross-legged in a circle with them ; or at night around the fire, for two or three hours together or even longer, all absorbed, forgetting aught else, discourses to them with great serenity and deliberation ; and though the food of the Indians is as disgusting and as nasty as their dirty selves, the padre eats it with great gusto, and says that it is appetizing and very nice. In fine, God has created him, I am sure, wholly on purpose to hunt up these unhappy, ignorant and boorish people.”

## THE DIARY OF JOHN BROWN, 1862

### INTRODUCTION

The Santa Fe caravans, which during the 30's and 40's traveled between New Mexico and Southern California, came by way of Cajon Pass. Since all their goods were carried by pack animals, they easily negotiated country that would have been impossible for wagons, and they chose the shortest and most direct line through the pass that was possible. When, in '49, the gold seekers came, followed in the 50's by the Mormon immigrants, they came with wagons, and entered Cajon Pass six or eight miles west of the caravan trail, increasing their mileage in order to find a route more suitable for their wheeled vehicles.

This longer route was used until 1861, when John Brown Sr., a well-known pioneer of the San Bernardino Valley, built a toll road to the summit of the Pass, substantially along the line of the caravan trail. He maintained his toll road for eighteen years. In 1862, he also established a ferry over the Colorado river at Fort Mojave, and operated it along with the toll road. Occasional business trips were necessarily made to the ferry, and they were made over what was called the "Government Road," a road that followed the old caravan trail until it reached what was known as "Forks of the Road." From there, with slight exceptions, it followed the route over which, in 1854, Lieutenant A. W. Whipple had driven a wagon with an odometer attached.

In 1857, Lieutenant E. F. Beale had also conveyed wagons over this road, from the Colorado to a point near Hesperia where they turned off for Fort Tejon. Fort Mojave was established in 1859, and Quartermaster Captain W. S. Hancock sent supplies to it from Los Angeles over the Government Road. It was used by the Government as long as Fort Mojave was maintained. Between "Forks of the Road" and "Lane's Crossing" at the present Oro Grande, the Government Road coincided with the old trail of the Mojave Indians traversed by Father Garcés, in 1776.

The following extract from John Brown's diary covers his first trip from San Bernardino to Fort Mojave and back. It is interesting in its portrayal of conditions attending travel on the Mojave desert at that time.

G. W. BEATTIE.

THE DIARY

Wednesday, June 11, 1862. Foster left this morning with wagons and men for Fort Mojave.

Thursday, June 12. Left home, San Bernardino City, for Fort Mojave, on Red River. Found Foster and wagons at Toll House. Went on to Lane's.

[Another entry, same date.] Got to Lane's, on the Mojave River. Cold and windy. Traveled 42 miles.

Friday, 13. Left Lane's at 9 o'clock. Traveled 7 miles. Camped to noon.

Went to Point of Rocks. Stayed at Mr. Nickerson's. Foster came up in the evening. Thundered and rained hard in the afternoon. Fourteen miles. (I wrote home.)

Saturday, 14. Came two miles below old grocery. Nooned. In the afternoon traveled one mile to Point of Timber. Camped for the night. Ten miles.

Sunday, June 15, 1862. Left camp early. Nooned at the first point of timber. Salt grass. Dug a very little for water. Ten miles. After noon traveled 4 miles. Camped at point of hill, below Sugarloaf. Good grass. 14 miles.

Monday, 16. Left camp. Traveled 2 miles through sand and came to good grass and water. Watered stock. Went on. Road sandy. Blue mare gave out. Camped at Forks of Road. 14 miles. S. Burger came up.

Tuesday, 17. Remained in camp all day. Left at sunset. Stopped 1½ miles before reaching Camp Cady, in good grass. Good water. 12 miles. Good road.

Wednesday, June 18, 1862. This morning we moved down the river 1½ miles, near Camp Cady. We lay by till evening, then we started out. Stopped in the night till moon rose; then went on. Sun rose, very hot. Left one wagon. Stopped in creek to rest team. Reached camp at noon. Bad road. Poor grass. Head of canyon. Layed by all day. 16 miles.



Thursday, 19. Went back and got wagon. Remained in camp till evening and then moved on to the Cave or hole in the rock. Traveled 4 miles. The grass poor. Water [poor].

Friday, 20. Started early. Road bad. Left one wagon. went on several miles. Left the other wagon. I went ahead. Found holes of water (bad). Foster came up. Found water 4 miles ahead. I went back with water. Took the stock. All went on to water. 20 miles. Camped at Soda Springs. (Tule grass.)

Saturday, June 21, 1862. Layed by all day. Indians came into camp in the evening. The boys went back and fetched up one wagon. Shot at antelope, etc. Indian left in the evening. *Hot winds every day.*

Sunday, 22. This morning we all washed our shirts, etc. Repaired wagon. Foster and myself went ahead in the evening. Got to Marl Spring at 10 o'clock next day. Good road. No grass. 30 miles.

Monday, 23. This morning at 10 o'clock Foster and myself reached the Marl Springs. 20 or 30 Piutes came to us in the evening. Foster and myself took a keg of water and started back to meet the wagon. Went 7 miles. Camped all night. No grass.

Tuesday, June 24. This morning we went 5 miles. Met and watered team. Layed by 3 hours. Then went on to the Spring. Found 25 Indians. They behaved well. Capt. John and Logan were the chiefs. In the evening traveled 7 miles. Camped for the night. No grass.

Wednesday, 25. This morning went 2 miles. Found good grass 5 miles up the valley. Found good grass and water in the canyon 300 yards to the left of the road (new spring). Layed by till evening, then crossed the summit. Down 3 miles found good water and some grass. Camped for the night, making 17 miles from Marl Spring to this place. Water in the canyon to the right. Good road. Rock springs.

Thursday, 26. Left camp at noon today. Traveled 10 miles. Stopped. Got supper, watered team, then drove on 7 miles to the top of bad, rocky hill. Camped for the night. Good grass all day. 17 miles.

Friday, June 27, 1862. This morning we crossed the

ridge down onto Piute Creek. Good grass and water. Five miles, making from Rock Spring, 22 miles. In evening reached Red (Colorado) River, 23 miles. In sight of river.

Saturday, 28. To river this morning. Laid by all day. Very hot. No grass. River high. Mosquitoes by the bushel. Found 3 men going to the mines. They came from silver mines. *Reached the river this morning.*

Sunday, 29. Today I wrote a letter to Smith. Did not send it. Layed by. Very hot.

Monday, June 30, 1862. This morning the 3 men left for the mines. Foster and myself packed up goods. The boys packed their grub and tried to make a raft. We left the goods with Sugar Foot [Sic-a-hoot, Mojave Indian chief] and started for home. Traveled all night. 23 miles.

Tuesday, July 1. Reached Piute Creek this morning, 9½ o'clock a. m. Layed by till evening. Traveled all night. Reached Rock Springs at sunrise next morning. 22 miles. Left horse in the night.

Wednesday, 2. This morning we reached Rock Springs. Laid by all day. Dock and myself slept with the horses. Good grass. Lay by till evening.

Thursday, July 3, 1862. Lay in camp till 12 m. Went on to new spring. Got supper. Watered horses. Went on 6 miles. Camped 2 hours. Went on to Marl Spring. Watered horses. Filled water kegs. Went on 5 miles. Daylight came. Camped. No water or grass. 27 miles.

Friday, 4. 10 o'clock this morning we started for Soda Lake. Reached there 12 o'clock night. Left 2 horses on the road, gave out. Lay by till next evening. This is a long stretch.

Saturday, 5. This evening we started on. Went 10 or 12 miles to point of mountain. Found bunch grass. Camped till sun rose.

Sunday, July 6, 1862. At sunrise we started. Sandy road, very hot. I went ahead. Foster and Dock started on with the 2 wagons. They came up at sunset. Got supper. Took a short nap. Then rolled on till moon down. About daylight encamped.

Monday, 7. Reached Camp Cady 4 p. m. Good water.

Some grass. Today we killed 4 antelope. Stopped once on road to rest team. Bad, sandy, hilly road all day. 22 miles.

Tuesday, 8. Started from camp in evening. Traveled 10 miles. Got supper. Road sandy. Very hot. No water or grass today. We dried meat, etc. Reached Forks of Road at 10 p. m. and all laid down to sleep. 16 miles.

Wednesday, July 9, 1862. Started from Forks of Road at 6 p. m. Reached good grass and water 2 miles below Sugarloaf at 12 o'clock at night. Road sandy. This is called the Fish Pond.

Thursday, 10. From the Fish Pond we came to Grape Vine Springs. Lay by till evening, where we met a company on the way for the River. 1 horse packed. (Slack was the name of their guide.) Low came to us today. Moved near old grocery in evening.

Friday, 11. Reached Nickerson's, Point of Rocks, at 9 a. m. Lay by till evening. Then went half way to Lane's. Camped for the night.

Saturday, July 12, 1862. This morning at 8 o'clock reached Lane's. In the afternoon I went to the Toll Gate.

Sunday, 13. I missed one day in this journal somewhere and am one day behind the right date.

Monday, 14. Today I reached home.



## WHERE DID FREMONT CROSS THE TEHACHAPI MOUNTAINS IN 1844?

By HENRY WARREN JOHNSON, M. D.

Most of the authorities on the history of California assert, or imply, that the Lieutenant at this time traveled the pass now known as Tehachapi.<sup>1</sup> The uncertainty clouding this small detail in Dr. Cleland's account, intrigued the writer to attempt some research in this direction, with the wholly unexpected result that he is forced to conclude that the Pathfinder used none of the passes mentioned in the standard texts, but rather the one now known as the "Oak Creek Road." This is neither named nor otherwise referred to in any work that has come to his notice, but was an old and well-trodden trail as late as 1870. This paper deals with the reasons for arriving at this somewhat surprising conclusion.

Some idea of the geography of this region may be obtained from the accompanying map. The Tehachapi mountains form an east and west link at about the 35th parallel, between the southern end of the Sierra Nevadas on the east, and the Coast ranges on the west. They mark the southern limit (head) of the San Joaquin Valley, which is walled in on three sides by these three mountain groups. South and east lie the Mojave and Colorado deserts. Lieutenant Williamson, who, under orders from the War Department, examined these Tehachapi mountains in 1853 for the purpose of finding the most practical passage for a railway, discovered six more or less available passes through them, of varying degrees of difficulty.<sup>2</sup> Beginning with the most easterly, they were as follows:

1. Bancroft: Fremont and his party "were guided by Christian Indians through Tehachapi Pass, so far as I can determine from the map and narrative, and not through Walker's Pass at all." (*History of California*, Vol. IV, page 439.)

Eldredge: "The party explored the San Joaquin Valley to its southern limit,—passing out of it by the Tehachapi Pass, apparently, instead of Walker's Pass as was intended—and returned east to Salt Lake." (*History of California*, Vol. III, p. 5.)

Dellenbaugh: "The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe and the Southern Pacific railways now utilize the Tehachapi Pass for the traverse from the San Joaquin Valley to the desert." (*Fremont and '49*, p. 246.)

Cleland: "The Americans fell in with a Christian Indian from the San Fernando Mission, who led them either through the Tejon or the Tehachapi Pass." (*History of California, American Period*, p. 137.)

2. Williamson, "Report of Explorations in California for Railroad Routes," in *Explorations and Surveys for a Railroad Route to the Pacific*, Vol. V, Pt. I, p. 16.

Walker's Pass. (Near Freeman.)

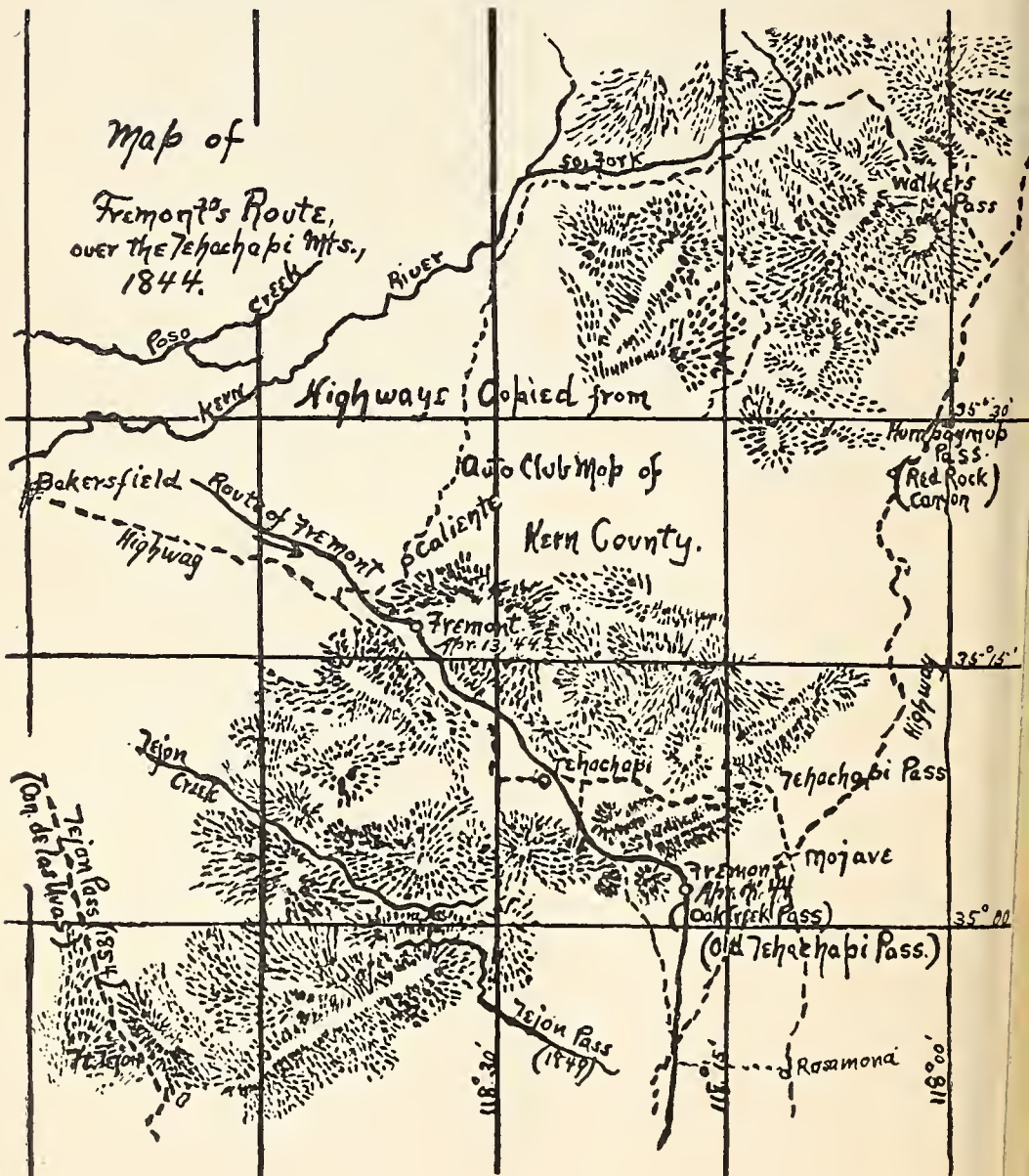
Tehachapi Pass. (Traversed by the railways.)

Oak Creek Road. (Willow Springs north to Tehachapi.)

Tejon Pass. (Original pass of that name, along Cottonwood and Tejon Creeks.)

Canyon de las Uvas. (Present Tejon Pass.)

San Emidio Pass. (San Emidio Creek to Cuddy Valley.)



A seventh, Humpayamup, is only a southern branch of Walker's, debouching into the desert through Red Rock (?) Canyon. Much confusion has arisen in published accounts, due to the fact that each of three of these names, Walker's, Tehachapi, and Tejon, has been applied to two different passes in succession.<sup>3</sup>

It is unnecessary and would be out of place to detail here the circumstances which brought Lieutenant Frémont and his party into California and to Sutter's fort in March, 1844. It is sufficient to say that after about two weeks' rest on the Sacramento, it seemed best to go south to the head of the San Joaquin Valley, cross the Tehachapi into the desert, and follow along its western border till they found the Old Spanish Trail at Cajon Pass.<sup>4</sup> Proceeding over this route through Utah, they planned to return to the Missouri by way of Bent's Fort.

In accordance with this scheme, Frémont found himself, at the close of Saturday, April 13, at a point which, from his bearings, appears to have been a few miles southeast of the site of the present city of Caliente.<sup>5</sup> A nearby stream he named "Pass Creek."<sup>6</sup>

That evening, they were very much surprised and pleased as well, to see a young Indian ride into the camp, well-dressed

3. This word "Tehachapi" is the Indian term meaning "windy." Those who have left the desert in the afternoon through almost any one of its western passes know altogether too well that it applies to these passes admirably. Lieutenant Williamson found it already allocated to the pass now used by the railways. Resident pioneers in the valley occasionally give the name to the Oak Creek road, but if historians have this latter trail in mind when they use the term, they give no hint of it.

4. Fremont, *Report of the Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains*, Gales & Seaton, 1845, p. 248.

5. The itinerary of this part of the journey reads as follows:

Date	Latitude	Longitude	Mileage
April 13	35 deg. 17 min.	118 deg. 35 min.	32
April 14	35 deg. 03 min.	118 deg. 18 min.	32
April 15	34 deg. 42 min.	118 deg. 20 min.	39

The camps at end of each day:

April 13.	Pass Creek. (Tehachapi Creek, near Caliente.)
April 14.	Small stream east of Sierras. (West of Mojave.)
April 15.	Rock Springs. (North by west of Del Sur.)

(*Report*, H. R., Blair & Ives, 1845, p. 298.)

Concerning Fremont's bearings, it should be said that authorities, including Fremont himself, agree that they are not always strictly accurate, especially the longitudes. When we consider the vicissitudes to which his instruments must have been subjected by the exigencies of his mode of travel, the wonder is not that inaccuracies are found, but rather that he was able to obtain any data at all under the circumstances. The actual camps of the 14th and 15th would seem to have been about three miles west of the sites indicated.

6. Authorities agree that "Pass Creek" is identical with the one now called "Tehachapi Creek." In 1853, Lieutenant Williamson, coming upon it near its sources, followed it some fifteen miles down to where it lost itself in the Tulare. (*Op. cit.* p. 19.) Dellenbaugh locates this camp on Cottonwood Creek, a small affluent of the Kern not far from Bakersfield. On the next page, he refers to Tehachapi Creek as though it were a branch of the Cottonwood. (*"Fremont and '49,"* p. 243.)



in Spanish costume, and able to speak the language fluently. Very friendly relations were established. He said that he belonged to the Mission at San Fernando, was on his way thither, and, if desired, would guide the party across the mountains and as far as San Francisquito Canyon, where his trail departed from theirs. Frémont was more than glad to accept his leadership. Moreover, with the boy, to appear later, were a number of his friends who came from "a great river in the eastern part of the desert," to trade. They were now returning, and the Lieutenant and his people could travel with them, which would seem to be a debatable pleasure along a well-marked trail like the Mormon path.

It is quite probable that the advent of this Indian caused a complete change in Frémont's plans, and that the following of the Indian's advice saved the company from fatal disaster in Death Valley. It will be recalled, in connection with this expedition of 1843, that an ulterior and well-nigh secret object was the exploration of the southern part of the Great Basin. With this idea in mind, Frémont left the Dalles in November. He pigeon-holed it when he arrived at Pyramid Lake. The condition of his animals' feet, and lack of materials to keep them shod, made the long southern trip impossible at this time.<sup>7</sup> Accordingly, he was forced to find Sutter's Fort, reluctantly postponing the Basin work indefinitely.

As we have seen, he departed from the Fort intending to return to the Missouri by way of the Old Spanish Trail. But entering the foothills of the Tehachapis, the lure of the unknown basin seized him again. He decided to go directly eastward from the pass. Broaching this plan to the Indian boy, he was at once told of the unparalleled dangers of that region. "His representation, which described it as an arid and barren desert, that had repulsed, by its sterility, all attempts of the Indians to cross it, determined me to relinquish the plan."<sup>8</sup>

Breaking camp the next morning, and led by their new guide, the party proceeded up the creek. They had not gone far when they came to a fork in the stream. They followed the right-hand branch to its head waters, which would bring

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7. Fremont, *Op. cit.*, p. 220.

8. Fremont, *Op. cit.*, p. 254.

them into the lower, western end of the Tehachapi Valley, not far from the site of the present city of Tehachapi. The Lieutenant doesn't mention the valley, but discourses at length on the beauties of the region. About mid-afternoon, apparently, they reached the summit of a pass, which Frémont named "Walker's Pass."<sup>9</sup> That this is not the one now known by that name, which is nearly two degrees north of this one, is evident after a moment's consideration, as follows: We know that on that 14th of April they traveled 32 miles, and pitched camp on "a small stream east of the Sierras."<sup>10</sup> It would have been hopelessly impossible to have moved that cavalcade, which usually strung out to a length of a quarter of a mile, between the terminal points of that day's journey by way of our Walker's Pass, covering only 32 miles in transit, especially as the trail through this latter pass was difficult, and not conducive to rapid traveling.<sup>11</sup> He doesn't give the bearings of his "Walker's Pass," but says that "its latitude and longitude may be considered that of our last encampment, only a few miles distant . . . our half-wild cavalcade making it too troublesome to halt before night, when once started."<sup>12</sup> This would seem to effectually dispose of the notion that, on this expedition, he went through the present Walker's Pass. But the fact that he referred to that pass at least twice in his report, rather calls for some consideration of it.

Several authorities are seemingly of the opinion that the Lieutenant made use of the present Tehachapi Pass at this time. We have noted Dr. Cleland's suggestion. Even Dellenbaugh, who seems to have traveled most of the route, if not the entire trail, of this expedition, brings him through Tehachapi, by implication at least.<sup>13</sup> He mentions no other. One hesitates a long time before harboring doubts concerning statements of accepted authorities like these, and it is with much diffidence that the writer is offering a different opinion. But a summer's study of contemporaneous writers, including, of course, Frémont's own account, together with many hours spent in personal exploration of old and new trails in this

9. Fremont, *Op. cit.*, p. 248.

10. See Note 5.

11. Williamson, *Op. cit.*, p. 16.

12. Fremont, *Op. cit.*, p. 255.

13. See Note 1.

section, has convinced him that Lieutenant Frémont not only did not use this pass, but was unaware of its existence until several years later.<sup>14</sup>

On one of his trips to Tehachapi, the writer was fortunate enough to meet Mr. Robert F. Glenn, one of the earliest pioneers of this region. He had been recommended by responsible parties, and was found to be an interesting raconteur, with an apparently excellent memory. He entered the valley in 1868, over what is now called the "Oak Creek Road," from the vicinity of Willow Springs. There was then "nothing to be seen in the valley but red cattle." Except for four years, he has never lived elsewhere. This Oak Creek Road was the first across the mountains, and old when his party trod it. It was the routine trail of the natives.

The summit is but six miles from the city of Tehachapi, over an excellent dirt road, which leaves the highway near the railroad "Y," west of Monolith. The grades occur in the last two miles. Most cars will negotiate them in high gear. Three springs were noted by the roadside on the way, and others on the descent beyond, which explains the popularity of the pass. And this was in August. The high point is a broad, shallow depression between two low hill-tops, neither one high enough to obstruct the views. These are very extensive and full of variety, as interesting as any in this part of the state. A visitor is at once struck with the aptness of Frémont's description of "this beautiful pass," especially on driving through

14. Williamson thinks that Lieutenant Fremont never saw the Pass called Walker's until ten years after he made this crossing of 1844. In a letter by Fremont under date of June 13, 1854, we find this:

"Commencing at the 38th, we struck the Sierra Nevada at about the 37th parallel on the 15th of March. . . . I expected to find the Sierras here broad, rugged, and blocked up with snow, and was not disappointed in my expectations. . . . I accordingly turned southward some sixty or eighty miles, making a wide sweep to strike the point of the California mountain where the Sierra Nevada suddenly breaks off and declines into a low country. Information obtained from the Indians years before, led me to believe that the low mountains were broken into numerous passes, and at all events I had the certainty of an easy passage through the mountains by either of Walker's Passes. When the Point was reached, I found the Indian information fully verified; the mountain suddenly terminated and broke down into lower ground, barely above the level of the country, and making many openings into the valley of the San Joaquin. I entered the first which offered (taking no time to search, as we were entirely out of provisions and living upon horses), which led us to an open and almost level hollow thirteen miles long, to an upland not steep enough to be called a hill, over into the valley of a small affluent of the Kern River; the hollow and the valley making a way where a wagon would find no obstruction for forty miles." (*House Miscellaneous Documents*, 33d Congress, 2d Session, Doc. 8.)

Rather a roseate description of Walker's Pass. Forty miles brings him only to Isabella—the worst section lies between that point and the plains below. This pass did not achieve its name until the winter of 1845-46, when the failure of Fremont and Walker to meet at the "River of the Lake," advertised it so thoroughly that Walker's cognomen was affixed to it for all time.



it. We were standing where he probably passed,—we have his word for it that he was unable to loiter here for observations—at the head of a beautiful miniature valley extending eastward for a few miles to low foothills in which it lost itself just before debouching into the desert beyond. At our feet began a long, gentle slope down to Oak Creek, whose sinuous course through its meadows was marked by a dark green ribbon of oaks, which dotted the valley floor. On either side, rising in a wide, graceful sweep, were the “low Sierras,” mentioned by Frémont, their summits across from us forming an undulating line. To the right, the higher mountains led the way toward the Coast ranges at the Canyon de las Uvas, our Tejon Pass. Behind and to the left a similar mass of peaks pointed the way to Mt. Whitney and the higher Sierras. This for the foreground. South and east, beyond the low hills across the creek, lay the desert half-veiled in the August haze. We saw the “bald rocks” standing like shrouded ghosts of massive hills that had been. Still farther away, the “Lost Mountains,” dimly outlined where sky and desert dissolved in each other. What might this scene have been on that Sunday afternoon in April, when it broke suddenly upon Frémont’s gaze as he came over the crest!<sup>15</sup>

The party seems to have been led down from the summit to the creek, “passing by some springs, where there was a rich sward of grass among groves of large black oak,” and “rode over a plain” along the creek. Leaving the creek where a shallow gap appears southward, they seem to have thereby

15. It is interesting to compare the two descriptions, Williamson’s and Frémont’s, of what most authorities seem to consider the same pass. The former says:

“A small lake bed covered with incrustations of salt, lies at the entrance . . . and two miles farther [east] we found springs of fresh water. There was a continuous bed of a stream, now dry [in August], continuing into the basin [Mojave Desert], and the bases of the hills on either side were one-fourth mile apart. The descent, for the first six miles from the prairie [Tehachapi Valley], was less than eighty feet to the mile, and farther down it was even more gradual.” (Op. cit., p. 19.)

Anyone who has driven through the Tehachapi Pass from Monolith will agree that it would be difficult to put a more accurate description of it into the same number of words. Now listen to Frémont:

“As we reached the summit of this beautiful pass, and obtained a view into the eastern country, we saw at once that here was the place to take leave of all such pleasant scenes as those around us. The distant mountains were now bald rocks again; below, the land was any color but green.” *Report*, p. 255.)

So far as it goes, this is an equally accurate description of the pass he traveled, but it certainly cannot, by the most liberal construction, be made to apply to the Tehachapi Pass. The summit of this latter pass is at the railroad “Y,” Williamson’s viewpoint. Frémont mentions the “black oaks.” If there are any in Tehachapi Pass, they have escaped the writer’s notice.



made a short cut to a second stream, where they pitched the camp for that night, in sight of the desert. The distance between two points, one of which is in Tehachapi Valley, the other in the desert, is fifteen miles shorter than that between the same points by way of Tehachapi Pass.<sup>16</sup> Thus it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to have made this day's march through the latter pass and covered but 32 miles.

But a more cogent reason for the belief that Frémont came over Oak Creek Pass, more convincing than any mentioned thus far, lies in the fact that Mr. Charles Preuss, who was with the Lieutenant on this expedition as chief assistant in the topographical work, also accompanied Lieutenant Williamson nine years later, when he was examining these passes for railroad purposes. Preuss pointed out this Oak Creek Pass to Williamson as the one used by Frémont when he and Preuss crossed these mountains in 1844. Let Williamson tell the story himself. He and Preuss had just finished the work in Tehachapi Pass.

"We next proceeded to examine the place where Col. Frémont passed, and which was pointed out to me by Mr. Preuss, who was with him at the time, and later plotted his notes. This point . . . was in a much straighter line to the Mojave river than the outlet of the prairie we discovered. In crossing, we had to ascend 600 feet in less than two miles. This point would be preferable for a wagon road, being much more direct, and the ground, in wet weather, more solid than in the outlet."<sup>17</sup>

This "outlet" is the present Tehachapi Pass. The "prairie" is the valley at the head of the pass. He goes on to say that, for railroad purposes a tunnel would be required in this pass, and that the longer route through the Tehachapi would be less expensive. This would seem to remove the last doubt as to which one Lieutenant Frémont traveled on this expedition.

It might be well to add that both Tejon Passes are out of the question. They are too far from the terminals of this day's journey. The more important, and probably the older

16. Williamson, *Op. cit.*, p. 20.

17. *Op. cit.*, p. 19.

of the two, was part of a trail which, coming up San Francisco Canyon, passed to Elizabeth Lake. Turning north at the western end of this sheet of water, it crossed Antelope Valley northwestward till it reached Cottonwood Creek. Following this to near its source, it turned directly north through a canyon, the original Tejon Pass, and soon struck the headwaters of Tejon Creek, which it followed into the San Joaquin Valley. About 1849, this road was made passable for wheels, though in 1853, Colonel Williamson stigmatized it as "the worst road he ever had seen," and doubtless he had had much experience. After his examination of the Canyon de las Uvas, fifteen miles farther west, he was so much impressed with its availability for transit purposes, that he immediately set men at work transforming it into a wagon road. The following year, the War Department erected a military post thereon (Fort Tejon). Since then it has been one of the two main highways between southern points and the San Joaquin Valley.









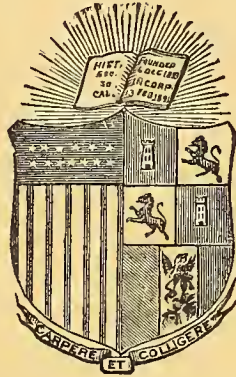




Organized November 1, 1883  
PART I

Incorporated February 13, 1891  
VOL. XIX 14

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# HISTORICAL SOCIETY

OF

## SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

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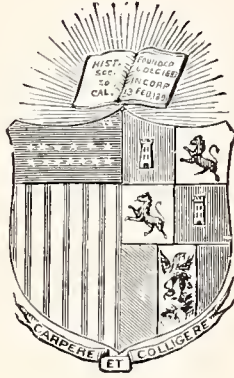




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The Last of Adobe Days in El Pueblo de Los Angeles. The Plaza District in the Early Seventies.



IN PURSUIT OF VANISHED DAYS  
Visits to the Extant Historic Adobe Houses  
of Los Angeles County

Part I\*

By MARION PARKS

Crumbling adobe walls, stark and abandoned, inch by inch giving way before the driving onslaught of the winter rains—I used to see them near the highway, melancholy remnants of forgotten households. To me they became symbols of vanished California days, of the Age of Adobe, which like its mud walls, melted away, yielding inch by inch before the bewildering onslaught of the Yankee strangers.

Under the red and yellow newness of New England architecture wrought in brick and wood, the adobes lay smothered, forgotten, decaying. Sometimes the fire hose was called into action to eliminate them from the path of progress. It seemed as though none could escape the combined ravages of enterprise and carelessness. But presently the tide ebbed a little; things slowed down enough to allow occasional moments of reflection, and out of the past the romantic tales of the “Dons” caught the modern fancy. Landmarks took a new lease on existence under the selfless labors of ardent and practical historians, but still the domestic adobes, genuine monuments to the life that produced our most cherished traditions of romance and hospitality and happiness under the California sun, have received only casual attention. Even the current enthusiasm for the Spanish in architecture has leapfrogged back to Spanish and Mexican-Colonial prototypes, ignoring much that is charming and useable in the simple, sturdy forms devised by the first Spanish builders of California.

Here and there, though, some one will mention an old adobe they have seen or heard of or remembered. The fugitive references goaded my imagination. I began to wonder how many of the originals had really survived the heavy-handed years.

\* Part II will appear in the 1929 Publication of the Historical Society of Southern California.



Scene at a modern fiesta at the Avila Adobe, now the center of a renewed historical interest. "I sensed the spirit of a happy, unhurried time—."

At the outset I must express my thanks to Mrs. Florence Dodson Schoneman. When I first mentioned my curiosity in this matter, she encouraged me, and out of hand named the first half-dozen adobes that started me off on my quest. In a few days she called up to mention others. Counting the well-known domestic landmarks from Santa Barbara to Old Town the number was going up toward twenty. It was a jolly start for my little armchair exploration. But hearsay proves no more of houses than it does of people, particularly when one knows, as I know now, the precarious tenure the ancient adobes hold on life.

Fortified with a few gallons of gasoline, an old camera, and a notebook, I started out to see adobes through no eyes but my own, indulging the cheerful expectation of finding them all in the spare time of a month or so. O sanguine hope! How monstrously I underestimated the enduring qualities of adobe and the enterprise of the old-time *rancheros*. After a few days of sight-seeing I began









to draw in the boundaries of my field of exploration. They shrank until now they are identical with those of Los Angeles County. My task became shaped in definite outline—to find and see and identify as far as possible the extant historic adobes within this area, and its fascination increased as steadily as the speedometer clicked off the miles. Now the red tenths have turned the black numbers up for over 1000 miles—I have backtracked more than once—and on my roadmap X marks the spot for sixty-five adobes. To learn in complete and picturesque detail the histories of them all will require more than the spare time of almost anyone.

My method was empirical. I followed tips and rumors from a surprising variety of sources, and drifted into towns and out of towns, down alleys, and up cañons, on the pavement and off, like a prospector in the lure of El Dorado. From a known number of ten I proceeded deviously to the unknown—a quantity that increased beyond my most extravagant expectation.

The romance of a forgotten, colorful time wove a bright pattern through the days of my quest. Adventure seemed to await at the threshold of every adobe. There was mystery in the old walls, holding in eternal trust the echoes of domestic dramas of yesterday.

Tolerance and courtesy were happily my portion at every door; many were opened to me with hospitality equaling the open-handed tradition of the ranchos. Large-hearted women permitted my invasion with pleasant words, and conducted me into parlor and bedroom and kitchen, pointing out and explaining details of the ancient, and showing the old made new. When I encountered actual owners, the information I received was usually coherent and dependable, but the testimony of neighbors, ranch hands, and lessees would make every adobe one hundred glamorous years of age at the very least.

At the adobes of Sonora Town surprise showed often upon the faces of those who opened their doors to the rattling clamor of my knock, for doorbells are infrequent there. Possibly the quizzical expressions that met me were engendered by my Spanish, which tends to be erratic when

rushed, but anyway, the inhabitants unfailingly heard me out with courteous attention, and when a mutual understanding seemed finally to have been effected, there would be much obliging rummaging among shelves and boxes and other things, ending at last in the triumphant production of the rent receipt to show me the landlord's name. Behind adobe walls north of the Plaza Spanish is still the native tongue, and ideas of spelling are extremely hazy—not even phonetic.

Once only did I retire nonplussed from an adobe doorway, three doorways in one adobe, to be exact, on North Spring Street, where neither Spanish nor English could break into the blank and uncomprehending silence of the Japanese barbers and their retainers who hold forth there today. Adobe walls, shiny-haired Japanese in white coats, the twirling red, white, and blue of an American barber pole under a roof that shelters the side-walk in the manner of a century gone by!

While one at length becomes almost able to sniff an adobe from afar, some of the old houses are not easily recognized at the first glance. A few are so altered with wooden facing and additions that their adobe nature and historic quality may be proved by processes of induction alone. The site of the *casas de campo*, or country houses, is nearly always marked by a group of tall old trees—cypress or olive, or gum. Often great feathery peppers form a half-circle behind them. Nearly always there are olive and pomegranate trees, sometimes whole rows of them. Occasionally there will be an ancient orange, or a clambering, uncultivated rose vine, heavy with its multitudinous leaves and infrequent ragged blossoms.

In the abandoned adobes I felt a Presence, perhaps it was the voiceless echoes of the past. I sensed the spirit of a happy, unhurried time, when everybody lived comfortably in the knowledge that tomorrow would come along unfailingly, just as good a day as today, and people were contented in the honest simplicity of an honest time. But, too, imagining away the modern surroundings, I saw how terribly alone the old houses were, among the wide valleys and rugged hills, scarcely ever one within sight of another.



The Plaza and the Church of our Lady the Queen of the Angels. "After the heedless flood had passed by some of the spirit of the old days was left there after all."

Small wonder that large families were popular and that each rancho became a little community in itself. And with all that vast choice of hill and cañon and plain, one wonders what things determined the choice of each site. What lordly right and magnificent bounty, to ride a-horseback over lands too vast to be measured in acres, but counted off in leagues, to choose one's house site. It seems as though one might be assailed by a horrible indecision in the face of such an unlimited selection. Available water and protection from Indians and elements doubtless were more important factors in those days than a good view or a handsome situation, but the old builders often managed excellently well to combine all three, and from the ancient *corredores*<sup>1</sup> one may look out on vistas unsurpassed, picture landscapes in the velvet-soft colors of Southern California.

With the site selected the building of the house might

1. The verandah typical of the Alta California adobe style.



proceed at once. No need of awaiting dilatory contractors or elusive building supplies harassed the ranchero. He brought his Indian workmen to the spot, and out of the soil itself they produced his house, great or small, according to the dimensions he marked off with no other instruments than his straight eye and long stride.

While the large adobe bricks lay drying in the sun he would seek the lumber for door and window frames and for the roof beams. In the early days, these timbers were of necessity sought in the hills. The big trees were felled by the Indians and dragged toilsomely down the mountain side, then hand-hewn into the needed forms. Wood was sometimes so scarce and dear that stiff rawhides were used for doors and window shutters. By 1800 the Boston ships began to find their way to California, and came more and more often with their curiously assorted cargoes. Along with silks and combs and fans they brought finished lumber from the sawmills of New England. Doubtless a great part of the finished wood in adobes built between 1825 and 1850 in Los Angeles came from this far-flung source. Then the industrious and sombre Mormons who had settled at San Bernardino opened a sawmill in 1851, and it became their custom to bring wagonloads of lumber across the desert to peddle it about the town of Los Angeles along with their butter and eggs.<sup>1</sup>

The earliest adobes were extremely simple in design, consisting ordinarily of a single series of one-story rooms covered with a flat roof—a rectangular figure proportioned rather like a shoe-box. The walls were from two to three feet thick, pierced by numerous doors and windows. For many years the prevailing roofing material was *brea* or asphalt, which boiled up from natural springs, such as the famous pits at Rancho La Brea, west of Los Angeles. Every citizen helped himself, and the springs were held as a public possession even after the rancho was granted to private ownership. With tedious and groaning effort the

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<sup>1</sup>In a letter to her sister, dated July 11, 1852, Mrs. Benjamin Hayes describes her Los Angeles home, and says—"We will have a plank floor after a while, it is impossible to get plank here now. . . . Mr. Hayes will see about getting lumber to fix our house out at the Mormons'."

p. 90, *Pioneer Notes: Diaries of Judge Benjamin Hayes*, Marjorie Tisdale Wolcott, Editor, Los Angeles, 1929.



tar was transported to Los Angeles via *carreta*, and there a smoking cauldron might always be seen in action at one place or another. Well into the American period the professional *brea* roof-mender was a familiar figure about the town.

The *brea* was applied over a layer of matted *tule* fibre placed directly on the planks that formed the ceiling. It was then covered with a thin coating of adobe soil. Natural unprocessed asphalt was neither sun nor rain proof. It melted and dripped off the eaves in summer and then the thin places leaked when it rained, so that as wood became gradually more plentiful, shake roofs sloping in the New England manner replaced the old flat roofs on one adobe after another.

Even at the Mission settlements tile was by no means as commonly used as modern restorations and reproductions might suggest. One house alone boasted a tile roof in Los Angeles. This was the adobe of Don Antonio Carrillo, that stood where Don Pío Pico's hotel towers beside the Plaza today. There were occasional tile floors, but even in the most respectable adobe homes clean-swept, hard-packed earth was for many years considered quite adequate.

Admiration more often than historical fact mothers the idea that the adobes were equipped with huge, cavernous fireplaces. Out of the sixty-five adobes I have visited in Los Angeles County, not a third have fireplaces at all and those I did discover were every one small, low affairs, with chimneys embodied in the wall. Fireplaces for heating purposes were rare. If a house did boast a fireplace it was usually in the *cocina*, designed for cooking. Otherwise cooking and baking and barbecuing were carried on out of doors. Southern California was really a desert country in those days, before the millions of cool lawns and umbrageous trees of today were ever dreamed of.

To live out of doors as much of the time as possible seemed quite the natural thing to the old Californians, and it was in the shelter of the *corredor* that they found protection from the dry, scintillating heat of the shadeless summer days as well as from the pelting rains of the brief wet season. Thus the useful *corredor* became a really delight-



Doña Encarnación Avila. "Even now, three-quarters of a century afterward, one still half expects to come upon her—."

ful feature of Alta California architecture. Its flat roof was invariably supported by slender uprights of wood—the arch was exclusively a feature of the Mission style, and never appeared in domestic structures. As shown in the earliest San Gabriel houses, the *corredor* did not make its appearance generally until after wood began to be a

little more easily obtained. On the *corredor* the *brea* roof was used at first, then shakes and shingles. Often the beams of the *corredor* roof are merely extensions of the beams over the room behind it. The *corredor* took on many little vagaries of style and proportion, the woodwork growing more elaborate in design in the fifties and sixties, as material became available. The *corredor* is found extending along the house front, sheltering a walk around the patio, and finally, in the later period, running around three or even all four sides of the house, both upstairs and down.

The walls were built up of adobe bricks held together with mud mortar, their thickness depending on whether one, two, or three rows of bricks were used. Three-foot walls are found ordinarily only in the older houses. The average thickness is two feet to eighteen inches.

Sometimes the exterior walls were left unplastered, but customarily walls were finished inside and out with a fine white plaster, exceedingly thin, but also, extremely durable. The lime was made in primitive kilns in the hill-sides of the San Fernando Valley. All plastered walls were smoothly finished and had a fine, softly irregular texture. Stucco and rough plasters were unknown.

Ceilings in the better finished houses were of wood, with beams exposed. The beams I have seen are mostly of "two-by-five" finished lumber, set on edge, hand-incised with narrow lengthwise grooves about a quarter of an inch from each side. These hand-cut grooves are sometimes slightly wavy, and the beams vary somewhat in size, showing the accidental irregularities of careful hand-incising. Often the whole ceiling was painted a lovely shade of medium green-blue, with a kind of kalsomine. This same color was extensively applied to the interior woodwork, which consisted, beside the unpainted pine floor, of a baseboard and a chair-board around *sala* and *comedor*, and door and window frames, including the heavy lintels and window seats.

Often in the old places, where there was a peaked roof, no wooden ceiling was used, but a kind of thin canvas was stretched from wall to wall in lieu of one. You could see through it up into the cavernous dark spaces beneath



Commodore R. F. Stockton and General S. W. Kearny (right), who as joint commanders of the forces which captured Los Angeles in 1847, used the Avila Adobe as headquarters.

the ridge-pole. In time it would sag, and from the mysterious shadows above, large spiders and similar insect visitors would drop down and wander about on its billowing surface. At one time such canvas ceilings were quite common in and about Los Angeles. I discovered several in my adobe quest, but they were in abandoned houses.

Practically without exception door and window frames were set into the *outside* walls, so that they presented a flat surface, with no ledges of adobe around these openings. Inside, the wall was cut away from the doors and casements at an angle of some 45 degrees, leaving a wide ledge or seat under each window and a deep, artistic doorway. Thus the interior wall is broken into a pleasing series of wide wall spaces and deep recesses in which the paned casements have an artistic value all their own.

All windows customarily were equipped with wooden shutters. In the older houses these are of solid wood, with simple paneling, put together with wooden pegs. Shutters were usually painted a dark blue-green. Grilles of wood or iron bars are found at some windows, but not always by



any means. Often in the big rancho establishments there will be just one room with a barred window which may have been either the rancho jail or its little store.

In the Los Angeles district the adobes resolve themselves into four types:

1. the simple rectangular one-story form, with or without *corredores*, and occasionally with a lean-to kitchen,
2. the L-plan adobe, occasionally found without *corredores*, as in some of the *casas de pueblo*, or town houses,
3. the U-plan such as Los Cerritos,
4. the rectangular two-story style, with two-story *corredores* on three or four sides.

These houses were built for utility, within the limitations of a single building material, but the Alta Californians had the ability to make them charming at the same time. While one after another they seem to be alike, that is, each one merely a repetition of some customary form, they are never stereotyped, because the little individualities of design and the irregularities of hand construction have given to each one a texture and simple beauty of its own that cannot be duplicated.

Indeed I hold with the "Ranger", who wrote, "Sentimental writers speak of the 'Old mud hovels of the Spanish regime'. No greater libel was ever perpetrated on a comfortable house than to call one of those old models of cool comfort, one of our old first-class adobes, a hovel. The writer hereof, although no longer a man of war, . . . is ready and willing to maintain, on foot or on horseback, that one of our old respectable one-story adobes of the olden time was the most comfortable house, the most admirable piece of rural architecture that ever reared itself from the sacred soil of California.

"The writer stands by the adobe house as the coolest house, the warmest house, the cheapest house, and the most earthquake proof house (might as well try to shake down a haystack), and the best house for fandangos that ever existed in this old city, . . . Nothing but an adobe house could



Señor and Señora Ygnacio Del Valle of the old California aristocracy whose adobe home faced upon the Plaza.

have stood an old-fashioned fandango. . . Alas! Alas! we will never see the likes of them again.”<sup>1</sup>

The following list of the extant adobes does not pretend to be a study of the ranchos or their history, but just an attempt to identify the old houses and see them in their relation to events and figures in the romantic pageant that the headlong years have swept so swiftly through our town.

#### EL PUEBLO—LOS ANGELES

The Plaza, treeless, dusty common that it was in the old days, was the original fashionable residential district of Los Angeles, and the fronts of the town houses of the Pueblo aristocracy—Carrillos, Sepúlvedas, Lugos, del Valles, Olveras, and Avilas—hemmed it irregularly, with a fine disregard for right angles and straight lines.

The story of the little Plaza itself is as romantic and colorful a tale as can be told of any of our landmarks. The halcyon days of pastoral Spanish California were swept away forever as the forces of revolution, bridles jingling

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<sup>1</sup>Horace Bell, *Reminiscences of a Ranger*, p. 198.



"The Plaza, treeless, dusty common that it was in the old days, was the original fashionable residential district of Los Angeles—."

and spurs aflash, followed by the militant Gringo marching afoot with his brass band and blue uniforms, raised its yellow dust ominously. Never again could the Fiestas, the sports and the horse-racing that had gone on there be so carefree and lighthearted. The unsteady currents of a swiftly changing world swept unchecked over the little common, tearing out old things, thrusting in new, helter-skelter, and yet, after the heedless flood had passed by, some of the spirit of the old days was left there after all,—as though anchored to the staunch old Pueblo church, the few adobe houses, and the round green park that had emerged from the dusty, unadorned Plaza of old.

#### *La Casa de Don Vicente Lugo*

Throughout the years the adobe house of Don Vicente Lugo, once the Beau Brummel of the Pueblo, has stood silently overlooking the changing scene on the Plaza, as it silently stands there still. Strange things have happened to it at the hands of a succession of owners, since the day when it commanded distinction as one of the very few two-story houses in Los Angeles. It is still the only two-story *adobe* house within the city, although this fact can be proved by processes of induction alone, so well covered are all the original walls with a modern sheathing of wood.





Old Lugo Adobe, facing the Plaza, as it appeared in the late eighties. It is still the only two story adobe now standing in Los Angeles which dates from the Mexican era.

The house was probably built before 1840. Originally a two-story *corredor*, supported by slender wooden posts, ran along the front of the house, and, apparently, extended along the rear wall also. It was a very large house for its day, more imposing than any other on the Plaza. The roof at first was flat and covered with *brea*. The high shingled roof with its dormer windows was added at a later day, some fifty years ago.

About 1850 Don Vicente retired to his San Antonio Rancho, and when in 1867 St. Vincent's, Los Angeles' first college, was founded, Don Vicente donated the house on the Plaza for its first home.

The roof and dormer windows are the same today as they were fifty years ago, but otherwise the old house has been the subject, bit by bit, of a strange mutation. Only a trace—the middle section—of the old upstairs *corredor* remains, both ends having been walled in to form additional rooms. The house wall on the first floor has been overlaid with brick. A stairway springs upward from what was the wide *entrada* of the house. The upright posts, now covered with an extra wooden facing painted red and gray, still support the old balcony, but a cement sidewalk has engulfed



their bases and covered over the dirt floor of the shaded *corredor* retreat where busy Chinese and sight-seeing Americans now retrace, all unaware, the footsteps of vanished *caballeros* and their ladies.

*La Casa de Doña Encarnación Avila—14, 16, 18 Olvera St.*

This important adobe, which stands a few rods northwest of the Lugo house, has been preserved almost miraculously throughout the changes that have obliterated other landmarks, and its appearance has been altered but little since the exciting day in 1847 when Commodore Stockton appropriated it for his Headquarters.

It is without doubt the oldest house in Los Angeles, dating back to about 1818, and it alone remains in unaltered form to represent the homes of the first citizens of Los Angeles. The building was originally L shaped, and more than twice as long as it now is, with one wing facing on Marchessault Street. It consisted of two contiguous rows of high-ceiled, spacious rooms, the inner series opening by means of numerous doors and windows upon a *corredor* facing



Avila Adobe as it appears today.

the patio, and the other giving on to a wider *corredor* parallel to the street. Today one ascends three or four rickety steps to reach the front door, but this elevation is due to street grading done in recent years.

The old house was a mansion of its day, its thick adobe walls sheltering rich furnishings, mostly imported from France, with gorgeous satin damask hangings at the tall, deep-set windows. Evidence of its former elegance was found recently in the garden, when a few fine old incised tiles were dug up.

For 110 years the adobe has been continuously in possession of the Avilas and the Rimpau family, their descendants, and the proud personality of Doña Encarnación, its first mistress, seems ineffably a part of its atmosphere. Even now, three-quarters of a century afterward, one still half expects to come upon her, sitting placidly by a window, in her lace cap and satin dress, just beyond the next doorway.

The old home with its historic associations, is one of Los Angeles' most valuable landmarks, but no effort has been made to preserve it, and little encouragement or recognition, except from individuals, has been offered to the descendants of Doña Encarnación who have maintained it in spite of the various agencies that have been urging its destruction since 1906. It has remained for one valiant woman, throwing the whole weight of a vital personality into the project, to finally rescue the house—by only a few hours—from being razed to make room for a gasoline service station. In this Mrs. Christine Sterling has proven herself a practical and effective historian, and with the cooperation of the owners of the house, and a small group of business men and women who appreciate the value of history she has succeeded in beginning the rehabilitation of this precious relic of the Old Days. Now, after twenty-five years of neglect, a flag flies from its porch, and it knows again the echoing footsteps of many visitors. Of all the adobe landmarks in Los Angeles County that merit attention and preservation the Avila house has been the longest in receiving its due . . . even now aid comes slowly, but it is

to be hoped that at last it faces a brighter future and an indefinitely prolonged existence.

### *The Houses of Sonora Town*

As the Pueblo enlarged, and the American invasion progressed, the conservative native population tended to cluster their homes in the district north of the Plaza, known then and now as Sonora Town. A few of their adobe houses remain.

### *New High and Old Streets*

A delightful little house on the northeast corner, probably built between 1850 and 1860. Formerly a *corredor* extended along the front, as protruding beam ends still attest. Interesting door and window frames of Georgian design perhaps originated in New England and came round the Horn long ago in some "Boston ship." A year ago it was mustard yellow. Now the plastered surface is pink—the bright pink of two-for-a-penny marshmallow candy.

### *Number 708 New High Street*

Evidently of ancient vintage but not noteworthy architecturally or historically. 664½ N. Spring Street also falls in this category.

### *630 Castelar Street*

An interesting reminder of the time when Castelar Street was called *Calle de los Toros*, and bull fights were held near the site of the present French Hospital on the afternoons of fiesta days.

### *Una Casa de Don José Mascarel—721 Castelar Street*

A dilapidated old place, with one wall crumbling, and a sagging roof. It is still in possession of the family of Don José Mascarel, a picturesque sea captain of Marseilles, who became one of the first mayors of Los Angeles, and was a pioneer speculator in local real estate.

### *La Casa Santa Cruz—728 North Broadway*

This house was bought in 1864 from Benito Valle by Señora Ysabel Santa Cruz. It was not new at that time. It



Old Mascarel Adobe.

is typically an adobe town house, more of the Mexican than of the Californian style, having no *corredor* along the front, with a wide hallway or *zaguán* leading from the street straight through the house to the secluded patio. It is a trim, quaint little house, caught tightly between the ugly walls of brick neighbors. The door and window headers, arched in Classical design, are of well-finished Boston importation lumber.

*La Casa Santa Cruz—643 North Broadway*

Doña Ysabel Santa Cruz bought this second adobe from Don José Mascarel in the early sixties, but it was probably one of the oldest houses on Buena Vista Street then. It is built on an L plan with *corredores* facing the street and the patio. Wood used in the construction is of the rough two-by-four variety that then formed the staple supply.

*La Casa de Don Rafael Gallardo—649 North Broadway*

Separated from the patio of the house of Doña Ysabel





Santa Cruz Adobe, 728 North Broadway.

by a lazily sagging fence, stands a charming ash-rose adobe trimmed with bright green in the taste of its present-day inhabitants. The deed to this property, which was sold January 16, 1860, by Rafael Gallardo and his wife Ascención Cota de Gallardo, to Juan Ducou (a Frenchman who came in from San Francisco) for \$458.00, illustrates the easy-going methods of the time in regard to description of property. The lot was described and bounded as follows:

North by a lot owned by Don Manuel Requena, east by Eternity Street, south by the lot of José Mascarel, and west by the lot of Pedro Mendez, fronting about 20 yards on said street, and extending back to the middle of the block by the same more or less.

The house consists of two wings built on an L plan, one facing the street, the other extending to the rear at the northern extremity of the building. This house had no *corredores*, and like the majority of houses in the old Pueblo, was without a fireplace. Grading within recent years has brought the street level three feet above the floors of these



Santa Cruz and Gallardo Adobes, 643-649 N. Broadway

two old houses, accentuating their natural low, squatty appearance.

### *La Casa de Francisco García*

This one was perhaps the most unexpected of all. Colossal billboards hide one side of it completely, while on the other side, behind a fence and a garden, the broad, sloping roof of a *corredor* conceals the adobe wall like the wide visor of a cap pulled down to shade a face. It huddles to the earth on a little promontory between Justicia Street and Broadway, at Sunset, that barely escaped the opening of the Broadway Tunnel. Someday still it will doubtless become a victim to progress—just a couple of scoops in a big steam shovel.

It was built in 1864 by one Francisco García, with adobe bricks made by Francisco Manzo, known in that day of nicknames as Chico Sorrillo—"little skunk". It is said that he endured his soubriquet for a century, dying at the age of 115 years, and that when he was 113 years old he mounted a white horse and made a figure in the Los Angeles Fiesta parade.

The adobe became the home of Henry Boring and his wife Isabel Acuña de Boring. It was the birthplace of



At Sunset and North Broadway. The García Adobe may be seen immediately at left of tunnel entrance.

their daughter Cleofís, who married Tomás Botello, Los Angeles' first Chief of Detectives.

Houses of adobe had to be constructed during the dry season, and preferably early enough to allow two or three months for them to dry out thoroughly before occupancy. After that the sturdy walls would provide ideal protection against both heat and cold. It was intended that this house Francisco García was building should be two stories high, but the rainy season came on too soon—when only the walls of the first story were finished—so a *brea* roof was clapped on hastily, and the house has remained ever since just as they finished it then, except that shakes soon replaced the *brea*. Most of the wood used in the building is said to have come from the Cahuenga hills.

*La Casa de Don Pedro Ybarra—913 North Broadway*

Hidden behind a parking station next door to the Baker Iron Works, stands the adobe built by Don Pedro Ybarra over 80 years ago, when North Broadway was just a dusty



bridle path. Señorita Arcadia Ybarra still occupies the house and tends the remaining portion of a once extensive garden, where two dark cypress trees grow ever taller with advancing age.

Señorita Ybarra received me with traditional Spanish-Californian courtesy, and as we sat in her little store at the front of the deep lot where the adobe holds its own, quaint and still, in the midst of a noisy whirlpool of modern life, she conjured for me pictures of a forgotten time there on "Eternity Street".

She recalled the days before the present shingled roof replaced the original flat one, and laughingly she told how globules of *brea* that one might pull from the roof on warm days provided what the children deemed excellent chewing gum. There was a well in the yard that supplied water for the family's ordinary use, but washing was done in the *zanja* which ran down the gully on the east side of Broadway back of where the Iron Works are today—then a branch of the system of open ditches leading from the Los Angeles River, which provided the Pueblo's water supply.

### MISIÓN SAN GABRIEL DE ALCALÁ

In spite of street cars and pavements, the little town of San Gabriel seems always to be reposing in the memory of brave days one hundred years ago, when San Gabriel de Alcalá was the richest of all the missions, and the venerable seat of wealth and power to which the neighboring hamlet of Los Angeles rendered respectful homage. In the still shadows of this past glory stand the very oldest houses of Los Angeles County.

Most of them seem to have been built in the early years of the Mission's prosperity. All of them are constructed in the very simplest adobe style, without patios or verandahs or fireplaces. In the beginning the roofs were probably thatched with *tule* coated over with adobe. A few may have boasted tile at one time, but *brea* was the usual material.

Streets were unknown in Spanish California towns, and highways were little more than well-worn bridle-paths.





San Gabriel Mission.—“In the still shadows of its past glory stand the very oldest houses of Los Angeles County.”

Such a *camino de herradura* wandered lazily through old San Gabriel, curving in an L shape down past the Mission and through the groves of the Fathers' planting. Where it passed in front of the Mission the clustered *tule jacals* or huts of the Indians bordered it. The adobes of the Mission retainers were scattered here and there about the plain to right and left of it, according as the need or fancy of the builders had dictated. Thus one finds them today, at unexpected turns and corners about the town. But that is the way with all the adobes. One never knows which turn of the road will disclose a new one twinkling through the swaying branches of ancient trees that tower beside like giant Janizaries, faithfully standing guard until the end.

#### *The Little Room of Father Serra*

It is the tradition at San Gabriel that the Great Missionary once occupied this humble brown room, and the hallowed memory of his presence has preserved it through



Father Serra's Room.--"A bit shabby but still solid it stands in the corner of a peaceful convent garden.—Here the *madres*—come to rest and meditate."

the harsh years that have destroyed every other vestige of the Mission building of which it was a part.

A bit shabby but still solid, it stands in the corner of a peaceful convent garden on Santa Anita Street at the north-western extremity of the Mission grounds. Before its door a square curbing of grey stone marks the edges of an ancient cistern, now filled with earth and the sparse blossoming of old-fashioned flowers.

Today the convent shelters the Sisters of Perpetual Adoration. In red serge dresses and black wimples they move about the garden and the chapel. . . figures from illuminated Medieval manuscripts such as Serra must have leaved reverently in the convents of his youth. They are refugees from Mexico, and not yet have they mastered the intricacies of English. But they know and cherish the memory of the founder of the Missions, and the flowers they had placed on a little altar in his adobe room were

bright against the plastered wall. There were prints of the Saints, a table, and some benches. Here the *madres*, as the nuns are called, come to rest and meditate, and here sometimes one of them will sit with the small Mexican girls from the neighboring parochial school, who are their adoring daily visitors, teaching them to sew the fine stitches that only nuns know how to make.

It is fitting, this unassuming memorial.

*The Very Oldest House—308 West Mission Blvd.*

The beautiful vine-covered adobe home of Colonel Purcell is said to have been built three years before the Mission church was erected, for a dwelling-house for the friars in charge of the Mission. From time to time internal evidence has been unearthed which certainly points to very great antiquity.

The older portion of the house consists of a long rectangle to which an adobe addition was made about seventy-five years ago, so that the house is now shaped somewhat like a T, with *corredores* outlining the new wing and the exposed ends of the old front. Last year, when renovating a room in the older portion, a floor of 6 inch pine, laid some forty years ago, was taken up. Beneath that a floor of 8 inch redwood was found and removed, and beneath *that* lay irregular planks of native live-oak, almost completely disintegrated.<sup>1</sup> Raising these crumbling boards disclosed the old, old tiles of the first floor of all. A touch of romance and mystery was there in the corroded remnant of an archaic steelyard which lay deeply embedded among the broken tiles. Old Dutch coins, small cast iron cannon balls and bronze grape shot have been dug up at other times about the house and grounds.

In 1852 Judge Volney E. Howard bought this adobe from one Mr. Hildreth. There is evidence indicating that Hugo Reid once owned the property, which was known as Rancho Las Tunas, and Henry Dalton is also indicated as

<sup>1</sup>The native live-oak wood decays rapidly, and was used by the early Spanish builders only when nothing else could be obtained. A live-oak log with the bark still on it formed the lintel over one of the windows of this house. Possibly the woodwork was all of this type originally, then replaced at an early date with more durable lumber.





Adobe home of Col. Purcell in San Gabriel. "—it is said to have been built three years before the Mission church was erected for a dwelling place for the friars in charge of the Mission."

an owner previous to Hildreth. In those days the little rancho was completely surrounded by a hedge of cactus or *tuna* such as the Mission fathers planted to protect their groves and orchards from the inroads of marauding Indians or cattle. In 1880 this hedge was about 50 feet thick.

It was probably in Judge Howard's time that the new wing and the shingled roof were added. The *brea* covering of the *corredores* was retained until later. I find this mention of Howard's residence at San Gabriel: "Here with Kewen (at the Old Mill) as his neighbor, Howard and his talented wife, a lady of decidedly blue-stockings tendencies, took up their residence near the San Gabriel Mission, and he became one of the most reliable attorneys in Los Angeles. . ."<sup>1</sup> Two or three miles was no distance at all between neighbors in those days.

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<sup>1</sup>Newmark, *Sixty Years in Southern California*, p. 55.





The López Adobe in San Gabriel. "—doubtless one of the old Mission buildings."

*La Casa Vieja de López—330 North Santa Anita Ave.*

This is doubtless one of the old Mission buildings, also, for it is evidently of quite ancient construction. Recently redecorated by Doña María López de Lowther, whose family have occupied the adobe for many years, it is a captivating example of what the adobe home may be. A portion of the building next door to La Casa Vieja is of adobe, also probably a remnant of the old Mission settlement.

*The Adobe of the Grape Vine—Mission Blvd.*

Many alterations have been made in this adobe during the century or more of its existence. Projects for street-widening threaten its destruction from time to time, and apparently a portion of it has already been sacrificed to that cause. The extraordinary grape vine, extending over a *ramada* 100 feet in circumference, has lent fame to this adobe, whose history, as gathered from the occupants, is

rather hazy, although it can doubtless lay claim to real antiquity.

Originally it seems to have been laid out along generous lines. Where now there are two rooms there is evidence that there was originally but one, at least 30 feet long and approximately 13 feet wide, in which the beams traversed the shorter dimension, just opposite in direction to those supporting the present roof. The ends of the remaining original beams protrude a foot or so from under the roof and have been whittled down and fitted at right angles into holes bored in the later beams. These latter are by no means new, however, and must have been installed at least half a century ago.

*La Casa de Doña Luz Vígare—South Ramona Street*

In an old adobe somewhat south of the town lives Doña Luz Vígare, great-granddaughter of a soldier of the Mission guard. The dimensions of her adobe home are generous, and one is immediately impressed by the rather exceptional height of the ceiling. The ancient beams have been covered by a modern roof above and a flat ceiling below. The old lean-to adobe *cocina* which used to extend at the rear has fallen, and the old *corredor* has become a "front porch."

*The Sales Grant Adobe—Twin Palms Drive*

A small adobe, with very low ceiling, and a narrow *corredor* with an abruptly angled roof. It stands on land that was granted to Francisco Sales in 1845, and probably was built about that time. The local tradition has it that this roof once had the honor of sheltering Governor Alvarado.

The little house became the home of the Mulocks in 1866, when there were but two houses between there and the Pueblo of Los Angeles. They occupied the adobe for many years, and as their sons grew up they became men too tall for comfortable exit and entrance through its low doorways. Alterations were therefore made to suit their height, and now after some years, the old walls have weakened in these places, so that this quaint place cannot be counted upon to last indefinitely, as many of the others will do if properly protected.

It is an L shaped adobe, with several rooms, each about ten feet square. There were no windows in it, originally, but an outside door in each room. No fireplace was built into the house, and traces of a fire were found in the middle of the floor of one of the rooms. Such inside fires were not the custom, however.

Fig trees with huge hoary trunks, planted in regular rows, seem to be evidence of an outlying Mission orchard, and to this day volunteer vines of Mission grapes spring up annually at various spots about the ranch.

*"The May Place"—725 West Carmelita Street*

This too, is doubtless a very old adobe, but it is now modernized somewhat out of character.

RANCHO SAN RAFAEL

In reward for valiant services to the King of Spain as a soldier in the California military, José María Verdugo, who had served many years in the Mission guard at San Gabriel, was given the first private land grant of California. The date of the conveyance was October 20, 1784, and the rancho was San Rafael, that embraced 36,000 acres of grazing land, and spread out from the Arroyo Seco westward to Misión San Fernando, including the sites of many future towns. . . Glendale, Eagle Rock, Verdugo City, and others.

*La Casa de Catalina Verdugo*

When Don José María died, in 1831, his vast holdings were bequeathed to his son Júlio and his daughter Catalina. Thirty years later the brother and sister divided the land equally between them, Júlio taking the southern portion and Catalina taking the northern half. For the most part Doña Catalina's half was rugged and mountainous country, cut up into many mysterious cañons, where small streams meandered southward, and willows and sycamores and the majestic live oak grew in unchecked profusion. But the surpassing loveliness of these living landscapes that were her own demesne, was not for the eyes of Doña Catalina, for she had become blind when still a young girl. She had not married, and now she was growing very old,





The Verdugo Adobe. Of the five adobe homes built by the Verdugos on Rancho San Rafael this alone remains.

without a roof of her own to shelter her on all that vast property. Here and there about the Rancho she went, living with one and then another of her brother's thirteen stalwart sons,—but she wanted a home of her own, where she could settle down and live out her years in peace, and so at last it was arranged with her nephew Teodoro, when he had married, that he should build an adobe on her land, and that there he and his family and the ancient Doña Catalina should live together.

Dona Cataliña's house was finished by Teodoro more than fifty years ago. It was the last one built by the Verdugos, and is the only one remaining of the several adobes they erected on the Rancho. Even though it is secluded far up in Verdugo Cañon where human visitors must have been rare indeed in the Old Days, modern life has found it out. The pretentious homes of an exclusive subdivision are crowding up around it now. It is a small, modest place, but full of charm and romance, and some one cares enough



to maintain it excellently, although it is not occupied. Its broad, vine-covered *corredor* looks out upon a historic old garden, still verdant with all manner of old-fashioned trees and shrubs—cypress, orange, pomegranate, oleander, and olive.

### RANCHO SAN PEDRO

Rancho San Pedro, whose 45,000 acres of alfilería-covered grazing land stretched over hill and valley and plain from the seacoast at San Pedro up the estuary half way to Los Angeles, was the third Spanish grant of California, and is distinguished as one of the very few of these ancient properties that have remained in possession of the heirs of the original owner.

San Pedro was one of five ranchos in private possession in 1795, held under Governor Pedro Fages' provisional grant of 1784, which assigned it to Juan José Dominguez. In 1822 the grant was confirmed by Governor Sola to Sargento Cristobal Dominguez, as nephew and heir of Don Juan José, but it is the name of Don Manuel Dominguez that is most often connected with Rancho San Pedro. Don Manuel took charge of the great estate in 1825, and lived there until his death in 1882. These were fifty-seven vigorous, productive years, that made the name of Don Manuel Dominguez one to be recorded with honor in the annals of his state. Bancroft calls him "one of the sterling men of the old regime", and Major Horace Bell writes heartily that "among all the misfortunes that befell the great proprietors of California this iron octogenarian almost alone stands as an oak midst the desolation around him". The integrity of Don Manuel was known far beyond the confines of his rancho and its business, and he held many public offices, in city, county, and state.

### *La Casa Dominguez*

It is a house of Don Manuel's that one sees today on a hillside to the right hand of Truck Boulevard, a mile or so out from the town of San Pedro, and in its chapel numerals in a stained-glass window set into the thick adobe wall record the date 1826.



In the Chapel of the Dominguez Adobe. "The old homestead was given as a memorial a few years ago to the Claretian Order and is now part of the seminary for young priests."

The old homestead was given as a memorial by a Dominguez descendent a few years ago, and is now a seminary for young priests of the Claretian Order. The venerable adobe has been remodeled to fulfil their needs for classrooms and dormitories, and the building has been

enlarged by adding a new wing, also of adobe construction. The stucco finish and the arches on the east front are decidedly modern, and while in the subdued and earnest piety of its atmosphere today it is just a little difficult to reclaim the picture of its vigorous past, still the shaded *corredor* cradles a shadowy reminiscence of a former day. Then the old rancho was the nearest dwelling to the port of San Pedro, and from his friendly door Don Manuel dispensed the traditional hospitality of Alta California with a largesse that was fairly royal, while the lovely daughters of the Dominguez made this house an abode of comfort and gay charm where guests lingered enchanted.

Rancho San Pedro was among the first in California, maintaining some 10,000 head of cattle and half as many horses. From the windows of the adobe one might watch the activities of the vast herds, with the jaunty *vaqueros* moving skillfully among them, or discern the approach of visitors from the port or from Los Angeles. Within its walls



Dominguez Adobe as it appears today as a dormitory of the Claretian College.





Mission San Fernando, where the Picos made their home for a quarter of a century.

anxious women passed the breathless hours listening, and waiting, and praying, while on their own land their men opposed the invading Gringos in the Battle of Dominguez Rancho in 1847. Then peace was restored and there were *bailes* and *fiestas* again,—with Gringos included; “the broad doors were thrown open at the Casa Dominguez, . . . and with the genial Dr. John Brinckerhooff as interpreter and master of ceremonies, the balls, entertainments and company at the Dominguez house were of the best in all California.”<sup>1</sup>

#### RANCHO EX-MISIÓN SAN FERNANDO

After the Secularization, the Missions were tossed like the feathered cork in a merciless game of battledore and shuttlecock, inspired by avarice, and played by the Government of Mexico, the Governors of California, and the secular Administrators of the Missions. During the adminis-

<sup>1</sup>Major Horace Bell, *Reminiscences of a Ranger*, p. 299.



tration of Governor Pico the ruin of what was left of them was consummated. At first they were sold or rented in batches to the highest bidders, and thus several thousand acres, including the site of the old Misión of San Fernando Rey, were leased for nine years from December, 1845, to Andrés Pico, brother of the Governor and gallant leader of the California forces at San Pascual.

Then in March, 1846, "an Act of the Departmental Assembly of California made the Missions liable to the laws of bankruptcy, and authorized the Governor to sell them to private persons." In the same year the President of Mexico ordered Governor Pico to use all means within his power to raise money to defend the country against the United States, and with this double authorization, Don Pío, desperately intent on holding the Province against the Americans, began to sell the Missions right and left. Six months before the coming of Frémont, Rancho San Fernando was sold to Juan Celís for \$14,000. In 1854, at the expiration of his lease, Don Andrés bought from Celís an undivided half-interest in the rancho for \$15,000.

Thus the old Mission, shorn of its quondam magnificence, divested of its herds, its neophytes scattered to the four winds, became the country home of Don Andrés Pico. Here they drove the Pico stock, celebrated as the best-blooded horses in the state, and quartered them, when need was, in the very buildings that had housed the multifarious activities of the Mission. In a few of the better rooms of the vast, rambling building, already beginning to show signs of the ruin so soon to overtake it, Don Rómolo Pico, the General's nephew, made his permanent home, while Don Andrés came there often to lead the peaceful life of a farmer in the brief interims between his duties at the Pueblo as "State Senator, editor of the Spanish paper, deputy sheriff, and receiver of the Land Office under President Franklin Pierce."

Some distance northwestward from the Mission, in the present bed of the San Fernando Reservoir, stood the adobe home of Don Gerónimo Lopez, at that day the only other habitation in the whole San Fernando region. Beside the Mission buildings and the distant house of Don Gerónimo,



General Andrés Pico, who once owned half of Rancho Ex-Misión San Fernando and whose country home was in the Valley.

with here and there a trace of the groves the Fathers had planted, the valley lay fallow, in its pristine form, the variant golden beauty of its broad acres hemmed with the incomparable lapis hills, with moving brown herds of the cattle and horses of the Picos and Lopez alone enlivening the landscape.

All this was soon to change. Gringos came, who in their minds' eyes saw wheat and farms rising from that





Ruins of Adobe of Andrés and Rómulo Pico near San Fernando Mission.  
"It was a charming place, well proportioned and comfortable."

fertile soil where the wild oats and mustard grew so high, and they set about to realize their visions. Isaac Lankershim bought the lower half of the valley for \$115,000, and soon enough, farms and sheep and wheat grew there according to his prophecy.

Even after the sale of the southern half of the rancho, however, times were hard for the Picos and Celís. Senator McClay, a San Francisco pioneer of 1851, had dreamed of farms and orchards and industries for the northern half of the valley, and when he learned that the grantees of the rancho were about to lose their holdings, he made a flying trip to San Francisco and raised the money to purchase 57,000 acres. His partners in the venture were George K. and B. F. Porter, also of San Francisco. The day of wheat and farms, of subdivision and the town of San Fernando, had come. The *vaquero* and his restless herds passed forever from the valley of Misión San Fernando.

*La Casa de Andrés y Rómolo Pico*

In selling the rancho Don Andrés retained for himself a little holding known as the Pico Reserve. Here in 1873 he and Rómolo built a beautiful adobe home, situated a quarter of a mile southwest of the sombre pile that had been the Mission.

It was a charming place, well-proportioned and comfortable. When I first saw it a year ago, abandoned and dilapidated though it was, it seemed to me one of the most attractive of all the adobe houses of this county, and at that time complete restoration would not have been difficult nor expensive.

The ground plan is unique, consisting of a central rectangular portion with one single-story lean-to room extending to the rear at either end to frame a miniature patio, where four giant eucalypti grow at the corners of a square, and drop their curved leaves upon the adobe mound that was once an oven.

The sloping roof was shingled, with the adobe built up clear to the peak at either end. The south wall enclosed a chimney, with a small open fireplace downstairs. The stairway was of wood, and outside, of course, at the opposite end of the house.

There was a *corredor* along the front, its roof projecting from under the little square windows that let the morning light into the rooms above. The foundation was of stone, and there was a little paving of brick around each of the several patio doorsteps. The interior color scheme must once have been light and refreshing—whitewashed walls with green-blue woodwork, and a brown, unpainted floor.

There is no material more enduring than adobe, *if* it is protected from the weather, but when the eaves become broken and the water gets to the walls, the plaster breaks, and the rain reaches the bricks, washes against them, wears them down, and destruction is complete, in a surprisingly short time. The walls do not fall, they are worn down, lower and lower each year, until at last they have simply melted away into unmarked mounds on the valley floor.



Such is the depressing fate that now swiftly approaches the once lovely adobe of the brave Alta Californian general. Today there are many seemingly poverty-stricken Mexicans living in the district around it, and usually one or two may be seen loitering about the old adobe that stands so lonesomely now in the midst of a broad stubble field. Mexican girls and women go past it at morning and noon and night from a nearby factory. They take no more notice of the old house than they do of the row of stunted palms that linger half-heartedly before it. For them it has no meaning, and it looks more lonesome and abandoned than ever when they go trooping by, chattering in high voices.

Some eucalyptus trees mark the line where the edge of the *corredor* used to be, for in one night of destruction a year ago *corredor* and stairway and all other detachable lumber was carried off by unknown vandals. I have visited the home of Don Andrés again, and its melancholy aspect has filled me with despair. In one short year, this, one of the most attractive adobes of all, has reached a state of decay from which only heroic measures can rescue it, while a year ago it would have been easy to have prolonged its existence indefinitely. Now the entire roof has gone the mysterious way of the *corredor* and staircase. The storms have got in. The plaster is falling off. The floor is gone, and a ragged hole gapes from ridge pole



Sketch of the San Fernando Valley and the Mission made in 1852.



López Adobe in San Fernando. "—the house is of a delightful quaintness."

to ground level, where the bricks of the fireplace and chimney have been torn from the wall.

#### *La Casa de Gerónimo Lopez*

Here is a chance to speak of something more cheerful. In 1878 Don Gerónimo decided to move into the new town of San Fernando, which had begun to boom about 1873, and his son Valentino built for him the adobe that stands at the corner of Pico and McClay Streets. During the last year it has been restored and reoccupied by one of Don Gerónimo's descendents. A new tile roof lends elegance, but the original shakes were in better harmony. Tile roofs were forgotten and not yet foreseen again, in 1878, but anyway, the house is of a delightful quaintness, for its smooth adobe walls are adorned with an elaborate wood trim executed in the Victorian jigsaw manner. . . rather surprising, but jauntily attractive. Still clinging to the old form, the house is of two-story construction with an outside stairway, and a two-story *corredor* around three sides, and there is a captivating old-time front garden, with



The old Porter Adobe, first building in San Fernando.

palms, and roses, and smooth, round rocks built into urns and things.

### *The First Office Building of San Fernando*

A small quadrilateral adobe building, with a high shingled roof, stands at the corner of Pico and McClay Streets, to remind you of George K. and B. F. Porter, the first subdividers of the valley, who built it in 1873. It was the first building in the town of San Fernando, and they used it as their office.

### RANCHO SAN PASQUAL

Once a part of the vast properties of Misión San Gabriel, Rancho San Pascual was given to Doña Eulalia Pérez de Guillén, California's oldest woman, in recognition of her long devotion to the mission work.

José, the son of Doña Eulalia's cousin, Estéban Pérez, was the first white man to build a home on the rancho. This was in 1839. It had cost him six horses and ten head of





"Adobe Flores"—Here the Californians held their last council of war before the surrender of General Andrés Pico to General John C. Fremont.

cattle to buy out the interest of another heir to Doña Eulalia's three square leagues of oak-dotted grazing land.

*La Casa de Jose Pérez—"Adobe Flores"*

The house that José built still keeps a quiet watch over the long vista toward the sea from its vantage on the southern slope of Raymond Hill in South Pasadena. There it nestles among old trees, impervious to the ceaseless traffic stream so near it on Fair Oaks Avenue, and seems to muse upon vanished scenes of a swift century of changes. Ninety winters it has witnessed the greening of the winter plains, ninety seasons it has seen them grow brown again in the summer sun. Long gone are the cattle that grazed there. The sheep are gone. No more is the coming of visitors from Los Angeles below heralded far-off by a cloud of yellow dust moving across the golden undulations of the valley.

"Adobe Flores", as it is called today, is a private residence, but it is permissable and well worth while to



observe it from the road at the foot of Raymond Hill, which passes close by its door. The style of the building is particularly charming, and it is a choice example of what perfect harmony may obtain between an Alta California adobe and the native landscape. The west ell of the building is the older portion, built by Don José, while the other wing was added a little later. In spite of having been built near the ovens of Misión San Gabriel, the tile roof is not original.

Death came upon Don José in 1840, before he was able to complete buildings and stock the rancho as required by the Mexican law. By default the land reverted to the public domain and was taken up by Manuel Garfías, son-in-law of Doña Encarnación Avila, whose old home has already received our attention as a famous Plaza landmark.

A little less than ten years after the adobe was built by Don José came the Americans, conquest-bent. At the adobe on the Plaza, Doña Encarnación trembled in fear, and prayed for the defeat of the Gringos. At the adobe of Rancho San Pascual Doña Luisa, her daughter, endured the days of anxiety while her husband took part in the futile resistance of the Californians.

Don Manuel served as an officer on Flores' staff in the gallant last gesture at La Mesa, and that night followed his General in the retreat of the hopeless little army to Rancho San Pascual. From the deep casements of the adobe Doña Luisa could see the dark figures of the California horsemen silhouetted against the gloomy sky on top of the hills of South Pasadena, as they watched through the night for the American cavalry whom they expected to pursue them. And while they stood guard, straining eyes and ears into the secretive darkness, General Flores and his staff held their last council, there at San Pascual. Surrender was inevitable, all that remained was to decide their course. Andrés Pico was left in supreme command, and Flores and Manuel Garfías, who were commissioned officers in the Mexican Army, sadly took leave of their friends and the distraught woman at the adobe, and in the darkness of the night of January 11, started off for safety and Sonora.

Meantime, the pursuing American cavalry for whom



The Old Mill. Built more than a century ago by the padres of San Gabriel Mission.

they watched were pressing on the other way, toward Los Angeles, where the next day Commodore Stockton made history in the deserted house of Doña Encarnación on the Plaza.

### *El Molino Viejo*

The famous old mill built under direction of the fathers of Misión San Gabriel more than 100 years ago, was so long the residence of Col E. J. C. Kewen, "the silver-tongued orator of California", that some people think it proper to list it as one of the extant domestic adobes. Col. Kewen purchased the mill and made some alterations to adapt it for use as a home, and lived there with his family until 1879. It has recently been remodeled by the Huntington estate and is again in use as a residence.

### *La Casa de Miguel Blanco*

Michael White was his real name, but when he came to California in 1829, after seafaring along the coast for a



The old Michael White Adobe, with two story frame wing. It stands on north side of Huntington Boulevard just west of "La Ramada."

time, his name was translated into Spanish. He obtained a grant of land 500 varas square "just north of Misión San Gabriel, and just west of the Titus and Rose Ranch. He went there in 1843 and lived there many years." In 1831 he had married a daughter of Doña Eulalia de Guillén. Later on Miguél sold the vineyard and orchard he had grown to L. H. Titus, and still later it became the property of James Foord.

One section of a decrepit adobe, to which has been added a two-story frame wing built of ship siding such as was used here as early as 1865, stands in an orange grove some distance back from the street on the north side of Huntington Blvd., just west of "La Ramada", the very much built-over and added-on-to adobe of the renowned Titus Ranch. As it was identified for me by an "old-timer" as "the old Foord place", I am inclined to believe that this adobe was once the home of Miguél Blanco.



## RANCHO LOS NIETOS

Don Manuel Nieto received the second of the great Spanish land grants of California in 1784, just a few months after San Rafael had been assigned to Julio Verdugo, and just three years after the founding of the little farming settlement of Los Angeles. Don Manuel's newly-acquired holding lay to the southwest of the embryo pueblo, and included all the land between the Santa Ana and San Gabriel Rivers from the hill country to the sea.

In time the vast tract was divided into five smaller ranchos,—Santa Gertrudes, Los Coyotes, Las Bolas, Los Cerritos, and Los Alamitos—held by Don Manuel's five heirs.

The two latter *ranchos* covered the site of the present city of Long Beach. On each of them still stands an old adobe home of unusual interest.

## RANCHO LOS ALAMITOS

This immense tract passed from the Nieto heirs into the hands of Don Abel Stearns in the early forties, and became his country home, as well as the grazing ground for thousands of his cattle. For twenty years thereafter life at Los Alamitos was the colorful scene of the activities and diversions of a wealthy and prosperous *ranchero*, although the Stearns did not make it their home continuously.

The awful years of 1863 and 1864 brought the prosperity of Southern California's cattle barons to a tragic close. No more than four inches of rain fell in 1863, and the thirsty land dragged out the days until March of 1864 without so much as a shower. The famished cattle roamed the plains in wild and futile search for food and water. Don Abel lost 50,000 head of livestock by starvation, the 26,000 beautiful acres of Los Alamitos were advertised for sale on account of unpaid taxes amounting to \$152.00, and at last went to satisfy a \$20,000 mortgage held by Michael Reese of San Francisco. In the early seventies his heirs sold the rancho to the Bixbys, who converted it into a vast sheep range.





"Like the Yankee Don Abel Stearns at Los Alamitos, Temple made Los Cerritos his country home." Dona Arcadia Bandini-Stearns and Dona Rafaela Cota-Temple (right) were the respective mistresses of these palatial adobe homes.

#### *La Casa de Los Alamitos*

The ranch house, which is situated on a little knoll some distance east of Long Beach on Anaheim Blvd., is a private residence, still the home, as it has been for fifty years, of one branch of the Bixby family. While it was never as pretentious a place as Los Cerritos, and has undergone more additions and alterations, the privileged visitor finds in it the example *par excellence* of the beauty, richness, and comfort that may be expressed in an adobe home.

The proportions of Los Alamitos are unusually spacious, while its walls, more than three feet thick, and the simple quadrilateral form of its older, original portion, tend to bear out the belief held by many who know the old house and its story intimately, that it was built by one of the original owners of the rancho, at an early time, possibly over a century ago.

#### RANCHO LOS CERRITOS

By 1840 Don Manuel Nieto's descendants were very numerous. Rancho Los Cerritos was held jointly by the 12

Cotas—five brothers and seven sisters. One of these, Señorita Rafaela, married the Yankee Don Juan Temple, who bought out the shares of the other members of her family, and with his lovely bride took possession of the estate.

### *La Casa de Don Juan Temple*

In 1844 Don Juan built the famous adobe ranch house that still stands, abutting on the grounds of the Virginia Country Club, just outside of Long Beach.

The shrewd and genial Yankee had found life in Mexico and California so pleasant and profitable that he became a Mexican citizen and took a California wife. He was said to have been at one time the wealthiest man in Mexico, and was undoubtedly one of the wealthiest in California. Like the Yankee Don Abel Stearns at Los Alamitos, Temple made Los Cerritos his country home, and maintained another residence in the Pueblo. And if Don Abel's city home was a palace, Don Juan's country place was a manor—almost, for it was rudely fortified—it could comparatively be called a castle.

Don Juan's house is the only adobe extant in Los Angeles County that has a completely enclosed *patio*, and is by far the largest and most magnificent of any standing here today. It was built in a U shape, with a two-story central portion from which two long one-story wings extend, enclosing on three sides an enormous *patio*, with a high adobe wall pierced by a gateway wide enough to admit a *carreta*, shutting it in on the fourth side. Beyond this wall the ground slopes gently toward the willows of the river bottom a few rods distant. On this slope, looking toward the sunset, formerly lay the Italian garden dear to the heart of Don Juan.

The red bricks that show here and there as the remains of a walk around the patio, and the paving of the *corredores*, was brought around the Horn to California from New England, while the woodwork in the house is of hand-finished redwood from the north. The original flat roofs were covered with *brea*, but when in 1866 Don Juan sold Los Cerritos to Jotham Bixby, the Bixbys very soon replaced



"Los Cerritos"—"To cross the threshold of Los Cerritos is veritably to enter through a doorway into the past."

them with shakes, first over the middle section, then over the wings.

To cross the threshold of Los Cerritos is veritably to enter through a doorway into the past. In the dreamy atmosphere of the deserted patio scenes of the Old Days live again for those of sympathy and imagination. If you are lucky when you visit there, you will meet on the front *corredor*, or in some sunny corner of the patio an old, old *vaquero* whose dim eyes seem ever to be engaged with visions of another time, thirty years and more ago, when Jotham Bixby was the *patron* of the rancho and Mrs. Bixby his *patrona*,—days when the patio hummed with busy voices and stirred to the tread of many feet, nights when lights shone in the windows of the big upstairs *salas* and the sounds of the music and laughter of the *patron* and his guests drifted down into garden.

"To whom does the old house belong now?" I said to the aged Californian. "*Pues, a mí porque yo vivo aquí,*" was





Mr. and Mrs. Jotham Bixby. Mr. Bixby purchased Los Cerritos from Don Juan Temple in 1866 and then lived there for many years. It is still owned by the Bixby family.

his naive reply.<sup>1</sup> Thus a lord of the manor, he sometimes looks for a cigar, or a bit of silver, in acknowledgment of his hospitality, or extracts a dollar from the photographers he admits.

The south wing is divided into seven rooms of varying sizes, and there are about the same number of divisions in the north wing. Downstairs the front section is divided into numerous rooms and offices, while the upper floor, reached by a Yankee stairway inside, in the middle of the house, is divided into just two huge *salas*, or parlors, with windows along the patio side through which one may still see a beautiful sweeping view of the river, and gain a tiny picture of the primitive landscape, in spite of oil derricks on the horizon.

In the north wing a room immediately adjacent to the front section was used as the kitchen for the *patron* and

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<sup>1</sup>"Why, to me, because I live here." (The house actually belongs to the Llewellyn Bixby Estate).





"In the dreamy atmosphere of the deserted patio (of Los Cerritos), scenes of the Old Days live again for those of sympathy and imagination."

his family. Back of that were dormitories for the *vaqueros* and their families, until the last room toward the garden wall. Here a small iron-barred window suggests that it once served as a *calabozo* or jail for the recalcitrant. Isolated as the ranchos were, supporting groups of people so large that each rancho amounted to a small village in itself, the *calabozo* was often an essential adjunct of the *casa de campo*.

Across the patio in the south wing lie a series of picturesquely interesting rooms. The first two off the main central section of the house are paved with brick. All the others have dirt floors. In each room a doorway opens into the patio. The first of the brick-paved rooms was a bedroom, in the second there is a window as tall as the doorway, that is protected with a grille of iron bars. Possibly this was *la tiendita*, the little store which the *ranchero* often maintained for the convenience of his retainers in

that time when the nearest town was at least a day's journey away.

Next comes a long, dark room. It has no windows, but there is a wide doorway in the patio wall. The outer wall is pierced with a line of openings up near the roof that look like the portholes of a ship. They are scooped out of the adobe, rather like funnels, with the rounded opening about twice as large on the interior of the wall as on the outside. Beneath this row of loopholes there is a very strange fireplace. It has an adobe mantel, supported by two columns of adobe bricks set against the wall, but there is no chimney whatever, so that the mantel seems but a futile ornament against the smoke-blackened walls. The ancient *vaquero* declared that this room served in the old times as both kitchen and blacksmith shop. *Quien sabe?* It looks, too, as though it might have been a smoke house where they prepared jerked beef, immense quantities of which were included in the California diet then.

The four rooms beyond the *cocina* are claimed by the old *vaquero* to have been quarters for the cowboys and herdsmen. All but one of them now have wide carriage doorways cut in from the patio side. Doorways in the outer wall have been filled in with adobe bricks, and there is not a window in any of these rooms. But along the outer wall, high up under the beams, tiny loopholes, a group of two in each room, are formed by laying three adobe bricks end to end so as to leave a triangular opening.

It is in such memory-haunted and deserted places as Los Cerritos that you will best discover the spirit, the architecture, or whatever it is you are seeking, of old Alta California. The residences that have been listed here have all, in the interiors, at least, been adapted to the needs of modern living, and while they retain the alluring, time-laden atmosphere that clings about the walls of every old adobe, still they are the homes of modern people. History and romance unadulterated await you beyond the portals of Los Cerritos and La Casa Avila, and the others that stand lonesome and deserted, and they are the ones that cry out for your attention—to save them before it is too late.

(Concluded in next issue)

## The Extant Historic Adobe Houses of Los Angeles County

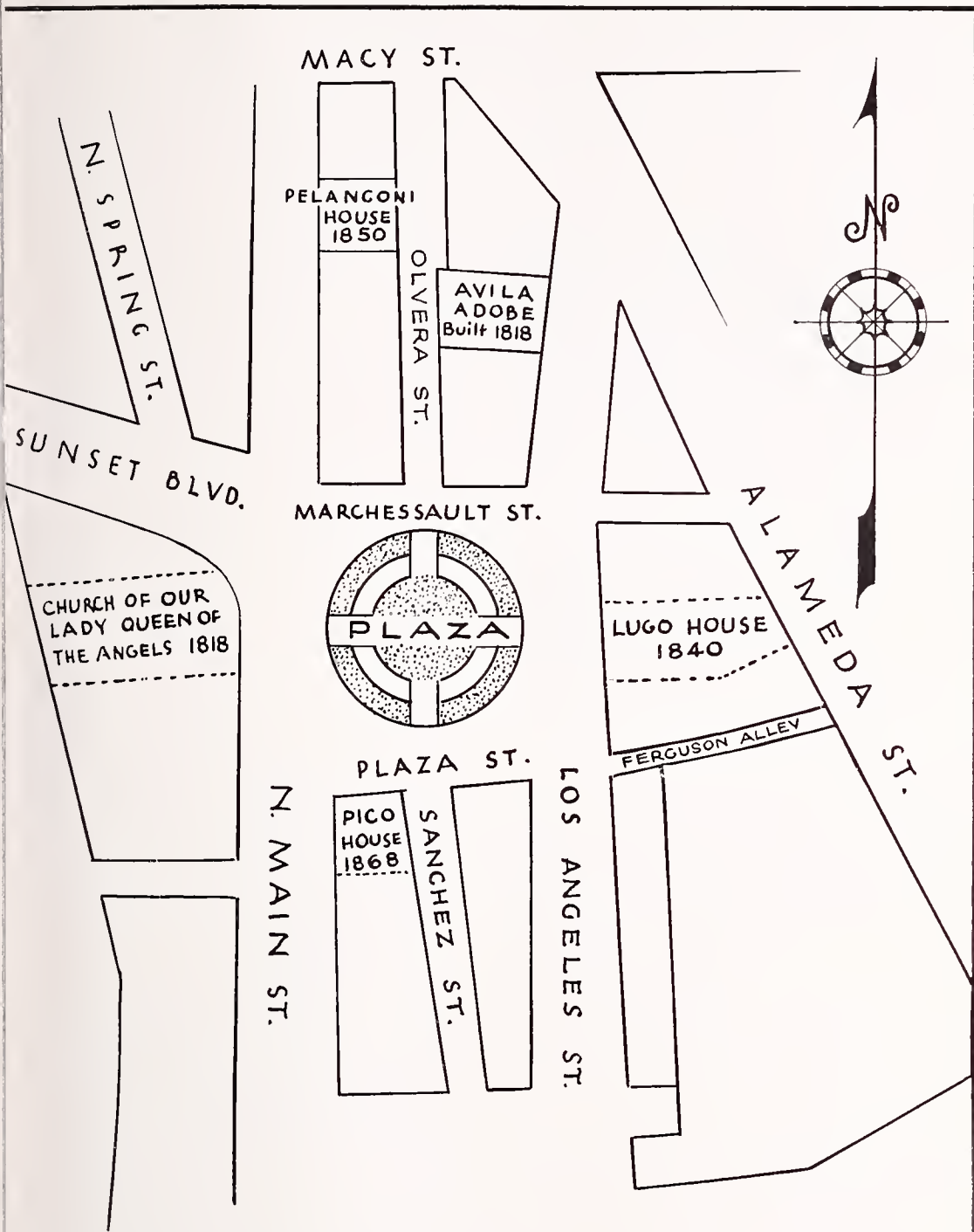
	Location	Condition	Identification
1. Los Angeles,	- Plaza (N. Los Angeles St.)	- rented, Chinese stores	- built by Vicente Lugo, c. 1835
2. "	- 14, 16, 18 Olvera St.	- maintained as landmark	- Doña Encarnación Avila, built about 1818, Stockton Headquarters, 1847.
3. "	- New High and Ord Sts.	- grocery store	-
4. "	- 708 New High St.	- tenants	-
5. "	- 630 Castelar St.	- tenants	-
7. "	- 721 Castelar St.	- tenants	- José Mascarel
8. "	- 913 N. Broadway	- residence of descendant of original owner	- built by Pedro Ybarra, c. 1848
9. "	- 728 N. Broadway	- tenants	- Ysabel Santa Cruz
10. "	- 643 N. Broadway	- tenants	- Ysabel Santa Cruz
11. "	- 640 N. Broadway	- tenants	- Rafael Gallardo
12. "	- 551 Justicia St.	- tenants	- built by Francisco Manzo, 1864
13. "	- 412 Sunset Blvd.	- tenants	- built by Jesus Manzo
14. "	- 664 N. Spring St.	- tenants	-
15. "	- 9th St. and Santa Fé Ave. (rounds of Hauser Packing Co.)	- used as club house	-
16. "	- 10th St. and Boyle Ave.	- ruin	- José María Lugo.
17. "	- Jefferson and Figueroa Sts.	- tenants	-
18. "	- Vernon and Mesa Drive (Sunset Golf Club)	- club house	- Rancho La Ciénega ó Paso de la Tijera, Francisco Avila, 1823 Tomás Sanchez, 1843
19. "	- Cadillac and Shenandoah	- to be restored by descendant of original owner	- Rancho Rincón de los Bueyes, built by Antonio José Rocha, 1865
20. Los Angeles	- Third and Fairfax Sts.	- residence	- Rancho La Brea, Antonio Rocha, 1828.

21.	"	"	- - - Griffith Park	- - - "restored"	- - - residence	- - - in use by nuns	- - - "Father Serra's Room"	Rancho Los Feliz, home of Anastasio Feliz, c. 1855 probably a Mission building,
22.	San Gabriel	- - -	330 Santa Anita	- - - residence	- - -	- - -	- - -	
23.	"	- - -	N. Santa Anita (Convent Grounds)	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	
24.	"	- - -	616 Ramona St.	- - - residence of builder	- - -	- - -	- - -	Juan Vígare, c. 1854
25.	"	- - -	328 W. Mission Blvd.	- - - residence	- - -	- - -	- - -	Mission building, c. 1776, home of Judge Volney E. Howard, 1852-1880
26.	"	- - -	725 Carnelita	- - - residence	- - -	- - -	- - -	probably Mission building
27.	"	- - -	Mission Blvd.	- - - residence	- - -	- - -	- - -	Sales Grant, built about 1845
28.	"	- - -	549 Twin Palms Drive	- - - unoccupied	- - -	- - -	- - -	Rancho San Rafael, built for Catalina Verdugo, c. 1860
29.	Glendale	- - -	Camulos Avenue (Verdugo Cañon)	- - - maintained	- - -	- - -	- - -	
30.	San Fernando	- - -	Pico and McClay Sts.	- - - residence of descendant of original owner	- - -	- - -	- - -	Valentine and Gerónimo Lopez, built in 1878
31.	"	- - -	McClay and Celís Sts.	- - - unoccupied	- - -	- - -	- - -	George K. and B. F. Porter, office, 1873
32.	"	- - -	Southwest of Old Mission	- - - ruin	- - -	- - -	- - -	Rancho Ex-Misión San Fernando, (Pico Reserve) built by Andrés and Rómolo Pico, 1873
33.	Owensmouth	- - -	Bell Rancho	- - - residence and adobe barn	- - -	- - -	- - -	Rancho El Escorpión, Odón, Miguel, and Espíritu Chijulla. Very old building. Probably Pierre Domec's place, c. 1845
34.	Chatsworth	- - -	Chatsworth Lake	- - - ruin	- - -	- - -	- - -	Miguel Leonís, built c. 1860
35.	Calabasas	- - -	Ventura Blvd.	- - - residence	- - -	- - -	- - -	Rancho El Encino, Vicente de la Osa, c. 1840
36.	Encino	- - -	Ventura Blvd.	- - - unoccupied but maintained	- - -	- - -	- - -	



37.	Santa Monica	- - Santa Monica Cañon	- - - - - unoccupied	- - - - -	Rancho Boca de Santa Mónica, Built by Pascual Marquez, c. 1865
38.	Inglewood	- - - Redondo Blvd. and Venice Way	- - - - - residence	- - - - -	Rancho Aguaje de la Centinela, Antonio Ignacio Abila
39.	San Pedro	- - - Truck Blvd. (Claretian Seminary)	- - - - - memorial	- - - - -	Rancho San Pedro, Manuel or Nasario Dominguez, c. 1825.
40.	Long Beach	- - - Long Beach Blvd. (Virginia Country Club)	- - - - - unoccupied	- - - - -	Rancho Los Cerritos, built by Juan Temple, 1844
41.	Long Beach	- - - Anaheim Blvd.	- - - - - residence	- - - - -	Rancho Los Alamitos
42.	Downey	- - - Downey Road and Baker Avenue	- - - - - residence of son of builder	- - - - -	Rancho San Antonio, built by Vicente Lugo, 1850
43.	Los Nietos	- - - Norwalk and Puente Mills Road	- - - - - residence	- - - - -	Rancho Santa Gertrudes, home of Governor J. G. Downey, c. 1857
44.	"	- - - west of Norwalk and Puente Mills Road in Santa Fé Springs Oil field	- - - - - abandoned	- - - - -	Rancho Santa Gertrudes Ramirez family
45.	Pico	- - - Whittier Blvd.	- - - - - maintained as landmark	- - - - -	"El Ranchito" or Rancho Paso de Bartolo, Pío Pico
46.	Montebello	- - - San Gabriel Blvd. and Lincoln Ave.	- - - - - residence, "restored"	- - - - -	Juan Matias Sanchez
47.	"	- - - San Gabriel Blvd. at Río Hondo Bridge	- - - - - residence	- - - - -	
48.	South Pasadena	- - - Raymond Golf Links	- - - - - residence	- - - - -	Rancho San Pascual, built by José Pérez, 1839
49.	"	- - - Old Mill Road	- - - - - residence	- - - - -	El Molino Viejo. Misión San Gabriel, c. 1818

50.	San Marino	- - -	Huntington Drive and San Gabriel Blvd.	- - -	La Ramada Inn	- - -	Titus Ranch.
51.	"	- - -	Huntington Drive near San Gabriel Blvd.	- - -	tenants	- - -	Rancho San Pascual Miguel Blanco, c. 1845
52.	Puente	- - -	Valley Blvd.	- - -	residence of descendant	- - -	Rancho La Puente, built by Wm. Workman, 1841
53.	"	- - -	southeast in hills	- - -	residence of descendant	- - -	Francisco Graziade, c. 1865
54.	Spadra	- - -	Valley Blvd. (Diamond Bar Ranch)	- - -	unoccupied but maintained	- - -	Rancho Los Nogales, part of Rancho San José, built by Ramón Vejar, 1849
55.	San Dimas	- - -	lower road, to La Verne	- - -	in use as chicken house	- - -	Rancho San José Tomás Palomares, c. 1860
56.	Pomona	- - -	1569 N. Park Avenue	- - -	residence	- - -	Rancho San José, built by Ignacio Palomares, c. 1837
57.	"	- - -	1475 N. Park Avenue	- - -	residence	- - -	Rancho San José, built by Ignacio Alvarado, c. 1840
58.	"	- - -	Cucamonga Rd. and Orange Grove Avenue	- - -	used as quarters for ranch hands	- - -	Rancho San José Ignacio Palomares, c. 1850
59.	Bouquet Cañon	-		- - -	unoccupied	- - -	Martín Ruiz, c. 1865
60.	San Francis- quito Cañon	-		- - -	unoccupied	- - -	Marta Caravajales and Juan Celis
61.	Bouquet Cañon	-		- - -	ruin	- - -	Delano, c. 1885
62.	Elizabeth Lake	-		- - -	residence	- - -	Miguel Ortiz, c. 1865
63.	"	-		- - -	residence of descendant of builder	- - -	built by Pedro Andrada, c. 1870
64.	Rancho La Lie- bre, near Fair- mont	-		- - -	in use	- - -	Rancho La Liebre, Rómolo Pico, c. 1875
65.	Placerita	- - -	Placerita Cañon	- - -		- - -	



MAP SHOWING PLAZA AND  
THE FEW REMAINING LANDMARKS



"Don Francisco Lopez was often called by his nickname, *Chico*."

"A daguerreotype was taken of me in my beautiful new clothes."





## THE AWAKENING OF PAREDON BLANCO UNDER A CALIFORNIA SUN

— By —

FRANCISCA LOPEZ DE BELDERRAIN\*

Standing as a great sentinel, overlooking the already established City of Nuestra Señora de Los Angeles, the great Paredon Blanco<sup>1</sup> thrived, flourished and produced manifold crops for its earliest inhabitants. Now Los Angeles was in its infancy, but life was there and around it. It was an industrious, home-loving life with its purposeful, manifold, wholesome and co-operative activities.

In 1826 there sat in the Council Chamber, officiating as Alcalde (Mayor) of the town of Nuestra Señora de Los Angeles, the illustrious Claudio Lopez who came to Alta California with Fr. Palou in 1773. His son, Esteban, acted as a councilman. Don Claudio not only served his community well officially, but gave more than forty years of his life assisting the missionaries to Christianize the aborigines of Alta California and to open up the country. In this way he helped to prepare a way for the prosperous development and growth of this fair land.

Being a good judge of land values, Don Esteban Lopez established his home on Paredon Blanco (White Bluff) ten years later. The land was granted to him by the Los Angeles Ayuntamiento on Sept. 28, 1835.<sup>2</sup>

Don Esteban's possessions on the east side of the river embraced many acres, some of which he divided among his children, reserving for himself and his second wife<sup>3</sup> that

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\* The author is the great-granddaughter of the famous Claudio Lopez y de Mora, who when a very young man assisted the missionaries in instructing the Indians in arts, crafts and agriculture, and who for over forty years was manager of San Gabriel Mission. His family was connected with the distinguished Lancaster family, known as Alencaster in Spain and Mexico. The paper is a distinct contribution to the history of Los Angeles. It proves that industry and agriculture were not confined to the great ranchos. Several facts are significant, the successful attempt at horticulture, on the outskirts of the Pueblo, the first successful attempt of raising cotton in the state, the making of filigree jewelry, an old art of Spain, and an ancient art of Mexico, the purchase of Indians as slaves at a very late date, and the active commercial intercourse with San Francisco during the fifties.—Note of Publication Committee.

1. Paredon Blanco (White Bluff) so called by the early Californians because it was covered with a fine white sand. The section is now known as Hollenbeck Heights.

2. Recorder's office, Book 4, p. 39, 411.

3. Children of Esteban Lopez and his first wife María del Sacramento Valdez; Four sons; Francisco, Julio, José, Antonio, Geronimo; four daughters; Concepción, Catalina, Josefa, Manuela. There were no children by the second marriage.

part between what is now Third and Fourth Streets. He built his home on the bluff about thirty feet south from the present site of Third Street. The house, built of adobe, faced the west, overlooking his possessions. Although modest in structure, it was comfortable. Immediately after the completion of his house, he began to prepare the land for the setting out of fruit trees and vines.

In a short time prosperity smiled on all sides and welcomed the foreigner. Soon after, Don Esteban established his younger son, Don Geronimo, on a piece of land south of where 7th street runs to-day. There Don Geronimo built an attractive house and cultivated the land in orchard and vineyard. Two children were born to Don Geronimo in this home, one of whom, J. J. Lopez, has been superintendent of the Tejon Rancho for over fifty years, ever since 1873. At that time the ranch was owned by General Edward F. Beal.

North of the home of Don Geronimo, one of his sisters, Manuela Lopez de Ruiz<sup>4</sup> had her house, an orchard and a garden. Another sister, Josefa Lopez de Carrion, built her house on the spot where the late Mr. Hollenbeck's residence stands on the edge of the bluff. She cultivated the lands below. Her son, Saturnino Carrion, sold the property to Mr. Hollenbeck about the year 1874. Don Saturnino then bought a large tract of land near the city of Pomona, where his children still live. Another daughter of Don Esteban, María de la Concepción Lopez married Don Ygnacio Palomares, owner of the big Rancho de San José, the site of Pomona. Another daughter, Catalina Lopez, married Dr. George Joseph Rice of Boston, Massachusetts. In 1835, Dr. Rice took his family east. With him went also his seven year old brother-in-law, José Antonio Lopez, who did not return until a young man. When speaking of the east and his voyage around the perilous Cape Horn and to Alaska, his stories read like a fairy tale, especially his account of the shipwreck and his miraculous escape with the passengers

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4. At this house, she conducted one of the first boarding schools in Southern California (1838 to 1851). Among her pupils were Francisco and Luis Palomares, sons of Ygnacio Palomares, owner of the Rancho de San Jose. My sister, Juanita Lopez Warren Lazzarevich, also learned her first lessons in Aunt Manuela's school. She is now over eighty-five years old, but she relates with relish the mischievous behavior of these early California schoolmates.

floating for hours upon sugar casks and other wreckage. He told such marvelous tales that the Californians called them *mentiras* (lies).

In the year 1837, Don Esteban gave his son Francisco Lopez,<sup>5</sup> *mi padre*, a large tract of land as a wedding endowment. The land was next that of his father. The two properties were divided by a narrow water ditch. It took Don Francisco but a few years to transform the wild stretch of land into a veritable paradise. Don Francisco did not only look after his orchard and vineyard, but managed other affairs at the same time. In the autumn of 1849, he began to export grapes to San Francisco. His were the best and ripened earlier than any other in this part of the state. These grapes were sold for ten dollars per hundred pounds. After a while the crops were sold for several years in succession to Don Mateo Keller, who came to Los Angeles in 1850. Later, an Italian, named Trabucco, a merchant from San Francisco, bought the grapes and superintended the packing himself. In 1859, another merchant from San Francisco named Gilmore got a contract for the exportation of the grapes and directed the packing. Don Francisco also made wines from the grapes that were left and brandy from the sugar cane.

In 1851, Don Francisco had a contract from Mr. Phineas Banning for hauling freight from San Pedro to Los Angeles, using in this contract a train of over twenty-five *carretas* (ox carts). He also furnished lumber for building and took building contracts. He brought the lumber for Don Benito Wilson's home from a saw-mill which had been established in the San Bernardino Mountains.<sup>6</sup> Some time in the early fifties, Don Francisco and Don Mateo Keller planted a field with cotton on the west bank of the river, south of the Wolfskill tract in the southwest part of the city, which yielded a fine crop. Not finding a market for it in California, the industry was abandoned. This was the first successful attempt at raising cotton in the state.

5. Francisco Lopez was often called by his nickname, *Chico*. He married María del Rosario Almenarez y Ceseña.

6. This house was built on Mr. Wilson's Lake Vineyard Rancho, now a part of the Santa Anita Rancho (Lucky Baldwin estate). Originally, the property was part of the San Gabriel Mission lands. After secularization, it was granted to Claudio Lopez.



Don Francisco built his first house at the foot of the bluff; it was a large house of five rooms, built of adobe, and here some of his children were born. Nearby were the granaries, workingmen's quarters, tool rooms. There was, also, a *plateria* (silver smith shop) where two men made silver and gold filigree jewelry. The house had a long, wide corridor and in front was a large, shady grapevine arbor, the floor of which was kept covered with white sand. Many a joyous re-union took place in this charming arbor.<sup>7</sup>

In the year 1855, Don Francisco enlarged his already extensive holdings by the addition of a twenty-five acre orchard with all kinds of profitable fruit trees, sugar cane, and a vineyard. This property adjoined the original tract on the north side, extending his land north to Aliso Street, now Summit Avenue, and on the east to where Pleasant Avenue now runs. He acquired several other parcels of land by buying when good opportunity to do so was afforded.

Don Francisco's second house was built in the year 1858 on the high bluff, the site being seventy feet from the edge of the bluff. Here I was born. It was built of adobe and faced the dear, blessed town of Nuestra Señora de Los Angeles. The house had five spacious rooms, all nicely finished. The ceilings were of white canvas, adorned with pretty designs. Light-colored wood was used for the floors; the walls were white. A mopboard six inches high ran all along the walls of the parlor. It formed the base of a deep border about two and one-half feet high, imitating brown marble, headed by a brown moulding making a nice finish, and also serving as a protection for the wall, as the chairs were placed close to the wall. This room was about thirty feet long. It had two doors of exit, a French door with heavy wooden shutters. This faced the town. Besides the bolts, there was an iron bar which was laid across at the middle of the door on the inside. There were two large windows with twelve panes each. Since then I have taken a great dislike to paned windows with so many sharp corners. These windows had stout shutters. At each end of the parlor, a door opened into a bedroom. These had

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7. An arbor or *ramada* was a common feature of California country houses.



only one window each. They were like the other windows, with the addition of heavy iron bars, painted green. All of the woodwork on the outside of the house was painted green. The east door opened into the dining room, from there to a large corridor. At the north end there was a capacious pantry, next to it a baggage room. The house had a *brea* roof. Many houses in the town were roofed with *brea* (pitch) brought from the site of the Hancock Park pits, where the prehistoric animals were found. One day, after visiting the County Museum, I went to see my very aged Uncle Geronimo, who used to have oxen for the hauling of the *brea*. I told him among the anti-diluvian animals, I saw the heads of two oxen. With disgust, he exclaimed, "Before the flood, indeed! What will those scandalous gringos say next—those are simply the heads of the poor oxen I lost in the *brea*, the heads of my Pinto and my Hercules!" Later, the *brea* was torn off and a shingle roof was built over it, high enough for a spacious garret which was well utilized for storing fruits for winter.

Pears, apples, pomegranates were buried in white sand on shelves along the walls; also vegetables, and fine big bunches of ripe grapes hung on nails from the rafters, which would keep fresh until late in the winter. The principal rooms opened out on the long, wide corridor with fine red brick floor, supported by stout pillars entirely covered with different kinds of vines, the Passion flower predominating. These vines, in their growth, interlaced so as to form a thick, protecting rendezvous for numerous small birds. Linnets, robins, and tiny humming birds in their bright plumage flitted in and out, sucking honey from the Passion flower, and made music the livelong day. This porch used to be our schoolroom. Here, we, with two or three neighbors' children, learned our first letters. We had a nice old lady for our teacher, and here, too, we studied our catechism, and learned to say the Ten Commandments by heart. The porch was cool and shady, and screened from the wind by the vines. It made a lovely schoolroom. Here on this porch it was the custom, in the evenings, and especially in summer, for all the servants to kneel down and join in

prayer while my father said the Rosary for the family in the parlor.

Thirty feet away from the front of the corridor, there stood a grand old pepper tree decked with a profusion of great bunches of tiny creamy blossoms and here and there bright bunches of its red berries, forming in all a huge bouquet. Our home was exceedingly pleasant, as it stood fronting the grandeurs of the west and its sublime sunsets. Land made ready by the power of God for human hands to embellish! Embellished by the courageous civilizers that came with the immortal missionaries.

On the north side of the yard was a deep well which produced delicious, cool water, but there was just enough water for the use of the house, as the strong current at the bottom of the well would stop up the well with sand which had to be removed often. By the well, in later years, there stood an enormous acacia tree. It called the attention of everyone to it because of its size. When in bloom it would become covered with huge bunches of cream-white aromatic blossoms.

When a very young child, one morning I went down to the orchard for a stroll, when Miss Charlotte, Miss Maria Boyle's maiden aunt, called me to come over to see her flower garden. It was a fine garden indeed!

A narrow ditch with running water divided my father's orchard from Mr. Boyle's. Their flower garden, the finest fruit trees, and their most exuberant grapevines, started from the border of this little ditch.

It seemed to me that everything that grew on the other side of the ditch was better than on our side. The big bunches of purple velvety grapes half hidden under luxuriant leaves looked more tempting than ours, and of which I could easily have helped myself, but my mother's early training taught us to hold other people's goods as sacred, so all I could do was to feast my eyes on them.

Going by a row of trees, I noticed some small plants with tiny pink and white blossoms set around the trunks of the trees. They seemed exquisite to me and their innocent-looking calyx took my eye and held me spellbound

to the spot. This was the first time I had seen a daisy.

Miss Charlotte looked back and saw me standing intently admiring the dear little flowers. She asked me what was the matter, and my only explanation was "Pretty! pretty flowers!" That was all I could say in English.

She came back smiling and picked a little bunch of them and put it in my hand. It made me very happy. Further on we went by an acacia tree in bloom and I thought it was a beautiful tree, and there were many tiny acacia plants growing from seeds that had dropped from the tree. Encouraged by Miss Charlotte's kind liberality, I asked her if she would please give me one of those little trees. (She could understand Spanish a little.) They were just about seven inches high. Very graciously, she pulled up one, pressed wet soil on the root, and wrapped a fig leaf around it. When my memorable visit was over, I went running up the bluff to show mother my highly appreciated presents. Then it occurred to me to plant the little tree by the well, and it grew and grew and I gloried in seeing it grow. It stood by the well over fifty years, to my knowledge. When father's homestead passed into other hands, father asked the new owner to spare the tree, as his daughter had planted it when she was a little child, and the tree was spared.

In this short article I will try to portray as truly as possible what I remember of the old home on the bluff where I was born, so I will go back to the year 1864. Despite the lapse of time, I will picture myself a small child again standing on the high bluff, and run my eyes once again, as of old, over that part of the valley that lay between the east side of the Los Angeles River and Paredon Blanco (White Bluff), later called Boyle Heights, now Holtenbeck Heights. From there, I see the landscape as it looked at that happy time, entirely covered with all shades of green, from the delicate Nile to gorgeous emerald. I could tell from the distance the kinds of fruit trees each patch grew from the shade of the leaves. The vineyards were at a distance, fields of corn, wheat, barley and alfalfa gracefully waving in space. A large sugar-cane patch,



with its long slender leaves glimmering in the sun (it was the species of which white sugar is made). Nearer to the bluff were the orchards with a great variety of fruit trees, too many to enumerate. But though these trees were too numerous to specify, I will not forget to identify my favorite trees, the ones that bore my best liked fruits. These were visited more frequently by me than the rest, when in season, and sometimes before—then hard punishment was administered, invariably accompanied with the unsavory castor oil. I can see the immense apricot trees—thickly covered with their glossy verdure, sprinkled over, as it seemed, with round, mellow, golden fruit, they made an admirably beautiful sight to rest one's eyes upon as they stood to the left of the principal avenue that led into the orchard, while numbers of mocking birds filled the air with their wondrous songs. Then the delicious aroma of the peaches would draw me on—they were not large, nor attractive, but oh, how sweet, as were all the fruits the missionaries brought with them to Alta California! There were rosy-cheeked pears, *de San Juan* (St. John), so called as they ripen about the 24th of June, St. John's day. There were oranges, lemons, sweet limes, citrons, walnuts, pomegranates, almonds, apples, mulberry trees, plums! The Mission figs when so ripe that their skins crack, are rich, but have never seemed as good to me as when I ate them sitting on a high, stout branch of the tree hidden by the huge protecting leaves. There were long rows of these trees along the border of the *zanja* (water ditch) that ran along the foot of the bluff. Nearby was the flower garden, where the white and pink moss roses, lilacs, snowballs and hollyhocks towered above the lilies, verbenas, marigolds, violets and daisies. In some parts along the *zanja* there were real thickets of sweet-scented Rosas de Castilla and other kinds of roses. Here and there a bed of *azafran* (saffron), another of *anis* (anise) and flax.

There were two baths by the side of the *zanja*, one, near the house, and the other in *la huerta de medio* (the middle orchard). The baths were made of wood lined with tin. The water from the *zanja* filled the baths by means



of a flood-gate and the water from the baths filled a pool below, which was used for swimming. In 1850 my father bought two slaves, a boy and a girl, Yuma Indians, from Colorado, for five hundred dollars in horses. He brought them to our home. The girl was a very good swimmer and taught my sister to swim. I was too small then to learn. This girl is still living. She grew up to become a very fine woman, very pious, and married one of the men who worked in the orchard. I do not know what became of the boy, for he ran away when he was about twenty-five, and we never heard from him again. A small glimmering *arroyo* (creek) which divided the land into two parts, east and west, made its way over the whitest sand and pebbles I have ever seen. This *arroyo* was bordered with thickets of willows, elder and other small trees.

At the northwest end of the orchard was another sugarcane patch from which molasses and *panocha* in big quantities were manufactured. The sugar-cane itself found profitable markets among the Mexicans and Chinese, in fact everybody liked to chew it and extract its delicious juice. The *trapiches* (sugar mills) were built about 150 feet northeast of the house. They were a rude contrivance worked by a horse hitched to a pole, the horse going around and around, working the *trapiches* so that the cane was crushed and the juice ran into a wooden trough, from which it was taken and put into huge kettles and cooked until it got to a certain consistency, then it was poured into round moulds about two inches deep carved out on long thick planks which were placed on hard, level surfaces. When the contents of these moulds were hardened, they were taken out and packed for export. Sometimes we children were allowed to sit up late and wait for the syrup to cool.

Nearby were the *tapeistes*, twenty feet long by three feet wide, set up on posts four feet high, made of *carrizo* (California bamboo), where all kinds of fruit were dried by the sun. My mother was a most efficient woman, supervising the work of drying these fruits, also vegetables, and making delicious jams, which were cleverly done up in corn husks like the

tamales.<sup>1</sup> The jams would keep for years in these receptacles. An herb called *cha* grew in abundance in the orchards. It was similar to the plant from which the Chinese make their *cha* (tea) and the Californians years ago called tea *cha*. Now they use the Spanish word *te*. The vessel in which *cha* was prepared for use was called *charera*. The herb grew wild in all of the orchards and nearly all of the settlers made tea from it by steeping the leaves in boiling water.

But my mother obtained a recipe for the preparation of the leaves in a more scientific manner. The entire plant was washed, the leaves picked and put through a steaming process, then rolled in the hands while still moist, after which they were dropped into a wooden vessel (*batéa de pálo*). When dry each measure was mixed with a certain number of dried orange blossoms, which gave the tea a delicious, aromatic flavor. It was also valuable medicinally, being a heart sedative. (It resembles the orange pekoe tea of today). The tea was used in the home and sent to the stock ranch, called El Rancho de Chico Lopez, which is about seven miles south of Elizabeth Lake, then La Laguna de Chico Lopez, for the use of the vaqueros.

The seed of the *cha* was black, about one-quarter of an inch long, crowned at the upper end with tenacious stickers. The Americans called them Spanish needles. This home product was delicious, and once played an important part for the government. During the latter part of the Civil War, several valiant Southerners, probably originally from Texas, as the Californians called them *Tejanos*, became dissatisfied with conditions in El Monte, where they had settled with their families. They were dyed-in-the-wool Democrats, and the presence of so many Northerners and Federals filled their souls with ire. They decided to seek a new home, where they could breathe pure Democratic air. They moved to a little valley in the Tehachepi Mountains.<sup>2</sup> Rumors reached the Federal headquarters that the Southern Mountaineers were collecting arms and recruiting an army for an attack on Los Angeles. Orders

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1. These were sent to the ranch for the vaqueros' lunch.

2. Near the present town of Tehachepi.

were received by United States Marshal H. D. Barrows, requiring an investigation. The Southerners had made the threat that the first Republican daring to enter into their domain would be hanged from the highest oak tree! No revenue officer would accept the task of venturing into the stronghold. Finally my brother-in-law, William Crossman Warren, United States Deputy Marshal, ventured to take the risk. He determined to disguise himself as a peddler. Knowing of the store house of our *hacienda*, he went to my mother and begged for some of her good things.

My father's large spring wagon was soon loaded for the adventure. There was a large chest filled with my mother's famous *cha*, dried fruits and the delicious jams in their corn husk coverings in the shape of tamales. Although but a small girl at the time, I remember well the wagon, covered with a brand new canvas, and the brave officer holding the lines of the team of strong horses, which might carry him to his death. He drove away with my mother's blessing, and we watched him disappear around the corner.

The peddler arrived at the settlement and received a warm welcome, as all of his kind did at that time. He travelled from ranch to ranch, finding each home built of large, square logs, all warm and cozy. Evidently for the simple reason of inspiring respect, each home had a miniature arsenal, and the men never ventured out without a rifle, pistol and knife secured to a well-filled cartridge belt.

The people were hospitable, open-hearted and enjoying prosperity. The only discordant note Deputy Warren heard was the hatred still expressed for the Republicans, and a threat to hang the first one who would invade their domain. Of course, Warren agreed with them, but a little shiver sped down his spine at the thought of what would happen to him if the Southerners might suspect his identity! Soon, his investigation was made and his load sold at good prices. The women asked him to come again. They said they wanted more *cha*, as it was the best they had tasted. He did not linger for it was not safe for a Republican and a federal officer to be around the vicinity. They had defied



any man to collect revenues from them. And so far as deponent sayeth no one ever tried it!

Having an empty wagon and a down hill road to travel homeward, the horses feeling gay, Warren sped along, not feeling entirely sure that a bullet might not come whistling from his deceived customers in the Tehachepi. He hustled along to Willow Springs, a station on the Mojave desert, where he rested the horses a bit, then hastened to Elizabeth Lake, where he arrived early in the afternoon.

He made an astonishing record for the trip and was received as a hero, his speed being as highly praised then as Lindbergh's is now. He spent the night at Elizabeth Lake, breathing easily again.

He was received with honors by the Marshal and the citizens of Los Angeles when he arrived at dusk the following day with the cheering news that the warm-hearted Southerners were not planning any attack, were hard-working and honest, and all that they wanted was to be left strictly alone to live as they pleased.

About a hundred feet south of the house was a sixty foot room where wine casks containing several kinds of wine, manufactured on the premises, were kept. Close by was a shoemaker's shop where a Mexican made shoes, chamois leather shoes being his specialty. The workingmen's quarters were next; the stable followed and the corrals and dairy were at the southeast end, quite a distance from the house. A large number of cows were milked and the product distributed or used in cheese making. There were several pigs of the finest stock penned back of the corrals and fowls of all kinds were had in abundance—turkeys, geese, ducks and guinea hens.

On the hills between Pleasant Avenue and Evergreen Cemetery grazed a band of horses and hundreds of sheep and some goats. A boy and two shepherd dogs tended the sheep, which were brought to their fold at dusk.

In the year 1863, Don Francisco took a band of horses, mules and cattle to sell in San Francisco, which brought him good profit. While there he purchased a carriage and set of silver-trimmed harness of French manufacture, just



unloaded from a French merchant vessel, for which he paid three thousand dollars. It was the handsomest carriage in Southern California. Often, I remember, at the age of five or six years, watching with great admiration the artistic painting and coloring on the outside of the carriage doors. There were scenes of castles, gardens and beautifully dressed ladies and gentlemen. The soft blue broadcloth cushions, the pretty silk fringe in pastel colors that bordered the inside of the top, the embroidered straps that hung on both sides of the back seat, the silver buckles and hub screws! And how I loved to get in the carriage, after I was dressed for the afternoon, and sit on the soft cushions, and sometimes I would fall asleep.

Another incident of my childhood comes to my mind. In the autumn of the year 1862, my sister Juanita's husband, William C. Warren, had to take a prisoner to San José. He planned to remain north a few weeks, take my sister on a pleasure trip to San Francisco, and visit his brother, Stafford, who lived on a farm in Alvarado. The morning they were leaving for their trip, the family gathered to bid them good-bye. A spring wagon was to convey them to Wilmington, where they were to take the steamer, *Senator*, for San Francisco. Suddenly, a supreme decision seized me to visit San Francisco also. I began to cry and plead, but no attention was given me. When the horses started I was standing between my father and the hind wheel, I screamed with all my might, and entwined my little arms around the spokes of the wheel. In an instant, Father grabbed me, and called to their driver to stop the horses—but not before I was about to turn around with the wheel!

Comprehending my determined and soulful desire, Father kissed me and told Mother to let me go. Mother protested with the ever feminine protest that I did not have suitable clothes, but Father said to get what I needed, and putting his hand in his pocket drew forth two twenty-dollar gold pieces which he gave to my sister with the command that she buy nice clothes for me as soon as San Francisco was reached. In a short time Mother came back with my travelling necessities tied up by the four corners in a large

brown silk handkerchief. She climbed on the stirrup to put on my jacket and tie my bonnet securely. A kiss and off we went! Not another bit do I remember of the trip until I was on the *Senator* and had made friends with a little black dog, who, in turn, would run after me and I after him. One day my sister was very seasick. My brother-in-law felt he must look after her but he did not want to leave me alone. He conceived the idea of keeping me out of mischief by giving me a responsibility. He told me to sit absolutely still and watch the prisoner! The prisoner, by-the-way, was a good man, whose offense was only a business affair. When my brother came back, he found me on the same spot, my eyes fixed upon the prisoner, my small body rigid with nervous anxiety, and the little black dog sitting on his hind legs intent upon solving the situation.

As soon as we arrived in San Francisco, my sister bought for me a pretty old-rose French challie with an embroidered band around the edge worked in pastel colored silks, a fine black velvet jacket, and ribbons to hold back my curls. The crowning touch was an ermine collar and muff. A daguerreotype was taken of me in my beautiful new clothes, and I was just beginning to congratulate myself upon achieving this trip when an epidemic of diptheria broke out in San Francisco and I was hurriedly sent home.

In the year 1858 the widow of the late Don Esteban Lopez advertised for sale her part of the land the Ayuntamiento had granted to her husband on September 28, 1835. It happened that a new arrival in town was seeking a site suitable for a home. The new arrival was none other than the affable and jovial Irish gentleman, Mr. Andrew Boyle. He saw the land and took a fancy to it. In a short time the widow had delivered the key of the adobe home to Mr. Andrew Boyle, who soon after moved into his new home with his family, Maria, his only child, who married William Workman, and her maiden aunt. In 1862 he commenced the manufacture of wine. The labels on his wine bottles bore the name of Paredon Blanco.

In 1876 Mr. W. H. Workman, who married Mr. Andrew Boyle's daughter Maria Elizabeth, conceived the idea

of subdividing a large tract of land from the bluffs eastward for settlement, which he called Boyle Heights in honor of his father-in-law.

My father followed suit, but the men whom he commissioned for the subdivision of his land took advantage of his honest and trusting nature, and hurled him into bankruptcy. The subdivision, a tract of seventy acres, is now called Brooklyn Heights.

And now no longer do the spreading vineyards of those colorful days lie at the foot of the white pebbled and majestic Paredon Blanco (White Bluff). Gone are the orchards, its waving fields of grain, the shops of the thrifty shoemaker, goldsmith and the pliers of other trades, who sang joyful melodies as they worked, with happy responses from innumerable singing birds. Even the topography of the lofty bluff is changed as it has been terraced for a street.

No sign is left of my childhood home. It is now inhabited by colonies of people of all nationalities, the Russian predominating, so it is called the Russian Colony, from Summit Avenue on the north to Third Street on the south.

## MR. ARMITAGE S. C. FORBES

### A Biographical Sketch

Mr. Armitage S. C. Forbes, who was suddenly stricken on April 3, 1928, with a heart attack while on a short business trip to Monterey, was born of English parentage in Bagni di Lucca, Italy, June 17, 1857.

He was of a distinguished family, his father being the Rev. Edward Forbes D. D., a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, Ireland. He was for 21 years in charge of the English Embassy church, Rue d'Agensseau, Paris, France. His mother was Julia Anna Latter (Forbes), daughter of General Barré Latter of the English army, stationed in India.

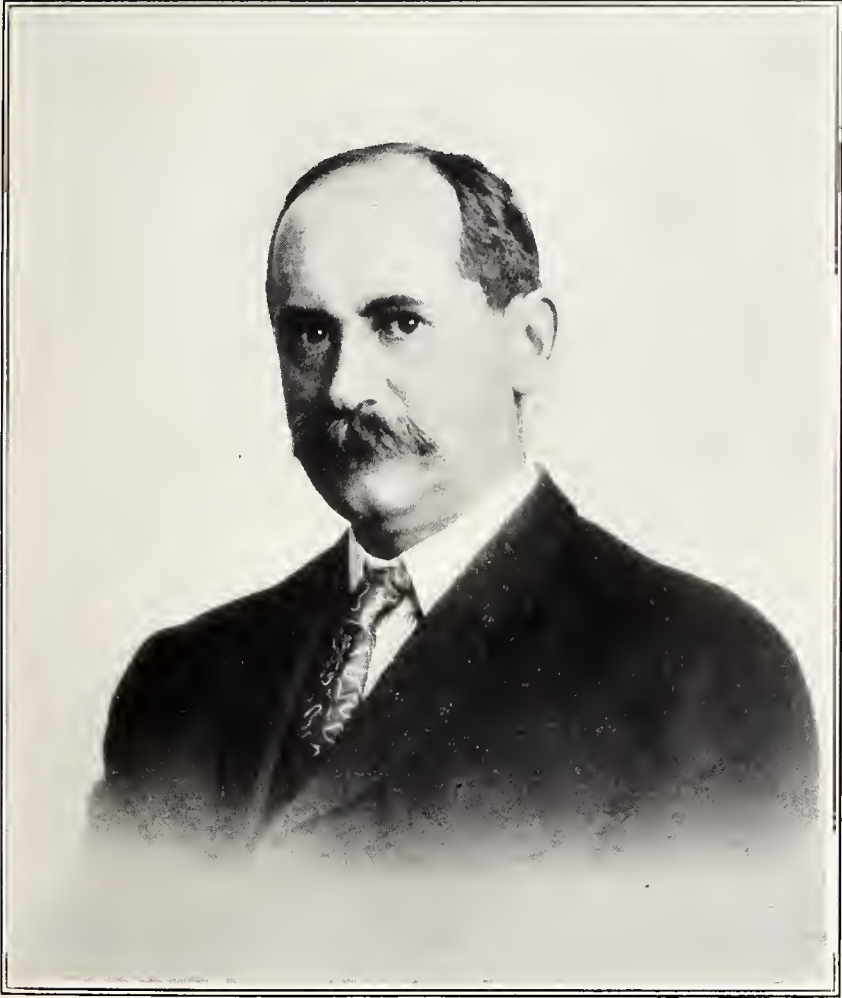
His favorite cousin was George Robinson, Dean of Westminster, while his brother, Sir Arthur Forbes, was commissioner at Patna, India, for a term of 30 years. The ancestral home was "Craigie Var" in northern Ireland.

Mr. Forbes received his education thru private tutors, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, England, from which institution he received his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1881. His first visit to the United States was as a vacation from college studies. He travelled as far west as Denver, and became so much interested in cattle raising that, after he finished college he returned to this country, became an American citizen, and entered the cattle business in the Indian Territory.

He and William Hallaley secured a lease of 3,000,000 acres of land on the Washita River from the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians, the lease being approved by the Secretary of the Interior, the Hon. Henry M. Teller, a member of the Garfield Cabinet, at the time. The Indians received \$60,000 for the lease, with the additional privilege of hunting and fishing on the range and killing now and then a fat steer when in need of food,—a privilege they never abused and one which made them lasting friends of Messrs. Forbes and Mallaley.

This range was enclosed with barbed wire fencing, and an attractive and commodious house was built. It was made of logs and contained immense fireplaces. Here their college friends, the cattlemen and the occasional traveller were welcome.





ARMITAGE S. C. FORBES  
At age of fifty



ARMITAGE S. C. FORBES  
At age of five

The business flourished, but in 1885 Pres. Cleveland abrogated the lease and evicted the "cattle barons" from the Indian Territory. Added to this disaster, the winter of 1885 proved the most severe in the history of the Territory, and thousands of the cattle died of starvation and thirst. Mr. Forbes drove such cattle as he could to market, and with the remainder of his herd of 12,000 head, he started thru the Pan-handle of Texas, and over the staked plains, to a temporary ranch, until he finally secured by purchase a ranch near Springerville, Arizona.

In 1886 he married Harry R. Piper Smith in Witchita. This alliance proved to be a wonderful companionship, and for 42 years they enjoyed an ideal married life with closest union of tastes and interests, and unselfish devotion each for the other. In speaking with Mrs. Forbes, she said, "Our ups and downs we bore together, our joys and sorrows we shared as one. His loss is irreparable. We never did anything alone. It was always together."

After their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Forbes went to Tacoma to live. Here Mr. Forbes bought the Pacific Soda Works. He practically controlled the entire business in the northwest.

After the death of Mr. Forbes' father, his mother being in feeble health, he sold out his interests and went to England. For four years Mr. and Mrs. Forbes lived in London in the family mansion across from the British Museum.

In London Mr. Forbes formed the European Blair Camera Co. and built a factory in the suburbs of that city, for the manufacturing of photographic films.

During this period, owing to his large interests on the continent, Mr. and Mrs. Forbes spent much time in France and Spain, especially.

While travelling on the continent, Mr. Forbes who had inherited his father's art treasures, as well as a taste for such things, added extensively to this already valuable collection. Among the treasures were Pompeiian pottery and rare china as well as paintings of the old masters. Mr. Forbes became known as an art connoisseur. As Mrs. Forbes had studied art for many years, she shared this honor with her husband.



After selling out the photographic interests to the Eastman Co., Mr. and Mrs. Forbes returned to America, and decided to make their home in sunny California.

In Glendora, Mr. Forbes purchased an orange ranch of 40 acres. When this was later sold, he went into the gold mining business in Kern Co. He also became extensively interested in gypsum mining, and was regarded as an authority along these lines. His company at one time supplied much of the gypsum used in the manufacturing of cement in Los Angeles County, and in fact throughout the State.

During the world war, however, Mr. Forbes, like so many other manufacturers, lost practically everything, but with his characteristic determination and courage he began to recoup his fortune along other lines.

Mr. and Mrs. Forbes have always been ardent civic workers and widely known for their interests in the restoration and preservation of historic landmarks. It was therefore through this interest that Mr. Forbes became a manufacturer of novelties, and specialized in making souvenirs that were exact replicas of the bells of the California Missions; the favorite one being "El Camino Real," which marks the King's Highway. The design for this was by Mrs. Forbes, but Mr. Forbes personally supervised the placing of hundreds of Mission Bell guide posts along this historic road.

Many projects of lasting benefit to mankind had their inception in the Forbes household. Among these, was the inauguration of the ceremony of strewing flowers and floral tributes on the sea on Memorial day in memory of the soldiers and sailors who lost their lives at sea in fighting for their country. This custom, which has become almost universal, for all cities in the U. S. that border on the sea, was started in Santa Monica, Calif., in 1900.

Thru their untiring efforts, the site of the signing of the Treaty of Cahuenga was saved and a memorial building erected.

When the Warner Indians were to be evicted, both worked hard to try to save the land for the Indians. They



materially aided them by selling their baskets, blankets and lace-work. It was they who called attention to the beautiful fine lace-work done by these Indians.

After the earthquake at Santa Barbara, which occurred on the 7th of July, 1925, Mr. and Mrs. Forbes were instrumental in selling about five hundred dollars worth of dolls towards the restoration of the Mission, and also for the benefit of the crippled boys of the "Hut." They designed the dolls after the painting of "Santa Barbara" in Venice, Italy, done by Palma Vecchio. The boys of the "Hut" made the wax heads for the dolls after this design. One-half of the money made in this way was given to the Santa Barbara Mission, and one-half to the "Hut."

Mr. Forbes was a devout Christian and a Mason.

While not a great club man, yet at the time of his death, he was President of the "El Camino Real" Association, a member of the Chamber of Commerce, the City Club, the Historical Society of Southern California, and several Angling and Fishing Clubs, as he was an ardent fisherman.

Mr. Forbes was a very versatile and accomplished gentleman. He could read the Greek testament almost as readily as the English, but with all his many avenues of occupation, he always had time to linger long enough to have a friendly chat with his fellowmen.

In the passing of Mr. A. S. C. Forbes, the Historical Society of Southern California feels it has lost, not alone a valued member, historically, but a modest, gentle, courteous and unselfish spirit, a power behind the throne, so to speak, and yet with it all, a spirit that knew no defeat.

To his illustrious wife and devoted companion of these many years, who has herself always shown the same courageous characteristics of overcoming every seeming obstacle of fate, however harsh or cruel, we can but voice the words of the poet, Robert Louis Stevenson, when he says,—

"Let us not lose the savor of past mercies and past pleasures, but like the voice of the bird singing in the rain, let grateful memories survive in the hour of darkness."

(Committee)

Perry Worden,  
Charles Yale,  
Lillian A. Williamson,

## WILLIAM HENRY KNIGHT

### A Biographical Sketch

Mr. Knight was born in Harmony, Chautauqua County, New York, April 19, 1835, and received his early education at Jamestown Academy which he attended in 1848-51. How he came to California in 1859, he has related in "An Emigrant's Trip Across the Plains in 1859."<sup>1</sup> The following remarks by three of his close associates present his remarkable ability as a thinker and writer, and the work that he did for California.

Professor Dozier characterizes Mr. Knight as one who kept in step with modern scientific thought to a remarkable degree; as being level headed and positive in his conclusions and taking rank among the best students of astronomy in southern California.

In an address delivered at Exposition Park on June the 10th, 1926, when a tree was dedicated as a living memorial to Mr. Knight, Mr. William A. Spalding, past President of the Southern California Academy of Sciences spoke as follows:

. . . Mr. Knight's mind was of broad and comprehensive interest. While deeply engrossed in scientific subjects, and especially in Astronomy, his field comprehended all intellectual, ethical and cultural matters. . . He was an omnivorous reader, was gifted with a tenacious memory, and was a natural as well as a habitual compiler. He accumulated a great store of clippings and these were so nicely arranged, classified and indexed that they were readily accessible and furnished an inexhaustable storehouse of information on a great variety of subjects. This made him a ready man on almost any subject of scientific or cultural interest, and he could always furnish a biographical sketch, a historical review, a discriminating criticism of some abstruse theory on short notice. Thus he became a valued contributor to the columns of the "Herald" during . . . my administration . . .

Some years subsequent to the events mentioned Mr. Knight made an arrangement with the "Times" whereby he turned over to that newspaper his accumulations of clippings on historical, biographical and political subjects, as a foundation for its reference library; devoted his attention for some time to organizing that library, and became a contributing member of its staff. Whenever occasion required he was called upon to contribute an article on the latest development in science, art, archaeology or any erudite subject. When Mt. Lassen broke forth as a volcano, Mr. Knight was commissioned as a special representative of the "Times" to visit the locality and write a satisfactory account of the phenomenon. This he did in such a careful and elaborate manner as to dispel all purely sensational stories and command the confidence of scientific people.

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1. Ann. Pub. Historical Society of Southern California, 1923.

The fact that Mr. Knight parted with some portion of his clippings to the "Times" probably stimulated him to greater efforts as a compiler, for, at the time of his death he left a great mass of data so arranged and classified that it should be of great value to any reference library, and let us hope that it may be so preserved.

Mr. Knight took a deep interest in organized effort for scientific study, cultural improvement, social betterment. The recording angel must have got him well up on the list of those who love their fellow man. He was the first promoter, and for a number of years President of the Los Angeles Astronomical Society. He was one of the organizers and an early president of the Proximo Club. During all the years of his residence in Los Angeles he was ever active in his quiet, unostentatious way, and he thus set his impress on the community; an influence that will be felt and treasured for many years to come.

And this was in line with the characteristics of his life before he became a citizen of Los Angeles. While living in San Francisco, more than half a century ago, he was an active member—perhaps one of the organizers—of the California Academy of Sciences. It was one of his articles, full of good thought, published in the old *Alta Californian* that attracted the attention of James Lick when he was casting about for some worthy beneficence to preserve his memory for future generations. He sent for Mr. Knight to confer with him on the subject, and the result of that conference was the splendid endowment left for Lick Observatory. Mr. Knight probably had a hand, in an advisory way, in the handsome bequests left to the California Academy of Sciences and the California Pioneers. Mr. Knight also had the distinction of suggesting the name of Lake Tahoe. Such quiet influences as his, help to make history . . .

On the same occasion Professor B. R. Baumgardt echoed the thought of Mr. Spalding saying of Mr. Knight:

. . . He was a many-sided man, a painstaking student in the field of science, a man who gave deep thought to all of the higher activities of life. . . He has been a real contributor to the intellectual life of Los Angeles and Southern California. His capacity for reading and digesting information on a wide range of subjects, for compiling and indexing his information to have it ready for use, was quite phenomenal. His influence with James Lick and Tom Frazier, which resulted in the establishment of the great Lick Observatory, is well known. His first thought was of building a pyramid or some lofty structures to that end, but Mr. Knight pointed to Mount Hamilton as a pyramid already built, and said, "The man who erects a great astronomical observatory on that peak, leaving something of value to the race, will be remembered for all time."

Soon after reaching California Mr. Knight was employed by H. H. Bancroft, his special field being the compiling of the Handbooks of the Pacific Coast, gathering data for special maps, and as manager of the publishing department. In *Literary Industries* Bancroft states that the collecting of books and manuscripts that resulted in the great Bancroft Library was begun in order that Mr. Knight might have at hand special material on California and the West, and that this material was placed near Mr. Knight's desk.



Coming to northern California while the Gold Rush was still in mind, living there for a number of years, Mr. Knight became familiar with the marked development of San Francisco and the northern part of the State during the period 1850-1880; as he came to southern California about 1884, living here most of the time until his death in 1925, he witnessed the marvelous development of the southern counties during the past forty years; thus his life spans almost the entire period of California as a part of the Union.

Aside from his work with Bancroft, his chief literary contributions are the many articles which he contributed to scientific magazines and the numerous articles (chiefly editorials) which he wrote for Los Angeles papers. During the period 1913-1925 alone he wrote about eighty pieces for the *Los Angeles Times* — the titles of a few being as follows: "France in Africa," June 2, 1913; "Systems of Jupiter," Sept. 28, 1913; "Sunset of Alfred R. Wallace," Dec. 7, 1913; "Approach of Nebula of Andromeda," Oct. 7, 1913; "Our Sister Planet," Jan. 15, 1924; "Banged Hair," Jan. 31, 1924; "Song of the Morning Stars," April 25, 1924; "All Eyes Now Focused on Mars," June 19, 1924; "Another Moon," Feb. 12, 1925; "A Great Stellar Triangle," Feb. 25, 1925; "What Causes Earthquakes," Mar. 11, 1925.

As Mr. Knight contributed to Los Angeles papers for a period of about thirty years, it will be seen that his writings in this field alone would make a considerable volume. It is to be hoped that some one will prepare a detailed biographical sketch of the life of this quiet but learned and thoughtful thinker and writer. Mr. Knight left four children: Mrs. Stella Ruess of Valparaiso, Indiana; Mrs. Tyrone Powers of London, England; Mr. Alfred Knight of New York City and Mr. Emerson Knight of San Francisco, California.



## TEMPLE BLOCK

### The Pioneer's Soliloquy

The wheels of Progress roll on, leaving in their wake sacred memories of a yesterday.

To-day, the Pioneer lawyer sat in the twilight shadows amid the treasured associations of more than half a century and visioned the harbinger of that on-sweeping giant, and before his eyes were placed these words: "Temple Block to be torn down . . ."

At last it has come, and he must leave—never more to tread the old familiar stairs he has faithfully climbed these many years—never more to cross the threshold worn by tread of many feet—never more to enter the sacred walls enfolding associations made up of consecrated faith and hope and achievements of a lifetime.

And as he sits here in the silence, Memory turns back the hands of Time and he sees the vision of the young man graduate of Michigan University who had left his home in the Green Mountain State to come to this Western land to practice his chosen profession of law, with the avowed purpose of putting into practice the principles and ideals which he embodied in his University farewell address:—

"We are young men full of hope and ambition, with firm resolves to go out into the active world to battle and to win. We are mariners in the home port preparing for a long and perilous voyage—perchance to some unknown sea, to make some discovery that may bless the world. Honor Him who gave us strength, and leave of us some foot-print on the sands of time."

Memory clears his vision. He enters his offices in Temple Block March 3, 1872, to burn the midnight oil and dedicate and consecrate himself to the most responsible and exacting profession known on earth in the pioneer land of his choice in Los Angeles, the city of destiny. His voice and vote were given to uplifting his fellow men, waiving aside worldly honors that blocked the way.

The first week in Los Angeles he publicly advocated total abstinence for the individual and prohibition for the State and equal morals and equal suffrage for men and women; he organized temperance lodges and Bands of Hope

to reclaim the fallen and to save others from falling. Even in the dead of night, he was never too weary to act the Good Samaritan to any fallen drunken human being calling for help or to aid in saving others from falling,—never fearing the enemy while denouncing the “Demon Rum” and its brood of evils. His persistent advocacy turned many a wandering soul back to the straight path—the true and only way of life, the only way of promised blessings.

In his early advocacy of total abstinence for the individual and prohibition for the State and for equal morals and equal suffrage for men and women, he stood alone—nay, not alone, for God was with him. He contributed more than \$50,000 in saving California from the conspiracy of wine and beer, the destruction of nations; never faltering, never doubting, cheerfully rendering service, victorious forever. To-day it is the law and gospel of civilization.

And so through the years memory guides and heartens, footsteps come and go over the threshold worn by many feet, joys and sorrows of one generation are emerged into the next and the office walls have heard the story. The pioneer lawyer has kept the faith of loyalty and of service.

Time wears on, and now the pendulum swings back, and after nearly fifty-four years of continuous occupancy he is about to remove to another office and say goodby to Temple Block; and as he locks the door for the last time, he can well say with the apostle of old; “I have fought a good fight; I have kept the faith” and, from the empty echoing walls, he will seem to hear the benediction; “Well done, good and faithful servant.”

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Goodby, Old Temple Block!—They will tear you down and you will become as the dust, but they can never take away the memories from the pioneer’s heart while life shall last.

—Will D. Gould.

Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 1, 1925.

# DIARY OF A FERRYMAN AND TRADER AT FORT YUMA

1855-1857

## INTRODUCTION

During the pioneer days of California history, when Americans were making their way to the Pacific coast from all directions, the road past the junction of the Gila and the Colorado rivers was one of the main routes of travel and the junction was an important stopping point.

The region was historic even then. Anza, the Spanish explorer, had recognized its strategic importance three quarters of a century before, while working on the problem of a land route from Sonora to Alta California, and had established friendly relations with the Indians there. Later two mission settlements were started in the region, one opposite the junction on the site of Fort Yuma; the other about nine miles below, near Pilot Knob. By tactless behavior, the Indians were angered, and since the Spanish Government had neglected to provide adequate defense, the men of the settlement were killed and the women and children made captive. This disaster marked the end of Spanish effort to reach California by a land route.

The Mexican Government laid out a new road across the desert by way of the junction, in 1825. Trappers and Santa Fe traders used this road. David E. Jackson and party entered California by this route in 1831, returning next year with horses and mules. During the Mexican war, the route was used occasionally by Mexicans travelling between Sonora and California. It was also the route by which General Kearny with his dragoons and Colonel Cooke with the Mormon Battalion entered California. In 1849 and the early 50's after the discovery of gold in California, travel by this route numbered tens of thousands of souls. In 1850, acute troubles between whites and Indians resulted in the killing of the men running the river ferry and in attacks on white travellers generally. The following year the small detachment of United States soldiers stationed at Pilot Knob was driven away. In 1852, the American Government es-



established Fort Yuma, on the California side of the Colorado on the hill opposite the mouth of the Gila, and Major Heintzelman, commander of the fort, waged war against the Indians until they were subdued. With the slackening of the rush to the California gold fields, travel by way of Fort Yuma decreased, and consisted merely of the comparatively few immigrants entering California that way, of men engaged in business between California and Sonora or New Mexico, of miners who were beginning to realize the mineral wealth of Arizona, and of the teamsters and pack train employees supplying provisions to the Fort and mining camps thereabout.

Documents bearing on conditions at Fort Yuma prior to the establishment of overland stage lines are not numerous or easily available. L. J. F. Jaeger, who was connected with the ferry service near the junction from 1850 to 1877, is known to have kept a journal,<sup>1</sup> but its present whereabouts are not known. In 1913, however, a fragment of a diary from which extracts follow, was found in an old trunk, amid debris on the bank of the Jurupa water ditch running through the deserted settlement of Agua Mansa, southwest of Colton. The trunk was near the adobe house that had been occupied by Mr. Jaeger after the construction of the Southern Pacific Railroad bridge at Yuma had ended the need of a ferry. The name of the writer of the journal does not appear in the fragment, but internal evidence renders it very probable that it is part of the lost Jaeger diary.<sup>2</sup>

1. B. A. Stephens, Sketch of L. J. F. Jaeger, Pub. Hist. Soc. Sou. Calif. 1888-89.

2. In view of the strong probability that Mr. Jaeger was the writer of the accompanying diary, the following data relative to his early life is pertinent:

L. J. F. Jaeger was a native of Pennsylvania. Before going west he was a mechanic in the Baldwin shops in Philadelphia and in the Arsenal at Washington, D. C. He reached California in 1848, and for a time was engineer on a San Francisco Bay ferry boat. In July, 1850, shortly after the members of the Glanton party operating the Colorado ferry at Pilot Knob were killed by the Indians, Jaeger and Hartshorne re-established the ferry, building their boat of timber secured from the cottonwood trees growing there.

A military post known as Fort Defiance, garrisoned by a Lieutenant and ten men, was also established at Pilot Knob, and the soldiers and ferrymen occupied the stockade that had been erected by the Glanton party. Supplies becoming short, Jaeger went on a buying trip to San Diego and returned with several mule loads of provisions. When within sight of the stockade he was attacked by Indians and badly wounded by spears and arrows. He managed to stay on his horse, and it dashed into the stockade and saved Jaeger's life. That night the party abandoned the post and carried Jaeger, in an unconscious state, into San Diego.

In the spring of 1852, Major Heintzelman established Fort Yuma with a strong garrison. Mr. Jaeger returned with the troops and operated a ferry near the Fort.



It is very evident that the journal was not kept with a view to its publication, as it is a narrative of daily events in which details of personal business predominate. Matters unimportant to us of today receive more attention than events of historic interest. Indeed the references of present importance are merely incidental. However, it presents a clear picture of the social and economic conditions prevailing at the then little known station at Fort Yuma, and it pictures vividly its transportation problems of that day.

The fragment begins December 11, 1855, and ends July 2, 1857. There are several gaps in the narrative owing to the loss of pages. Some pages of later date have disintegrated through exposure, and are illegible.

At the time the diary was being written, the garrison at Fort Yuma was supplied with provisions mainly by vessels sailing from San Francisco to the head of the Gulf of California. Here cargoes were transferred to light draft river steamers and carried to the Fort. Occasional Government wagon trains brought additional supplies across the desert from San Diego or Los Angeles, and pack trains also came across the deserts from both Sonora and California.

The main business at the junction was furnishing beef and perishable provisions to the garrison and to the river steamers; ferrying travellers with their bands of horses, mules and cattle, or the great bands of sheep that were at that time being driven from New Mexico and Sonora to California; and the supplying of provisions for these men and beasts. The writer of the journal was connected with one of the two business firms thus engaged and had the beef contract at the Fort. He shipped in hay and corn fodder from farms down the river, and kept a stock of beef cattle at hand. To supplement the provisions brought by the river steamers, he bought cheeses, pinole or parched corn, flour, corn meal, a raw sugar called *panocha*, barley and beans that were brought by pack trains across the desert from Sonora. When rain filled the *playas* or dry lakes, the *pozas* or water holes, the *tinajas* or natural tanks of Sonora, he made personal trips with wagons over

the dreaded "*Camino del Diablo*" and visited the towns of Sonoita, Altar and Caborca in search of supplies. Two such trips are described in the fragment we have. In one he obtained water from the "*Tinaja Alta*" on the mountain side, carrying it down to his train. When the water holes were found empty, his party and his teams suffered thirst. They endured discomfort when drenched with rain, although it relieved their thirst. This journey was made at the time the forces of Gandara and Pesquiera were fighting in Sonora, and he noted the distress of Mexican women whose husbands and sons had been forced into battle. He broke the tongue and axle on one of his wagons while on the desert, and dismembered an abandoned wagon for parts needed in making repairs.

After the ill-starred Crabbe Expedition met their fate at Caborca, it became unsafe for Americans to enter Sonora for any purpose, so our diarist makes a trip to San Bernardino, California, over the old "Emigrant Road" to secure his supplies. He follows the usual road by Warner's Pass to Temecula, then northwest across the San Jacinto plains, through the Box Springs Pass, across the site of the city of Riverside, enters the river bottoms to find feed for his animals, and crosses the Santa Ana river at Agua Mansa. The arduous nature of the trip is shown by the repairs required on his wagon. He says he secured "A new pair of hounds & hub & tongue & got the hind wheels rimmed & felloes put in." All this damage had been done to an unloaded wagon. Returning with a load he wrote, "got stalled in sand in river (at Agua Mansa)—had some pulling there . . . at Temecula we got stuck again. Then in the *ciénega* at Aguanga he notes, "We had a hell of a time getting through. We got Black's wagon through very well till the last end & the large wagon we had to leave stuck in over night & borrowed next wagon to haul over the rest of the load—had hard work." Next day, "Got the heavy wagon out & all things over & got loaded up . . . & had a hard time pulling up the steep hill. Had to unload some  $\frac{1}{2}$  the wagon." Another time he went with his teams to San Diego, and from there to San Pedro by steamer, the

teams making their way up the coast. He speaks of buying onions, potatoes and corn at El Monte to carry back to Fort Yuma.

At the time of the narrative the high prices of meat in California mining camps had led to the bringing in of enormous bands of sheep from New Mexico and Sonora. In 1856, in the month before Christmas, the diary records the ferrying of 28,000 sheep across the river. This movement of sheep was not unattended with danger to men and beasts. Indians and highwaymen menaced continually, and the eating of desert vegetation was only too often fatal to animals.

The hardships of the desert and the exhausting climate led many of the men along the river to seek relief in drunken orgies which were generally accompanied by quarrels and brutal fights. Such affairs were often followed by illness. The diary contains naive details of such affairs. Few men had legitimate families with them. A real American home was practically unknown. Some consorted with Indian women and others associated temporarily with women brought from Sonora. The popular social events seemed to be *bailes*, *fandangos* and a form of barbecue called "Beef-head roasts."

In the presidential election of 1856, thirty-five votes were polled at the river precinct. The records of San Diego county note "Colorado Town" and "Indian Wells" as precincts in that county east of the mountains. These were probably the only places between Warner's Pass and the Texas border where votes were cast that year. Buchanan received a majority at the river, and there was rejoicing there when on December 8 "the glorious news" arrived that he had been chosen President.

The monotony of life at Fort Yuma was broken from time to time by the arrival of a special messenger from San Diego bringing mail. On June 9, 1856, the news that the Vigilance Committee at San Francisco had hanged Casey and Cora reached the station—three weeks after the event.

At one time an inspector passed through on his way to examine the surveys of Colonel Washington, who established the Base and Meridian lines through San Bernardino



Mountain, and other surveyors running the township lines on the desert as far east as the Colorado river.

Reference to the ransom of Olive Oatman recalls one of the outstanding tragedies of the Southern Overland Route.

The routine work at the Ferry headquarters included building an adobe dwelling house and storebuilding, sinking a well, bringing stock feed by boat from down the river, running a blacksmith shop to repair the company wagons and those of passing travellers, repairing the ferry boat, burning a charcoal kiln, cutting poles for building *corrals*, making *reatas* and branding cattle. It was a busy place.

It was soon after this fragment of diary was written that the establishment of the Butterfield Overland Mail Line and the San Antonio and San Diego Stages broke the isolation of Fort Yuma. The Butterfield line brought a tri-weekly mail. This service was later increased to six mails a week. The Civil War made Fort Yuma, with its military prison, the most important place between the California mountains and the territory occupied by the Confederacy.

It can be realized that the fragment of diary from which the following quotations are made is a valuable bit of source material.

—G. W. BEATTIE.



## MEMORANDUM BOOK ON THE COLORADO

Rio Colorado Ferry, 1855.

December 11, 1855. We had a fine day and John worked in the shop & Hubly got done with the . . . & some flour came in from Sonora & some beans got in from California also.

Dec. 12. We had a blowy day from the west, and I was up at the fort also and killed a beef also, and Suvera had a hard time getting in the beef, and Westron sent down \$100. dollars on the old a/c & \$20. dollars on the new a/c for beef with John Killbright.

Dec. 13. We had a cold morning—temperature 28 degrees at 6 o'clock & had some ice also in the morning. We had a fine day, and John worked in the shop also, & Hubly fixed the rope also, and commenced putting in a pair of hounds in the wagon also. Wrote to Hartshorne and to Nederbey also.

Dec. 14. We had a fine day, and killed a beef also, and John worked in shop also, and Hubly putting in a tongue in the wagon also, and Suvera went out again to get a beef to kill on Sunday.

Dec. 15. We had a cold morning, temperature 30 degrees & had some ice in the morning also, & I was up at the fort also, and John worked in the shop and Hubly put in the tongue & side board also, & Suvera brought in a steer to kill also.

Dec. 16 (Sunday). We had a windy day, and killed a beef in the evening and Milan Thompson was in also & got a bottle of molasses & he looked rather bad also and Westron & Brown was in to see us on a paseo also and we are crossing for 50 cts. a horse & man also.

Dec. 17. We had a fine day and busy fixing up the wagon also, and Reaty got back again in the evening, went so far as . . . she turned back on account of her sister going to Altar . . .

Dec. 18. We had a fine day, and I was across the river also to see about some flour and Museaty's mules got

in with flour also, 17 cargoes, he asked \$20 dollars for a cargo, and Runsted (Rondstadt) got in from Sonora on his way to San Francisco, and busy fixing yet at the wagons, and I was up at the fort in the evening also.

#### TRIP TO SAN DIEGO AND LOS ANGELES

Dec. 19. We had a fine day and busy fixing up for to go tomorrow & Suvero brought up the mules in the evening—three is wanting also & killed a beef also in the evening & I bought the flour also, 17 cargoes & Runsted (Rondstadt) is still here also waiting to go with us, and I counted the sheep, we have now 10 head of sheep & 18 goats & 12 kids.

Dec. 20. We had a fine day and I was up at the fort also & the teams also and got the baggage also and we loaded the wagons also in the evening also and Runsted (Rondstadt) left in the morning for Los Angeles also and we are going to leave tomorrow morning also.

Dec. 21. We had a fine day & left at 10:30 o'clock for Cooke's Wells, arrived at 6 o'clock & camped, & the mules worked fine & the loose mules got away from Antony & he did not get them. I sent him back after them & made 25 miles today & new steamer went down also.

Dec. 22. We had a fine day & left at 4:30 o'clock for Alamo Mocho & I went ahead—arriving at 1:30 o'clock & the teams got up at 7 o'clock, had to leave one wagon behind account of the heavy road, mules very tired. Made 30 miles today & at 11 o'clock Antony got up with the 5 mules & very tired.

Dec. 23 (Sunday). We had a fine day but a heavy dew in the morning & left at 7:30 o'clock for Indian Wells & arrived at New river at 3 o'clock—stopped  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour and then pushed on and arrived at 6 o'clock. Made 26 miles today & mules very tired.

Dec. 24. We had a blowy and dusty day & left at 3:30 o'clock for Carriso Creek & arrived at 5 o'clock. Made 32 miles & Wm. North & Mike & Smith went ahead to San Diego & met 2 Americans on their way to the river.

Christmas, 25. We had a fine day & left at 5 o'clock & arrived at 2:30 o'clock at Vallecito. Made 18 miles to-

day & in the morning had  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch ice—the coldest morning we had this winter.

Dec. 26. We had a fine day and left at 6 o'clock & arrived at 2 o'clock at San Felipe. Made 18 miles and had a tight squeeze to get through the canyon & met Dr. Spense on his way to Sonora.

Dec. 27. We had a fine day but cold morning, but in the afternoon it commenced raining at San Ysabel & arrived at 3 o'clock. Made 26 miles today.

Dec. 28. We had a rainy day and left at 8 o'clock for San Pasqual & stopped raining in the morning and we went down San Pasqual hill in the night also. Had a hard time getting down. Made 24 miles today.

Dec. 29. We had a fine day and had a heavy frost in the night, and left at 7 o'clock & arrived at Soledad at 4 o'clock. Made 20 miles today and all the boys went ahead.

Dec. 30. We had a fine day but very cold morning—heavy frost—and left at 7 o'clock & stopped at Roses' ranch 2 hours & left one team & arrived in San Diego at 1 o'clock. Made 12 miles today.

Dec. 31. We had a fine day & no steamer in & I was down to town also & busy fixing my business.

Jan. 1, 1856. We had a fine day and I sent the team out to Rose's ranch & in the evening had a fine ball Golm . . & Manass gave also, & John Kilbright got on a hell of a spree also.

Jan. 2. We had a fine day & left at 11 o'clock for Rose's ranch & I had to leave John in town account him so drunk, & in the evening had to go back to hire a man to go along with William & I got back in the evening & John also.

Jan. 3. We had a fine day & team left at 10 o'clock for Los Angeles & Billy for Warner's ranch & I went back to San Diego to go by the steamer to Los Angeles.

Jan. 4. We had a fine day & no steamer in yet & I received a letter of Ankrim from the River. Mail got in yesterday & I wrote to him also.

Jan. 5. We had a fine day but in the evening it clouded over also & nothing of the steamer yet.

Sunday, 6. We had a fine day and steamer got in in the morning & I left in her in the afternoon & great many passengers also.

Jan. 7. We had a fine day, and arrived at 4 o'clock at San Pedro & we left for Los Angeles & went up in 3 hours also & found Thompson there & Quinn left for the upper country some time ago.

Jan. 8. We had a fine day. Nothing of the teams yet.

Jan. 9. We had a cloudy day and some rain last night & John & Bob got in the Monte last night & in town also.

Jan. 10. We had a fine day & I went out to the Monte & back & I bought some onions and potatoes & corn at \$1.00 per bushel & 4 cts. per lb. onions & 2½ cts. for potatoes.

Jan. 11. We had a fine day & the team got in in the evening & unloaded also & went out ½ mile & camped.

(Entries missing till March 8, 1856.)

. . . & Bob Meek got a place to plant up the Gila also & the leaves of the trees begun to come out the willows, the cottonwood leaves coming out 2 weeks ago & I saw MacLane also up at the fort. . .

March (Sunday). We had a heavy blow last night and it commenced raining in the night and it rained nearly all day heavy showers of rain & the boys got in some cattle also and Captain is rather bad also.

March 10. We had rainy night & rainy day, nearly rained all day, & express arrived in the 12 o'clock, and we killed a beef for the fort, weight 551 lbs also & I was up at the fort also, & Hooper was down also & Ankrum is rather bad also, & Bob Meek went across up to the Gila to plant & to start a ranch also & the last time the beef was reported also to Commissary & I know the beef was bad also & the trees begin to sprout out the willows.

Mar. 11. We had a fine day & steamer got up in the morning & we killed a beef also for the steamer & I took it up to the steamer & weighed 102½ & the boys went



out to get in a beef for the fort also & Suvero brought in the caballada also & he is still sick & Captain is about the same & Wilcox is somewhat put out with Hooper about charging too much, & Ramon cut 2 cords wood also, & Hubly did not work anything.

Mar. 12. We had a fine day, & steamer went down in the morning & Hooper went across the river horseback also & back & Johnson arrived from San Diego also, & one soldier also, & we killed a beef for the fort, weight 501½ also Suvero brought it in & brought in some work oxen also & Mateo & Pablo did not come in, Hubly working at rafters & other things also & it clouded over in the evening also & I took up the beef also.

Mar. 13. We had a windy day and it blew very heavy in the evening also from the west & Chapo hauled in 5 loads wood also & Mateo & Pablo got in with a steer to kill also—not very large & not very fat also & Hubly worked at the window piece for to go in the house. An-krim is little better also & Woods commenced hauling wood again.

Mar. 14. We had a fine day, and Hubly worked at the sills for the house also & they made 300 adobes also & Bill Woods got another steer also to work & he brought back the one he had of ours & Chapo hauled 5 loads wood also & Robert Mason setting up the (Char)coal kiln & we killed a beef for the fort also—weight 336 lbs, a small steer, & Hooper & I had a spat together about taking his beef down to the house—he wanted me, & I wouldn't & Express left for San Diego also.

Mar. 15. We had a blowy and drizzly day & cold all day & the boys got in with 2 oxen also & they also brought in Chiney Lin (Jenny Lind) & Hooper's mule that was tied out in the bottom by the Indians to run off also & Bob Meek was over also & reported that Indians had crossed cattle they got also, & I was up at fort & reported to the Colonel about the Indians & he is going to have them brought up also, and river rising fast & Hubly working at the plates and rafters also & Johnson was down also & we only got 10 goats left also.

Sunday, 16. We had a fine day & I was up with Bob Meek to see the cattle tracks also, but I could not see any fresh tracks of the cattle that was stolen also, & Jones & Sergeant Sarchars & Laga & his family crossed with us on a paseo also.

Mar. 17. We had a cloudy day & I was up at the fort & Chapo hauled 2 loads wood also & Suvero got up and he got the 2 animals also from below & Bob Mason working at the coalkiln & Hubly joining the rafters also & killed a beef for the steamer, weight 465 lbs also & I was across the river at Hinton's & Ramon Secarcey arrived on the Gila & he will be here tomorrow also, & Mial Thompson was up also, & I got Mexican to haul in some dirt in the back yard also, & my red and white spotted old cow got a heifer calf also.

Mar. 18. We had a fine day and steamer went down also & Ramon arrived here with his flour also—13 cargoes, one cargo pinole & one cargo corn meal & Miel's flour also, & Chapo hauled 5 loads wood also & Bob setting up wood for the coalkiln & Hubly worked at the rafters also, Ramon brought 2329 lbs flour & pinole & corn meal & Manuel Sopenetro brought in 1284 lbs flour also, made in all 3613 lbs meal & I was up at the fort also & Gornall & Jones was down also & I got \$200. dollars of Gornall through Jones, also crossed some Mexicans on their way to California also Chapo hauled now 45 loads wood.

Mar. 19. We had a warm day—temperature stood 89 degrees through the day also, & I was up at the fort also & Jones paid me also \$70 dollars also & Jose Patro also & Bobby working at the coalkiln also & Hubly commenced on the door for the house & Captain got up also & Billy Woods was over also.

Mar. 20. We had a warm day & temperature 90 degrees through the day & Ramon left for Sonora also & Hubly worked at the door also for the house & Bob did not do anything to the coal pit & Ramon worked at the carpenter shop putting on dirt also & at the corral at the garden & Suvero & the boys got in with two beeves—had a hard time getting them down around the mountain—they

got 6 head down & 7 or 8 more on the other side the mountain, he got thrown off his horse also but not much hurt.

Mar. 21. We had a warm day, and Oatman got in from Los Angeles also after his sister also, and I went up to the fort with him also, and she did not know him & he did not know her also, so much change in 5 years and Hubly worked at the door also & the boys got in the cattle & Chapo & Bob hauled in a load of brush for the coal pit also, & Suvero got in the caballada also, & we killed a beef in the morning and one in the evening for the fort also & Thompson's Indian was up & got the last of their beef also.

Mar. 22. We had a fine day but very warm day—temperature 100 degrees through the day, and I was up at the fort & steamer got up also & they brought up also the things off the vessel & the vessel left the river about now, and Chapo hauled 5 loads wood also & they laid dobies also at the house & Hubly got out a snag at the river also, & put on a block at the boat & Suvero got in all the mules except one bay mule. He thinks that Indians ran him off or stole him & Bob worked at the coalkiln & the leaves of the mesquit (?) trees are coming out fast & of the willows also.

Sunday, 23. We had a fine day and the Government train arrived from San Diego also with the troops also & Suvero left for Sonora with 5 mules also to bring in some provisions & Juan Jose left also & Johnson was down also, and crossed 2 Mexicans & 2 horses for Sonora & one of the copper mine men on his way to California & in the evening had a fly up with Antony also & he wants to go in to California also & he left in the evening & went up on the steamer also to stop awhile.

Mar. 24. We had a warm day & the boys got in a steer and we killed it in the evening for the fort & steamer & the dobie layer finished the carpenter shop also & laid some dobies at the house also & I got Antony back again also in the evening & the Express arrived from San Diego also in the morning also & I received a letter from Major Heintzelman also & Francisco is sick also & Captain is



nearly right well again & the leaves are coming out fast on the trees also.

Mar. 25. We had a fine day & Johnson was down also. Tuly got some medicine from the Doctor also for Francisco, & Ramon commenced cutting some poles for the new corral. I give him (contract?) to build the corral at \$10. dollars & he is to cut 400 hundred poles also, & the small corral \$6. dollars & cut 100 hundred poles also, & I worked at the chimney in the house also, & Hubly worked at the door also and Chapo setting up his wood also at the river.

Mar. 26. We had a warm day, and the Government train left for San Diego & Oatman went in with them & Hubly worked at the door & they laid about 4 hundred dobies at the house also, and I laid up some dobies at the chimney also, and we killed my black spotted steer also weight 389 lbs also, and the Serjeant & Colonel was down also and Johnson also was down, and Bob did not do anything—he is sick also.

Mar. 27. We had a fine day and crossed a large Mexican train & . . . with mules . . . Sagura—altogether 130 head mules crossed at 12½ cts per head & about 20 men & 2 women. Had a good time crossing & Ronsted (Rondstadt) got here from Los Angeles on his way to Tucson & John Kilbride arrived from Sonoita also brought back his wagon & mule also & Johnson & Doyle went in to San Diego & killed a beef also & Pancho got back to the river also & they cut some poles and dug some holes for the corral also & the boys got in a beef also but could not get the mule & horse for Johnson & he bought a mule for \$80. dollars of Mexican and they brought in a cow with calf also river rising slowly also.

Mar. 28. We had a fine day & I was down at the lower ferry at Thompson's & he is still sick—sore hand & he is going to work out a statement and bring it up also & Black left with the . . . & I loaned him 2 mules & . . . mules also loaned him to take it in also & I sold him 12 . . . at \$10. dollars apiece also & Sergeant was down also in the evening & Hubly worked at the door also &



Ramon fitted up the pack saddle also, and in the evening it commenced blowing also, and Miles crossed here also with the team for goods.

Mar. 29. We had a fine morning and day, but in the afternoon it commenced blowing also & I was up at fort & we killed a beef and I took it up also & Chapo hauled 8 loads poles for the corral also & Ramon laid some dobies also at the house & Hubly worked at the block also and Mujans got up from below also on a visit & Malcolm got married to Mexican woman.

Mar. 30 (Sunday). We had a fine day & McLean was down also—took dinner with us & Garnall (Colonel) also & crossed some Americans for El Paso—8 men and 14 animals, and I bought 250 lbs flour also from them & Sergeant was down also & the burro train got at the Gila house.

Mar. 31. We had a blowy day & very dusty day, and I was up at the fort & we killed a beef (for the) fort also and Chapo hauled some poles for the corral & they worked at the corral also & they went out after some beef to bring in & Mugan left in the morning for down the river & John Kilbright also.

April 1. We had a fine day, and Chapo hauled 3 loads wood also & Ramon hauled 3 loads poles for the corral also & Hooper was down also, & crossed a large Mexican party also & had a fandango in the evening—fine time.

Apr. 2. We had a fine day & crossed some Mexicans, 26 animals & 11 men & 1 women also & we killed a beef in the evening for the outside also & I took it up & we worked at the corral. Chapo helped us also at the corral & John got back also & got the mule for Patrick also & in the evening the boys got up a fine baile also—kept it up till 2 o'clock also & the vaquero saw 2 Indians driving off 5 mules & 2 horses up in the bottom also—it is too bad & Bob worked at the coal kiln also.

Apr. 3. We had a fine day & worked at the corral & Chapo helped us also & putting in the poles & we killed

a beef for the fort also & John Kilbride took it up also & Bob worked at the coalkiln also.

Apr. 4. We had a fine day & all hands worked at the corral—nearly finished — John Kilbride commenced working in the blacksmith shop also in the afternoon making some bolts for block also & Chapo helping at the corral also & Mateo quit work as vaquero also in the evening & I was up at the fort & received the money from the Commissary \$515.37½ dollars for 2 months pay also & river rising 5 inches the last 24 hours also & Bob worked at the coalkiln also.

Apr. 5. We had a fine day & got through with the corral & building 2 sheds in the . . . also and Hubly working at the blocks also & John working in the shop also & Quinn arrived from California on his way to New Mexico also & Smith & Bill Williams arrived from San Diego also & we killed a beef also in the evening for the fort & in the evening had a fine ball & party—great time—Hooper & Doctor Ward (?) was down also & river rose 12 inches in 24 hours.

Sunday, 6. We had a warm day & mosquitoes very bad also & crossed some Mexicans.

Apr. 7. We had a fine day . . . & Express arrived from San Diego & Hooper got a letter from Major Heintzelman to let Ankrim have his third back again or he would sell ½ his interest to me & Quinn left for New Mexico & John Kilbride left for Sonoita also & Chapo hauled 2 loads wood & Houbly (Hubly) worked at the block also & Jesus worked at the house also & killed a beef for the fort also & I took it up also.

Apr. 8. We had a warm day & worked at the house & Chapo hauled 3 loads wood also & Bob worked at the coalkiln also & hauled one load brush also & Smith & Bill Williams went in to San Diego & Dick Holsted arrived from Sonora also & he looked rather bad also & Milan Thompson came up sick also & stopped over night.

Apr. 9. We had a warm day & Captain was up at the fort & I was up at the steamer also & got 3 bolts for the block also & Hubly working all day fixing the block

also & they working at the house also & Pablo brought in 2 steers also to kill & got Hooper's mules in for Hinton also & Milan Thompson went down . . & Dick . . . went down on a paseo also.

Apr. 10. We had a blowy day & dusty one (of) the old blows also & we put on the block on the rope also & it works fine also & Hubly making a lee board for the boat also & they worked at the house also & we killed a beef for the fort & I took it up & Express left in the evening also & Ankrim was up at the fort also.

Apr. 11. We had a fine day, and I was up at the fort & saw Hooper & Wilcox also & they worked at the house also & Hubly worked at the boat also & Woods brought over one yoke steers & the wagon also in the evening.

Apr. 12. We had a disagreeable day, blew very heavy & dusty & I was up at Fort & brought Hooper & Captain Wilcox down also & they appraised the property for one-half of Major Heintzelman's share for Ankrim to take it at the valuation & in the evening we had a fandango—had a fine time of it & some of the boys got to fighting afterwards on their way home . . . . . also & Hubly worked at the door & they worked at the house also & it rained in the evening also & Doctor Spencer arrived from Sonora.

Apr. 13 (Sunday). We had a fine day & I felt very tired also & all hands.

Apr. 14. We had a fine day & they got nearly finished the house also & moved the things into the house also & Hubly got through with the door for the house & killed a beef for the fort also and I took it up also, & for the steamer also & Milan Thompson was up also & got 25 lbs flour also.

Apr. 15. We had a fine day & I was up at the Fort, & in the evening again took up beef. Killed a steer & river rising fast & steamer is loading wood also & Captain putting in window glasses also & painting also his room & Pablo brought in two steers & killed one steer also.

Apr. 16. We had a fine day & I was up at the fort & killed a beef & also I took it up & I worked at the chimney in Captain's room & Hubly worked at window frame



also & crossed Mexican with goods for Tucson, 10 animals & 4 men.

Apr. 17. We had a fine day and I worked at the chimney & Hubly worked at window frame and putting up a mast at the post to hoist the rope up higher also & Captain was up at Fort & saw Hooper, & McLean made a proposition to sell out to us on conditions as is 1000 thousand dollars, or wait till next January and then whatever the boat is worth to let us have it & Pablo brought in 2 steers to kill also.

Apr. 18. We had a fine day and Jesus worked at the chimney also & Hubly lashing the pole fast also on the large stick & we killed a beef for the fort & one of the steers got away last night—broke his reata also.

Apr. 19. We had a warm day, and Hubly & all hands worked at the room also, got the windows in & river rising fast & Pablo got in two steers also & Marcus arrived from Sonora also.

Apr. 20 (Sunday). We had a cloudy (day) & blew from the east & few sprinkles rain also & Mugas stopped here also—had a great time with him & had a baile in the evening also & had a great time, and killed a large beef, one of Thompson's wild beef, had to tie his head down to get him to the post & he weighed 659½ lbs & they got the work cattle in also.

Apr. 21. We had a warm day but in the afternoon had shower of rain also & Doctor Spencer went up to the Fort & Ankrum white washed his room & he had a fly up with . . . the dobie layer & he ordered him away & hit him few licks also & Hubly finished his room plastering & fixed the lee board & Chapo hauled 4 loads wood & Vaquero went out after beef cattle also & Mial Thompson stopped up all day.

Apr. 22. We had a fine day, and Chapo hauled 4 loads wood also & Hubly lashed at the pole and hoisted the block also & cleaned out the boat also & I and Captain cut out a door in his room also & took out the door out the store room . . . & we killed a beef for the Fort & I took it up & Pablo brought in 2 steers also for beef &



Dunbar arrived from the mines also on his way to San Francisco & Mugans made a . . . rack in the blacksmith shop.

Apr. 23. We had a fine day & the express arrived in the morning from San Diego, and we killed for the steamer a whole beef also and killed in the evening for the post a whole beef and Hubly worked at Captain's room also & calked the boat also & I saw Dunbar also & saw him about the mule also & he is going to see Rose first about it also & steamer went down also in the morning & Thompson was up also & had a talk again about his land also.

Apr. 24. We had a windy day & Ankrim got through with the statement of the Colorado Ferry affairs & Ankrim was up at the Fort also & I was up at the Fort & took up the statement to Hooper & I got paid from the Quartermaster for the hay also \$1641.72—got it in drafts on San Francisco and I let Hooper have it & he paid me \$641.72 cash & I loaned him \$1000. dollars also payable as soon as the paymaster gets out also & Ankrim got through with the room also & Hubly commenced at the new block also & Chapo set up his wood also & river is on a stand also & Mugans worked at the coalkiln also & Pablo got thrown off a horse out in the monte catching cattle also & got much hurt also—not able to do anything also.

Apr. 25. We had a windy & dusty day—a heavy blow from the northwest & Doctor Spencer was up at the Fort also & Ankrim got through with his room also & moved in also & Hubly worked at the block all day & I cleaned at my window & Pablo not able to go out account of his back & Chapo & Antony & Jesus Salya (Salas) went out after beef & caballada & got the caballada but no beef.

Apr. 26. We had a fine day and Chapo & Cilay went out after beef & they got one in in the evening also, and Dick Holstead left for Sonora, & Antony after the horse but did not get him and Ankrim was up at the Fort also & Hubly worked at the blocks for the boat.

Sunday, 27. We had a fine day & we killed a beef for the Fort & I took it up in the morning & I sent the mule up & Hooper was down also on a paseo & Doctor Spencer

left in the evening for Altar & John Kilbride arrived from Sonoita also & nothing of Suvero yet & the boys went out after beeves but did not bring any in & nothing of Dole (Bob) yet.

Apr. 28. We had a disagreeable day—a heavy blow from the northwest & dusty & in the morning John Kilbride & the German's mule was taken off & we tracked the mule some distance down the road but did not get them and we suppose they are stolen & Chapo was out to hunt the steer also that they had tied up but could not find it & he got in one of Rondo's also to kill tomorrow also & Mugan made me present of his rifle for good friendship & I had headache & throatache all day and got a severe pain in my arm shoulder—rheumatism.

Apr. 29. We had a fine day & killed beef in the morning & Captain & John went after the mules but did not get them—nothing heard of them also and they came back & Major Ringdel (Ringold) arrived from San Diego also & John Doyle also arrived in the afternoon & Chapo & Soulieg got in 2 steers to kill tomorrow & Hubly hunted for . . . . . but did not find any, and he commenced making small blocks for the boat & I was up at the Fort & the water is backing across the road up the slough. River rising fast also & Robert set the coal kiln fire to burn also.

Apr. 30. We had a fine day and cleaning up in the yard also and Hubly working at the blocks & making a chicken house also & we killed a beef for the fort also & Chapo & Mexican went out looking for the stolen mules also but could not find anything of them also & made arrangements with McLean about the ferries to bring them together again if Major Heintzelman is agreed on he is to get his 6 (sixth) of the proceeds. If not he would take 600 dollars, on the first of January one thousand dollars he would take. Mial Thompson came up also in the evening & he bought Hooper's  $\frac{1}{4}$  . . . . also.

May 1, 1856. We had a fine day, and I loaned McLean 2 mules to go down to Pilot Knob & Dole in Wilcox's buggy on paseo & I was up at the Fort also & we killed a beef for the outside also & they got in a beef also for to-

morrow to kill & Hubly making blocks also & got through with the chicken house & cleaning out the yard also & river falling fast & Pablo & Chapo was out & took Hinton's horse out to the caballada & it commenced blowing in the evening & McLean told Thompson about the arrangement about bringing the two ferries together & he is very much pleased & tomorrow we are going to bring up the boat also.

May 2. We had disagreeable day—a heavy blow from the west & dusty & crossed some Mexican from New Mexico—sheep man & had a hard time getting to shore also & John & Chapo went down to get up the boats also & killed a beef for the Fort & I was up at Fort & Hubly working at the blocks & Choman cleaning up around the house also.

May 3. We had a very disagreeable day, a heavy blow from the west & dusty, very cold all day & they got up with the boat at 12½ o'clock—had good luck coming up, had 6 Indians helping & Chapo & John also but they did not bring up the skiff—Thompson wants to keep it down till Clinton gets back from Sonora also & Hubly working at the blocks & Bob at the coalkiln also & Pablo did not bring in any steer for beef & some Americans arrived from Los Angeles on their way to Tucson.

Sunday, 4. We had nearly all day a heavy blow from the west & very cold but in the evening it quit blowing & crossed Mial Thompson & 2 Americans also & Pablo went out after steers for beef also, but did not get any, and Major Ringold went in in the morning to San Diego & Morgans gave his boat to us & pistol also & I have the toothache bad also.

May 5. We had a fine day & I was sick with the toothache all day & killed a beef for the Fort & John & Chapo worked in the shop, made Hooper bolts & Hinton & Hubly worked at the blocks also & John Dole & Murgans left in the morning & Patrick for down the river also.

May 6. We had a fine day & I was up at the Fort also & received some money from the officers & . . . . mess & my toothache is some better also & John & Chapo & Hubly tearing down around the house of Thompson across the river also & Pablo brought in the work steers for



Chapo also to work tomorrow for hauling wood & some Mexican arrived from Sonora also

(. . . . Entries missing till May 24 . . . .)

also but could not bring any cargoes in account his animals given out & Chico & his father arrived from Sonora & his father on his way to California after goods also & Chico is going to stop on the river also if he can get anything to do, and Jones sent one horse and one mule down to take care for him also & Robinson & Engineer (?) & one more man came down to stop with us for a few days also till they will go in.

May 23. We had a fine day & Robinson & engineer & soldier left in the evening for San Diego also & Suvero went out & caught a steer & tied it up to bring it in also tomorrow & Ramon left in the evening for Sonora also & Miles got out from San Diego with his team & got a fine stock of goods & he is going to stop a few days also here also. I made a bargain with Chico to work at 20 dollars per month to commence tomorrow or Monday & Hubly working at the blocks also & Bob working at the coalkiln also & crossed some Mexicans for California.

May 24. We had a fine day, very pleasant all day & I was up at the Fort also & got 9 teeth drawn &  $\frac{1}{2}$  one of them broke off & the other  $\frac{1}{2}$  is in also & Suvero brought in a steer also to kill tomorrow evening & Hooper paid me the rest of my money I had loaned to him also & Hubly working at the blocks also getting them together at last & Jesus Selas left in the evening also for Sonora & to bring a washwoman for Mr. Bowman & Joaquin Gitore's mules arrived from Sonora also with the cargoes also & going to go back day after tomorrow.

Sunday, 25. We had a fine day & we killed a beef for the Fort & I took it up also in the evening & Jesus Selas left & Antony arrived with the 2 mules from Sonora & are in bad state—worked down & had to leave Ankrim's horse at Sonora account fore feet also. I received a letter from John Kilbride also.

May 26. We had a warm day & express arrived in the morning but no mail from the States & Miss Miles left



in the evening for San Diego & Steamboat Bill also & I was up at camp also & river running back up the slough also. River rising about 5 to 6 inches in 24 hours also & Hubly working at the boat calking the flairs & Bob at the coal kiln also & Suvero going to hunt the mules of Hooper & horses also & river rising across the road backing up the slough.

May 27. We had a warm day & Hooper & Captain Wilcox left in the afternoon at 1 o'clock for San Francisco also & boys got in 2 beeves also & Hubly working at the sheaves also sawing them out & putting them in water & a Mexican getting them in from the bottom paying him \$1.00 for large sheaves also & 50 cts for a small one & river rising fast also & temperature 99 degrees through the day also & it is very lonesome dull here & Robert at the coal-kiln yet & no crossing today.

May 28. We had a warm day & I was up at Fort & got Bill Woods down & commenced hauling wood in the afternoon but he broke down one wheel and did not get any load in & we fixed up another wagon again for tomorrow & the boys got in 5 yoke steers for the wagon & Hubly worked at the boat & at the sheaves also & Bob at the coalkiln & I got an anchor off the steamboat for our boat in case of an accident & got a barrel of pork of Company G below the hill & we killed a beef for the Fort also & Miss Bowman is very sick also very dangerous also.

May 29. We had a warm day, temperature 98 degrees through the day & hauled 4 loads wood also & Suvero got up 5 head work oxen for tomorrow again & Chico helped Woods with the wood also & Hubly working at the sheaves and at the boat also & Bob at the coalkiln also & express went in to San Diego also & river rising still & no crossing at present & very dull at present.

May 30. We had a fine day & Chico hauled 3 loads wood also & got through hauling the wood also & Suvero went out and caught a steer for beef for tomorrow to kill & Hubly working at the boat & sheaves & Bob at the coal-kiln & crossed Bill Woods & horse & 2 Americans. Mc-Lord on his way to Tucson & very warm day temperature

100 degrees through the day also & I watered the garden also & river rising.

May 31. We had a warm day and I was up at the Fort & Miss Bowman is very sick also & we killed a beef for the Fort & I took it up also in the evening & the water went  $\frac{1}{2}$  way over the axletree of the cart & John Kilbright & Heather & Slaton got back also from Sonora & John did not bring Guadeloupe along with him & the animals look fine also & river still rising & Hubly working at a wagon wheel also & old Bob still at the coalkiln.

June 1 (Sunday). We had a warm day & the boys & 3 Indians trying to get out the cattle out of the Willow Island but did not succeed in it could not get any out of it & Bill Woods crossed and recrossed & company also & John & Slaton went across up to Woods' place to see whether Jose Murieta's mules got in or not & temperature 102 degrees through the day also.

June 2. We had a fine day and we killed a beef in the evening & I took it up & the crossing is getting bad—also the slough—and John went across the river on a paseo also & he did not do anything all day & Slaton also & Hubly worked at the felloes for a wagon wheel also & Bob at the coalkiln also & Chico hauled 2 loads wood also & Miss Bowman is still very sick yet. River is still rising & the bottom getting overflowed filled the . . . . .

June 3. We had a fine day & we killed a beef for the Fort & I was up at Fort also & the crossing at the slough is very bad & John working in the shop & Slaton & Bob got very bad drunk also in the afternoon & Slaton went up on the hill & cut up some & he was put in the guard house & Heather was down also & got tight also & stopped over night with us also.

June 4. We had a warm day & temperature 101 degrees through the day & boys got in a beef also for tomorrow & got up 4 more cows for milking & Jose Murieta's mules got here at our place & I bought his flour at 24 dollars cargo & corn also at same price & cheese also 9 cargoes in all & John worked in the shop & in the evening he went up on the hill & got tight again & 2 Americans

got in from Los Angeles also on their way to Tucson & Hubly worked at the well—got it finished & pulled an arrow out a steer the Indian shot in Santiago & Patrick got up with his boat in the evening also, had a hard time getting up.

June 5. We had a warm day & crossed some Americans & 2 Mexicans on their way to Tucson also & John worked some in the shop also & Hubly built a shed (?) over Charly also & Bob at the coalkiln also & river rising fast also, & bad crossing the slough also & we killed a beef—a cow & she was very fat & had a small calf in her also a few months old & I was up at Fort in the evening took the beef up also & boys brought in the caballada & 2 mules missing again.

June 6. We had a very warm day & temperature 104 degrees through the day & river still rising & busy all day crossing all day & John at the wagon tire also & he left in the evening & Charly's woman also gone in to Sonoita & Bob still at the coalkiln yet & Hubly & Chico working at the shed at the butcher shop also.

June 7. We had a very hot day temperature 108 at 10 o'clock & 110 at 12 o'clock & 112 in the afternoon & 106 at 6 o'clock in the evening & river rising still & John Kilbride got off at 10 o'clock today—had a stampede last night some of the horses got away & Charly's woman got back again—did not go off & is going to stop again & Hubly & Chico working at the shed also & Bob still at the coalkiln & we killed a beef in the evening & I took it up & the water is rising in the cart also getting bad crossing also & I ate some fresh corn.

June 8 (Sunday). We had a hot day temperature 109 degrees through the day & river is still on a rise, it rose  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in. the last 24 hours also & Garrnall (Colonel) was down also in the evening & Charly's woman also & she is going to stop at the widow's for a week also till she gets a chance to go in to Sonora also & Suvero went out and saw the caballada also & I moved out doors in my old bedstead to sleep again—it is too hot to sleep in the house in



the room also & we lost one calf in the morning it died in the corral also it was fat calf.

June 9. We had a hot day & Hubly & Chico building the shed also upon the butcher shop & Suvero went out after beef—tied one up also & Bob at the coalkiln & express arrived from San Francisco also & brought the news that they had caught the two prisoners—Vigilance Committee hung them & great excitement about it & news from the States—Russians & English & French made peace also & I was up at Fort also & bad crossing the slough & some immigrants arrived yesterday up the river also from Texas on their way to California.

June 10. We had a warm day & some Mexicans got in from California on their way to Sonora also & Hubly making a bedstead also for Chapo & Bob at the coalkiln & we killed a beef for the Fort & I took it up also & had a good time getting across the slough—water is very deep also & crossed 3 Americans from Tucson on their way to California—they bring news that no immigrants on their road also & I got paid off from the Commissary for 2 months pay for beef also—\$899.37 cts also.

June 11. We had a fine day temperature 103 degrees through the day & boys brought in a cow for beef in the evening also & Hubly worked on bedstead for Chapo also & coalkiln is shut up also in the morning & Wright was down also & I got Bill Woods boat—borrowed it for to put in the slough also & no (one) crossed & Pancho was down also & brought down the 2 shirts also.

June 12. We had a warm day & temperature 105 degrees through the day & Suvero & Chico went out looking for the stock & to get some out of the island & river falling some also & Charly's woman left in the morning & some Mexicans also from Los Angeles & Hubly got through with Reaty's bedstead work at 3 days also & we killed a cow & I took it up to the Fort also in the morning.

June 13. We had a warm day & boys brought in 2 steers to kill also & killed in the evening and I took it up to the Fort also & river falling yet & express left in the evening & . . . . crossed one of the horses a mining com-



pany for the mines & Hubly wrote to Washington about his stores also & he working different things also & Heath . . was down also.

June 14. We had a warm day & Lytle arrived from Los Angeles also & boys did not get any more steers to kill & we killed in the evening & I took it up to the Fort also & Hubly working out around also & Bob at the coalkiln & Miss Bowman is very sick also.

June 15 (Sunday). We had a pleasant day temperature 103 degrees through the day also & Gornall (Colonel) & Goldsmith & soldier stopped overnight with us & took breakfast with us also & boys caught up 2 steers for beef but aint got them in yet & sergeant & Bowman was down also.

June 16. We had a pleasant day & boys got in 2 steers—one of them Bowman's & we killed in the evening & I took it up to the Fort in the evening & McLean came down in the evening also on a paseo & Lytle went over to see Wm. Thompson about his share of his boat also & Hubly made a rake & Robert & Cantock commenced drawing the coal & it is nearly burned out also & a good deal of wood in yet.

June 17. We had a fine day & McLean came down with me last night & stopped over night with us & stopped all day with us & I took him up in the evening & boys did not go out in the monte making ready all day & Hubly putting in glass in the windows also & Slaton painting & drawing coal also & the coalkiln is bad burned also & a pleasant day temperature 99 through the day, & an Indian went after . . . . also in morning below.

June 18. We had a fine day & Lytle went across the river to settle with Thompson & Hubly putting in window glasses & Slaton painting also & Bobby & Contuchy at the coal hauling up & crossed an American family from the States on their way to California—5 mules & 1 wagon & one woman & 3 children & 3 men & Suvero & Chico making ready also & Ben down below looking for stock & found the 8 head work oxen below & river is about on a stand also.

June 19. We had a warm day temperature 107 degrees through the day & Miles arrived from San Diego also & with goods on his way to Tucson also & Ankrim & Chapo arrived from Sonora also in the evening & had a hard time of it & the cattle will be here within 10 days from Tucson & found the cattle fine in good order & fat & Hubly putting in some glass & Slaton painting also & they drew a few more coals also in the morning & they brought in 2 beef also . . . . & Lytle got his (interest in the ferry) back again from Thompson in the morning. Thompson was over in the morning also.

June 20. We had a fine day & killed a beef in the morning & I took it up also to the Fort & river is rising slowly also & Miles Selbig past (passed) his goods & I put in a proposal for beef at 12½ cts per lb & old Thompson pulling down the house on the other side the river also at the ferry.

June 21. We had a fine day & killed a beef & I took it up in the morning & McLean came down with me also & spent the day with us & nothing of the proposal for beef yet & I took him up in the evening again & Hubly working making doors for the garden also & Bob was about quit work & some of the coal burned up also in the morning & they drawn some coal also & some Americans arrived from Los Angeles on the look out for work & river is about on a stand also & old Thompson pulled down the house on the other side the river also & took away even the poles.

June 22 (Sunday). We had a warm day & Doyle & Catlick was down also—spent the day with us & boys brought in 2 steers to kill also & a great many people was down to buy things of Miles also & crossed 2 Americans & some of the stays give away on the other side the river also.

June 23. We had a warm day, temperature 113 degrees through the day & hot breeze all day & Hubly putting in new post on the other side the river for stays also & Boly loafing about yet & killed a beef in the morning & I took it up to the Fort & boys went below looking after the cattle also & river falling also . . . & Miles left in the

evening also for Tucson & Cantrick went with him also & I went up in the evening & sergeant came down with me also & coalkiln still burning yet & express got in in the afternoon also & not much news also & in the evening a heavy breeze from the east.

June 24. We had a fine day—temperature 102 degrees through the day & crossed Mr. Banet from the States & 10 men & 2 wagons & 18 animals on their way to California & killed a beef & I took it up in the morning & I signed the contract for the beef with D. Barry commencing on the first of July at 12 cts per lb also & Captain sent Bobby Mason off also in the morning & he crossed the river & I sent Slaton with the cart down to the wagons also & Murieta also with him & Hubly put in 2 stays at the windlass also & boys looked after the animals also & Weston & Pancho had quite a fly up also.

June 25. We had a pleasant day & we bought Mr. Lytle's share out also. I made the agreement for 600 dollars, 400 dollars down & note 200 in 3 months payable to satisfaction both parties & Lytle left at 12 o'clock for Los Angeles also & Hubly making a gate for the garden also & Pancho was down to see me also & had a talk about Rose. Ankrim tried to get her also but she don't want to come into the arrangements. The rains must (have) set in up the Gila & in Sonora also. & I am getting better also. Wrote to Hooper about buying Lytle out also.

June 26. We had a fine day & killed a beef in the morning also & I took it up and Hubly working at the coal-kiln also & Slaton & express left in the evening also for San Diego & boys brought up a steer for beef but did not bring it in yet & river falling fast also & wrote to Hooper & Hartshorn also.

June 27. We had a pleasant day & a fine breeze from the southeast we had a fine breeze for the last 5 or 6 days from the east & the rains must have set in in Sonora also & Slaton hauled up some charcoal from the kiln also & Hubly fixing the boat on the other side the river also & Ankrim & myself fixing up the books also & Chapo & Chico went down on the other side the river to cutting



poles for make a corral also on the side the river and Suvero brought in a steer to kill tomorrow also—river still falling & we saw Bill Woods also in the morning.

June 28. We had a fine day & killed a beef in the morning & I took it up & in the evening I went up & brought down the Doctor & McCalla & Lee Nickles & stop over night with us & in the evening had a great time. Dole & Catlick was down also in the spree also & Chapo & Chico got back of cutting poles & Hubly made a table for Captain also & crossed some Mexicans on the way to Sonora also & we saw Wood again in the morning.

June 29 (Sunday). We had a pleasant day and a fine breeze from the east & Doctor & McLane & L. Nickels spent the day with us & I took them up in the evening also and Suvero got in a steer for beef & got in the work cattle for to haul the poles tomorrow for the corral on the other side the river also & McCarty's sister got back but Narty did not come up she will be up in a month from now also.

June 30. We had a fine day & Slater & Chapo & Chico went down in the morning with two teams & hauled 2 loads poles for the corral also took them all day to make 1 load apiece & Hubly working at Captain's table also & Ankrim & I fixing up the books also.

July 1. We had a pleasant day & we killed a beef & I took it up also in the morning & I got paid off from the commissary \$431.87cts & off the officers mess also & boys got off early in the merning & got up at 2½ o'clock & unloaded & took supper & went back again & Hubly worked some at the table & at the corral on the other side the river for to cross the cattle. Dodson arrived & Douglas up the Gila about 20 miles with 108 head—good luck—did not lose one on the road & Dodson was over & got some provisions of us also & went back & cattle looking fine. River falling fast & Manuel—Indian—planting some in our garden & they got up with 2 loads poles also.

July 2. We had a fine day & fine breeze from the east all day & . . . had a fine rain up the Gila & in Sonora also & I was up the Gila & met the cattle also & found the cattle fine & Douglas came down with me also & took



supper with us & crossed back & the cattle arrived in the evening on the other side river & Washburn arrived on his way to Tucson & boys got up with 2 loads poles & went down in the evening after other loads poles also & Hubly working at the corral also & Clinton Thompson was over to see us also.

July 3. We had a cloudy morning & cloudy very warm day the heat we felt most all day very warm & crossed our cattle in the morning—had 108 head—had good luck in crossing them & I was up at Fort and borrowed 5 hundred dollars of Morton payable in 2 months & we killed a fine beef in the evening of the new ones also weight 524 lb good weight & I took it up also & boys brought up in the morning 2 loads of poles & went back & got up with 2 more loads of poles also & crossed Washburn also in the morning on his way to Tucson & had few drops of rain last night also & had a shower of rain up the Gila & in Sonora also.

July 4. We had a warm day & Douglas left for Tucson & paid him \$1038.87 on cattle & Dodson left for Los Angeles also & boys went down & brought up 2 loads poles also & Hubly working at the table also & had quite a blow in the evening & raining around us also & thunder & lightning also and raining hard in Sonora & up at the hill they fired a national salute 32 guns & very cloudy all day and in the evening also & gave our note 3 months to Douglas for \$600. & boys let the cattle out over night also doing fine.

July 5. We had a very warm day & we killed a beef in the morning & I took it up to Fort, one of D. & D.'s (Dodson & Douglas), & Hubly went down with Slaton & Chapo to cut 2 posts for the rope also & crossed some immigrants on their way to California, 5 men & one wagon & 7 animals & Chico's father arrived from California also river falling fast.

July 6 (Sunday). We had a fine day—very warm day—temperature 112 through the day & Ankrim was up on the hill & he got a letter wrote to . . . for a woman also & Pancho was down in the evening & I had a talk about

Rose again for Captain but I can't say whether it will be done or not & American stole Bob's money . . . . across the river at Hinton's, but he got it back again & they suspect him & give him 3 hours to leave & he left & crossed over & put in to California.

July 7. We had a hot day & killed in the morning & I took up the beef & boys went down in the morning & Hubly & brought up 2 stakes for the rope & one load poles & some Mexicans arrived on their way to Sonora—about 40 head animals & 6 men & 2 women.

July 8. We had a fine day & boys went down again after logs & poles & brought up one load & had to leave one wagon account breaking the tongue off & crossed some Mexicans on their way to Sonora—34 animals, & 6 men & 2 women & 3 cargoes & also 2 Americans & one Mexican & 2 horses also & paid Chico's father off \$66. dollars for work he done with the cattle also & had the caballada in & cured the animals also.

July 9. We had a fine day—temperature 108 degrees through the day also & boys went down below after logs & brought up 1 log & one large post for on the other side also & no express in yet & they brought in the cattle in the evening also & Clinton Thompson left for Sonora also & no crossing & Chico's father left in the evening for Sonora.

(TRIP TO SONORA)

July 10. We had a fine day & killed a beef & I took it up to the Fort & Chapo & Hubly went down again after the stick for on this side also & Slaton stop up & fixing the harness & Captain also helping & getting ready for to go in Sonora with the team & they brought up 2 steers from on this side also & express arrived from San Diego also.

July 11. We had a warm day & very windy in the afternoon & dusty & we brought over the logs in the morning also & turned out the teams & fixing the wagon up also & boys brought in the cattle in the evening for to kill one tomorrow also.

. . . . (Entries missing to July 21, 1856.)

. . . . . miles drive & stopped at John Kilbride's & John

shoeing the mules & I took a ride up to the American camp & saw Brady & Lipon & saw Woods & Bobby—found them all right.

July 22. We had a fine day & John shoeing the mules & we left at 4 $\frac{3}{4}$  o'clock & fine night & John put on 29 mule shoes also—drive all night.

July 23. We had a fine day & arrived safe at 6 o'clock—made 40 miles in 12 $\frac{3}{4}$  hours—stop  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour on the road & left at 5 o'clock in the evening.

July 24. We had a cloudy day & arrived at 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  o'clock at Sonoita (?) made 20 miles this drive in 8 hours & plenty of water at the posa & caught up with B . . . & left at 5 o'clock & went on 3 miles & camped . . . & we had a shower of rain—a heavy rain—made 3 miles this drive.

July 25. We had a fine day & left at 5 o'clock & went on . . miles & camped at 11 o'clock & stopped 2 hours & found plenty of water along the road & made the Laguna at 7 o'clock in the evening & camped—made 41 miles in 11 $\frac{1}{2}$  hours drive & found plenty of grass.

July 26. We had a fine day & left at 5 o'clock for Altar and arrived at 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  o'clock & stopped one hour & then pushed on 3 miles farther & camped—made 15 miles in 6 hours drive & I went on to Caborca—arrived at 7 o'clock—made 34 miles & Doctor Spencer was not at home—down at Wimas (Guaymas)—I was at his house also & I could not cross the river—had to get a Mexican to go around with me also.

Sunday, 27. We had a fine day & busy looking around getting things also & had a shower of rain also.

July 28. We had a fine day & I & Ramon Escary went up to Peatecek (?) to see after flour but could not get any flour & I made 15 miles today & had a shower rain also.

July 29. We had a fine day & busy getting things ready and had rain.

July 30. We had a fine day & busy getting things ready & had rain.

July 31. We had a cloudy (day) & had rain last night & a great time getting the soldiers together for the



fight—a great time in Sonora (?) & . . to send the soldiers to Ouras (Ures) to fight. Some hid in the milpa & some ran off.

August 1. We had a fine day & a great time among the natives about fighting.

Aug. 2. We had a fine day & we got off at last at 12 o'clock & a great time—children & women crying after us also & got mired down also outside of town but got out & got half way to Peatycey (?) & it commenced raining heavy—thunder & lightning & women praying also.

Aug. 3 (Sunday). We had a cloudy (day) & showers through the day & left at 5 o'clock & made camp at Ranchety & sent the flour to Butterick (Peatysie) to be sifted & going to stop till tomorrow & they got back with the flour.

Aug. 4. We had a fine day & left  $\frac{1}{4}$  after 5 o'clock for Altar & arrived at  $\frac{1}{4}$  before 11 o'clock. We had a shower of rain last night & I got 3 cargoes of flour of Sapatro also.

Aug. 5. We had a fine day & stopped all day & I sent Chico back to Caborca after a woman also for Captain—we could not get any one for him & a great time among the soldiers here.

Aug. 6. We had a cloudy day & was going to leave & in hitching up the 2 leaders frightened & ran around & broke off the wagon tongue & then could not leave. I had to put it in & make it again. I put it in in 6 hours also.

Aug. 7. We had a fine day & left at 6 o'clock & went on one mile & met with a accident & broke the axletree & stopped us 8 hours & I mended again & went on 9 miles & camped at 7 o'clock.

Aug. 8. We had a fine day & left at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  o'clock & made the Laguna at 9 o'clock & going to stop till tomorrow. Made 6 miles & got three cheese of Sapatro also & Malcarm left this morning.

Aug. 9. We had a fine day & had some rain last night & thunder & lightning & I got 14 cheese & 6 small ones also & left at 4 $\frac{1}{4}$  o'clock & went on 4 leagues also & camped—made camp at 9 o'clock—made 12 miles.



Aug. 10 (Sunday). We had a wet morning—a heavy thunder shower & rain last night also & left at 6½ o'clock & got mired down also, but got out well & stopped at 12 o'clock till 4½ o'clock & then pushed on 9 miles to a lagoon & camped & met Mexican from the river also. Made camp at 9 o'clock. Made 26 miles & met Dick Halstead on his way to Altar.

Aug. 11. We had a fine day & left at 6½ o'clock & went on 2 miles to the hill & got stalled also but had to unload & then went up also & had a heavy pull all day—heavy sand road & camped at 12½ o'clock within 6 miles of Sonoita till 4 o'clock & then went on one league & camped at the hill & made 12 miles today & mules very tired & I took in Francisco to Sonoita—he is very sick also & Slaton is very sick also bad.

Aug. 12. We had a fine day & I went back to the wagon & in the afternoon brought up the wagon to Sonoita—Slaton very sick also. Made 6 miles today & wagon 3 miles.

Aug. 13. We had a fine day & left at 4 o'clock in the evening & saw Nach Bascus also & Francisco is better also & made camp also at 8 o'clock. Made 9 miles.

Aug. 14. We had a fine day & left at 6 o'clock & went on 10 miles & camped till 3¼ o'clock & then pushed on & I had sent 2 boys & 2 women ahead also to water & made camp at 7 o'clock—made 20 miles and the women & boys made the first water & went on 12 miles farther also & met Walker's train on their way to Altar also.

Aug. 15. We had a fine day & left at 6 o'clock & our wagon nearly broke down & camped 12 miles off Sonoita & left at 6½ o'clock & had to leave 3 cargoes of stuff & then went in to Sonoita—arrived at 11½, made 26 miles in 12 hours also.

Aug. 16. We had a fine day & sent Chico after the cargoes to bring in & he got in & can't get an axletree for the wagon.

Aug. 17 (Sunday). We had a fine day & I got a wagon of the Mining Company also to go to the river & I got to bring a load back again for them also & I got the wagon

loaded & had to leave 3 cargoes of flour & one fanega of beans &  $\frac{1}{2}$  cargo of panocha & sack of barley with John Kilbride also &  $\frac{1}{2}$  cargo pinole.

Aug. 18. We had a fine day & could not leave account Francisco very low & poorly.

Aug. 19. We had a fine day & teams left in the morning & I stopped behind till tomorrow & Francisco is some better also.

Aug. 20. We had a fine day & John & I left at 9 $\frac{1}{2}$  o'clock & arrived at Agua Dulce at 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  o'clock made in 4 hours drive. 20 miles & Slaton took on the wagon 12 miles & brought back the mules at 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  o'clock.

Aug. 21. We had a fine day & left at 6 o'clock & stopped 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  hours at the wagon & took breakfast & then pushed on to the playa & went ahead to hunt for water & found some plenty right in the road & 2 miles off the road also at the laguna & arrived at 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  o'clock at the playas & at 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  o'clock the wagon also & camped. Made 25 miles & with the wagon 15 miles in 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  hours drive.

Aug. 22. We had a fine day & left at 12 $\frac{1}{2}$  o'clock & found a heavy road & had to turn back again & take a new start & they got up with the team at 4 o'clock & I left them at 20 minutes after 4 o'clock & arrived at Cabesa Prieta at 9 $\frac{3}{4}$  o'clock & camped. Made in 5 $\frac{1}{4}$  hours. Made this ride in 7 hours in all from the playa 30 miles.

Aug. 23. We had a fine day & laid over all day & found water up at the Cabesa Prieta. I went up & Jose Ortey & took us 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  hours to go up & stopped  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour & took us 2 hours to get back—a very bad road made 10 miles & I sent back a man to the wagon & they got up at 4 o'clock & they took up their mules to water also.

Sunday, 24. We had a fine day & laid over all day & I left in the evening at 8 $\frac{3}{4}$  o'clock for the pozas & the team at 12 o'clock in the night & I went on 18 miles drive in 4 hours. Arrived at 12 $\frac{3}{4}$  o'clock.

Aug. 25. We had a fine day & we left at 25 minutes after 5 o'clock also & arrived at 10 minutes before 10 o'clock. Made 18 miles in 4 $\frac{1}{4}$  hours, and in the evening pack train got in from Altar for the river loaded with pro-

visions & poor Francisco died in Sonoita in Sonora also Thank God that he has taken him to his home; he is better off than we are.

Aug. 26. We had a fine day & the wagon got in at 7½ o'clock & I am going to leave with the pack mules this evening at 5½ o'clock & went on 9 miles & camped & wagon going to leave tomorrow.

Aug. 27. We had a fine day & I left at 5 o'clock & went on 12 miles at the foot of the mountain & arrived at 9 o'clock & left again at 3¼ o'clock & got home at 8 o'clock. Made drive in 4¾ hours. Made 46 mile drive in all 8¾ hours. Found things all right.

Aug. 28. We had a fine day & steamer left at daylight & Nagle was up also & stopped at our house also & busy fixing my account also & I received an invitation to a wedding of my sister Amanda at home.

Aug. 29. We had a fine day & I was up at Fort also & team got in at 3½ o'clock all right & sergeant was down on a spree & McLean & express left in the evening also.

Aug. 30. We had a fine day & had a great time. Jones & Fulmer & sergeant was down also & Captain & Slaton went up on the other side the river to see whether Pablo had not our mule that got away from Slaton on the road but they did not find it among his caballada.

Aug. 31 (Sunday). We had a fine day. I was up at Fort also & steamer got up

September 1. & Chico quit work also in the evening & going to cut hay for Garrnall also & Jones & Hooper arrived also.

September 2. We had a fine day & steamer went down also & John worked in the shop also shoeing mules for Brudez also & Suvero brought in a steer to kill.

Sept. 3. We had a fine day & Patrick got up with the hay boat also & commenced unloading & John cut 4 wagon tires for the surveying party & killed a beef also & I took it up to the Fort.

Sept. 4. We had a fine day & I helped John on the shop & put on 6 wagon tires & cut 4 also & they did not



get through weighing the hay & the scales broke also. I borrowed the Post scales also.

Sept. 5. We had a fine day & got through weighing the hay & Patrick left in the evening with the boat; had on 14500 weight of hay.

Sept. 6. We had a fine day & I was across the river at Hinton's & steamer got up also in the afternoon also & received a letter from Patrick that a plank sprung off the boat also at Algodon—bad luck.

Sept. 7 (Sunday). We had a fine day & steamer went down also in the morning & she took wood on at our place & Ankrim went down in her also & Thompson got in & Bill Woods also. Sapatro got in with the barley & flour—43 mules, & Suvero got in a steer to kill also & had a good lot cattle in—counted 149 head cattle in the corral.

Sept. 8. We had a fine day & killed a beef & I took it up also & I received 7 cargoes & 258 lbs barley from Sapatro also & he has got plenty of flour also to sell & nothing of the boys yet from below & some emigrants got in also from California & I was across the river up at Hinton's also & boys got back from below fixing the boat also & Slaton went along down with Patrick in the boat also.

Sept. 9. We had a fine day but cloudy towards Sonora—looking for rain also & John set the tires on the 3 wheels also & work in the shop also & crossed 3 immigrant wagons & 9 men & 2 women & 6 children & 24 animals also on their way to California from the States or Texas also & killed a bull—got his leg broken out in the bottom & had to kill him & express got in also in the morning & got a letter from Ames in San Diego.

#### (SECOND TRIP TO SONORA)

Sept. 10. We had a fine day & fixing to get off for Sonora etc. & killed a beef also for the Fort & John took it up & nothing of the steamer yet & I sent a man down to Patrick to cut hay & Pochy got orders to leave the river account selling liquor to the soldiers also & crossed 3 Mexican wagons going to Sonora.

Sept. 11. We had a fine day & nothing of the steamer



yet & I am ready to leave for Sonora & John got through in the shop also & boys had all the mules in the corral also.

Sept. 12. We had a fine day & busy getting ready to leave tomorrow.

Sept. 13. We had a fine day & I was up at Fort also & busy all day getting ready to leave & got off at 5 o'clock in the afternoon at Hinton's & loaded the wagon—got on about 2500 hundred lbs & made camp at 12 o'clock at night—made 15 miles & mules very tired—heavy pulling also & Jones in company with us & I took along \$300 dollars also & I bought Sapatro's flour & pinole.

Sept. 14 (Sunday). We had a fine day & wagon aint got up yet & left at 12½ o'clock & made Tinajas Altas at 8 o'clock—made drive in 7½ hours—made 40 miles & Jones got in at 4 o'clock & his mules & horses very tired out also & very little water in the Tinajas Altas also.

Sept. 15. We had a fine day & I & Jones hard (at work) passing down water & Slaton & John got in at 10 o'clock & had a hard time to water the mules also & I & Jones left in the evening at 6 o'clock for the playas also & Slaton & John going back after the wagon in the night.

Sept. 16. We had a fine morning & arrived at playa at 8 o'clock & I went in after the water 2 miles off the road but did not find any water, then stopped 2 hours & pushed on to Agua Salada & 3 miles this side met Walker & he gave me some water & I was very hard up for water & I was caught in a storm & heavy rain 2 miles this side of Agua Salada also—made camp at 4 o'clock—made 75 miles this drive in 18 hours & Walkin took in . . . & cheese in also & stuff also.

Sept. 17. We had a fine day & Jones & Thomas got in in the morning & it rained behind them also & Rayas got in off the Cabeza Prieta road also & it rained heavy on that road also & I sent after Slaton with water also Jose Orteiz.

Sept. 18. We had a fine day & Jones & Thomas left for Sonoita also in the morning & Orteiz got back & found plenty water in the playas also but did not meet Slaton

on the road & some Mexicans got in off Cabeza Prieta road also. It look very much like rain in the evening.

Sept. 19. We had a cloudy day & Sapatro got in with his team also at 10 o'clock & the 2 small wagons also & one of the small wagons broke down also & Tuly & Jose got down from Sonoita also to see me & she took it very hard for Francisco & she brought down some meat & tortillas also.

Sept. 20. We had a fine day & Antony & Ortezt left for Sonoita & Quatry & Joaquin Gidcover (?) arrived from Sonoita on his way to the river also & I went up with him to Sonoita & stopped with him & John got in in the night & he left the wagon at the playa also & mules very tired also & 2 of the mules died also at the Tinajas Altas—I think they ate some of the poison weed also. Made 21 miles today also & no water at the Tule Tinaja & Tinajas Altas.

Sept. 21 (Sunday). We had a fine day. Nothing of the wagon yet & John took a paseo.

Sept. 22. We had a fine day & team got in & mules very tired down & Jones & Thomas left for Caborca also.

Sept. 23. We had a fine day & I sent the mules below to grass for Saturday night.

Sept. 24. We had a fine day & I & John & Slaton went up to the American camp & at Dunbar's & it rained in the evening & John & Slaton got crazy drunk also.

Sept. 25. We had a fine day & I working at the wagon also.

Sept. 26. We had a fine day & finished the wagon & I was up at Dunbar's also & getting ready to leave tomorrow.

Sept. 27. We had a fine day & I was up at Dunbar's & mules didn't get up yet.

Sept. 28 (Sunday). We had a fine day & I was up at ranch & I & Slaton & Tuly took a ride to the burying ground to Francisco's grave. & met John Kilbride & (he) was drunk & the mules got up also.

Sept. 29. We had a fine day & left at 8 o'clock & went to San Dagomugo (Domingo?) & stopped 5 hours & then went to Quitoraquito & stopped overnight.

(Concluded in next issue.)



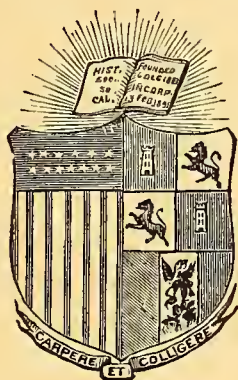




Organized November 1, 1883  
PART II

Incorporated February 13, 1891  
VOLUME XIV

## ANNUAL PUBLICATIONS



# HISTORICAL SOCIETY

OF

## SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

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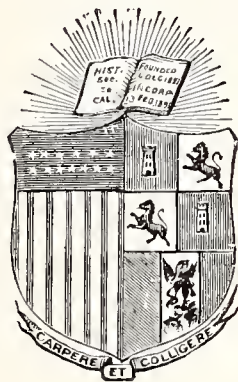
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### 1929

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McBride Printing Company  
LOS ANGELES, CAL.





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DON PIO PICO

"In 1891 Don Pío passed through the portals of El Ranchito  
for the last time . . ."



IN PURSUIT OF VANISHED DAYS  
Visits to the Extant Historic Adobe Houses  
of Los Angeles County

Part II\*

By MARION PARKS

RANCHO SAN JOSE

In one of the early years of the 1830's, Don Ygnácio Palomares and Don Ricardo Vejar, two California caballeros of good Spanish blood, rode out on the morning of May 19, which is the day of the festival of San José, to the place we call Pomona. They went to survey, after the manner of their time—a procedure involving the use of no tripods or steel tape—a rancho which they had received permission to lay off in the valley east of El Monte and west of the arroyo which runs south from San Antonio Cañon. The party had started out from Misión San Gabriel that morning and were accompanied by Father Zalvidea. Under a great old oak on the land that they had chosen, the missionary conducted a service of thanksgiving and benediction, and gave to the new rancho the name of San José.

Under a grant from Governor Alvarado, dated April 15, 1837, the vast tract was held jointly by the two friends. Don Ygnácio's was the northern portion, and was called San José de Arriba, or Upper San José; that of Don Ricardo was San José de Abajo, or San José Below.

The two original ranch houses they built are both gone, but five other old adobe homes still stand among the orange groves that have succeeded the herds of grazing cattle on Rancho San José.

*La Casa de Don Ygnácio Palomares*

Don Ygnácio himself built at least three adobe houses at Upper San José, two of which are extant. The delightful adobe at 1569 N. Park Avenue was the second home of Don Ygnácio, built after 1837. His first home stood not far southwest of this, and some of the bricks of the old house went into the construction of the new. It consists of five rooms in a

\* Part I appeared in the 1928 publication of the Historical Society of Southern California.



Second home of Don Ygnácio Palomares—it stands at  
1569 North Park Avenue, Pomona.

row, with a *corredor* along the front and one side, supported by slender posts of roughly sawed lumber.

#### *La Casa de Don Ygnácio Alvarado*

Don Ygnácio Palomares and Don Ricardo Vejar must have been generous-hearted and hospitable men, and besides, there were many unfriendly Indians in the neighborhood, so that friends and relatives were encouraged to join them and receive house sites on the huge estate. At the invitation of Don Ygnácio Palomares, his intimate friend, Don Ygnácio Alvarado, came to San José and built the adobe which stands today next-door-neighbor to the Palomares place, at 1475 N. Park Avenue.

It is said that Don Ygnácio Palomares' invitation was limited by but a single condition—that the new house should contain a chapel. At any rate, the front room of the Alvarado adobe was long used on the mornings of Holy Days for services conducted by itinerant fathers from the Mission, while in the evening the same room would be gay with dancing in celebration of the fiesta.



Third home of Don Ygnácio Palomares. Built in 1850, it stands at the corner of Cucamonga Road and Orange Grove, North Pomona.

The house seems originally to have been of the L-plan type, but the rooms of the rear wing have been destroyed. It was built about 1840.

Both of these places, which are absolutely unique among ranch houses for their neighborly nearness to one another, are now private residences, appreciated and well-cared for by Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Nichols, the owners.

### *The Casa Palomares on the Camino Real*

At the corner of the present Cucamonga Road and Orange Grove, in North Pomona, stands the third home of Don Ygnácio Palomares, probably built before 1850. Don Ygnácio gave the old home (on Park Avenue) to his son Francisco when he moved to this newer place on the road to Chino and San Bernardino. Of it he says in his will,

. . . the other house which is on the Camino Real of the same Ranch (San José de Arriba) and the remaining property shall be respected as belonging to my wife.

Don Ygnácio died there November 2, 1864.

Today untended rose vines and wisteria clamber over the walls and the sagging roof of the old *corredor*. There used



to be a lateral wing extending toward the rear, forming the familiar L-plan, with a *corredor* facing the patio along both wings, as well as across the front of the house. Crumbling walls, exposed when another room was torn down, also attest to a small extension at the west end of the front. In the old days there came to be much travel along this road, between Los Angeles and San Bernardino, and daily, at the last, the picturesque stage coach passed by this old door. In later times the adobe was used as a sort of tavern, and in one room a big fireplace, apparently an addition of later days, seems silently to tell of crackling fires, guests coming in out of the chill night, and stamping horses left outside.

Today this adobe seems to be occupied by the men who tend the orange grove that surrounds it. I have never found any one at home there, so I confess my observations have been made by peering shamelessly through the windows, with my face pressed against the dusty glass. Followed by a mewing and bewildered house cat I have clambered through the rose briars to enter the tall open window of an abandoned room. After my twenty-fifth adobe the heat of the quest, so innocently begun with the expectation of seeing them all in a day or so, knew no obstacles, although I was met by police dogs at some gates, mistaken for peddler and what not at others. When you are explaining yourself on adobe hunting, the introductory speech is sometimes difficult, even when standing politely on the doorstep. You may be mistaken for almost anything—a detective or a prohibition officer, especially if the family come home and find you longingly contemplating their front *corredor*, or counting the pomegranate trees in the yard. And once as I waited in the kitchen of an old-time home, while my obliging host sought a newspaper clipping in regions above, a huge, burly man, a dark and ominous descendant of a one-time seafaring Angeleno, whom he undoubtedly favored, came down the back stairs, leaning heavily on a cane and a crutch. Half way down he saw me, a stranger, idling in his back porch and grunted, "What do you want?" "I am looking for the old adobe houses of Los Angeles County," said I. "What's the matter with you?" said unromantic he, as he reached the last step, and went on and through a door,



not waiting to hear the answer my startled faculties were trying to devise. So it is not alone the unappreciative gringo who has permitted the passing of our adobe days.

*Adobe de Saturnino Carrión—Mountain Meadows Road,  
San Dimas*

Loud-voiced turkeys and peeping chickens make their home in this adobe, which boasts one of the finest sites among



Adobe de Saturnino Carrión. One of the most attractive and best preserved adobes in Southern California.

all Southern California landmarks, while their owner lives in a commonplace ready-cut house in back of it, cut off from if not unconscious of the beauty of the pristine California landscape which lies before it.

Standing upon a slight elevation, with another higher rise of land to the west of it, the adobe of Saturnino Carrión looks down toward Puddingstone Dam from Mountain Meadows Road where that pleasant highway sweeps swiftly through a broad unpopulated plain bounded by low hills. Here the natural flora has remained undisturbed. Sage-brush and aromatic schmizl cover the plain, out of which rises a tall tuna

cactus and a silver-limbed sycamore or two. The adobe itself is sheltered by a magnificent eucalyptus, doubtless planted by Don Saturnino himself.

It is an L-style adobe, a story-and-a-half in height, with a low-ceiled attic under the gabled roof, to which no stairway can now be found. *Corredores* extend along both front and patio elevations, of which the latter faces toward the new boulevard and the exquisite scene to the south.

Exceptionally attractive from every standpoint, still in good condition, this adobe offers an opportunity for someone of sentiment and good taste to develop out of it a country home of unusual charm. Some effort at restoration has been made, but fortunately was given up before it had proceeded far, since it consisted of rounding off wall angles that originally were pleasing because of their neat precision, and patching wall surfaces of fine texture with coarse cement, smeared on.

There are many details of interest in the building, among them being a window equipped with a grille of small wooden bars, with the original home-made wooden-pegged shutters still in place. In one room there is an amusing hole-in-the-wall fireplace. It has no mantel, and cannot be of any great usefulness.

The abundant river or cobble stones of this country were not used to any great extent by the early California builders, but in this house they have been employed in foundations and to form the floors of the *corredores*, and lend attractiveness and finish to the building.

An accurate history of this casa de Saturnino Carrión has been given by his daughter, Louisa Carrión.

"In 1843 Saturnino Carrión received as a gift from his uncle and aunt, Sr. Ygnácio Palomares and Concepción López de Palomares,<sup>1</sup> a portion of Rancho San José de Arriba containing 380 acres, located two miles southeast of San Dimas on Mountain Meadows Road."<sup>2</sup>

According to the census of 1850, Saturnino was a little boy 11 years old at that time, living with his parents, Casiano

1. Concepción López was a sister of Francisco "Chico" López, and Saturnino's mother, Josefa López de Carrión.

2. San Dimas Press Mid-winter number, 1929. Told by Louisa Carrión to Mrs. Harry E. Walker.

and Josefa Carrión at Paredón Blanco, in Los Angeles. Near this family lived Cayetano Varelas, Tomás Rúbio, and Francisco López, with their families.

“For twenty years after receiving the gift of land from his uncle, Saturnino Carrión continued to live near Los Angeles, the pueblo, in the district where Boyle Heights now is. In the springtime of 1863 (the year of drouth) livestock owners had to seek richer and better grazing land in the surrounding country. It was then that Saturnino Carrión finding his acreage rich and fertile, and an ideal place for grazing, decided to bring his herds to the Rancho San José. Shacks were built for his two vaqueros, José Navarro and Francisco Lugo, who brought the large herd and had full charge of it and Sr. Carrión returned to Los Angeles.

“Carrión saw such possibilities in his land that (the following year) he decided to build a home upon it and bring his family to the rancho. He at once hired a noted Italian architect and started plans for the construction of the adobe house. Building material, doors, windows and such had to be brought from Los Angeles, 30 miles to the west. It was brought on pack animals and in carretas drawn by oxen, so it was not until the year 1868 that the structure was completed and Carrión moved his family from their former home at Paredón Blanco.

“The family at that time consisted of his wife, Dolores Navarro de Carrión, and three sons, Ramón, Julian and Francisco. Later five daughters were born in the adobe home. [The 1850 census discloses that when Saturnino was a boy of 11 receiving from his uncle Don Ygnácio the splendid gift of land where he and Dolores Navarro were to make their home and rear their family, she was a baby of two, also living at Paredón Blanco, where her father, Teodoro Navarro, had his home not far from that of the Carrión family.]

“Saturnino Carrión farmed his level land and let his cattle graze upon the hills, raising abundant crops, while his herds of cattle and horses continued to increase in number. So accustomed was Carrión to his own way of farming that more modern methods did not interest him, all his work being done with oxen, even after some of the more modern in-



habitants were using horses and wagons. At one time while working with his oxen and cart hauling a load of hay, his cousin, Francisco Palomares, made the remark, 'Why don't you buy a wagon and use horses?' 'Oh,' said he, 'when wagons come down to one dollar each, then I shall buy one.' Later there was a drawing, the lucky number winning a wagon, each chance selling for a dollar. Carrión bought a chance and won the wagon. So he really did get his first wagon for one dollar.

"Ramón, the eldest son, married Ricarda Alvarado, a near descendant of Governor Juan Bautista Alvarado of California. Rosa married Ramón Vejar, a grandson of Don Ricardo of Rancho San José de Abajo."<sup>1</sup>

This eldest son of Don Saturnino is declared to have been a great horse trader, and when his sisters drove out of a Sunday afternoon from their father's adobe home, to jaunt among the San José hills, it was always behind the finest horses of the valley.

### *La Casa de Don Ricardo Vejar*

A few miles south and west of Pomona, on the old Rancho San José de Abajo, stands the imposing adobe hacienda of Don Ricardo Vejar, one of the finest two-story adobes in all California.

Beautifully situated on a little knoll, looking out toward the rolling hills to the north, with the rugged, piebald form of the Rocky Hills as its background, Don Ricardo's house stands far to the right-hand of the road, as one goes eastward on Valley Boulevard, on the grounds of the Diamond Bar Ranch. It is spared and protected, though not occupied, by the present owner. More than any other of the old ranch houses this one has the air as of a castle, surveying from a well-chosen eminence the vast domain of its old-time builder.

This house is a splendid example of the Southern California adobe *mansión*, the two-story adobe ranch house of the Mexican era. Its walls are two and one-half feet thick, reinforced, so they say, by iron rods laid lengthwise between the layers of adobe brick. The ground plan forms an elon-

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1. Ibid.





La Casa de Ricardo Vejar.—“A splendid example of the Southern California adobe *mansión*, the two-story adobe ranch house of the Mexican era.”

gated rectangle, divided into two rooms on each floor. At the rear an outside stairway is sheltered under the wide two-story *corredor* which surrounds the house on three sides. A circle of pepper trees outlines the crown of the knoll behind the house, where a service ell of later wooden construction has been added. It is said that formerly this ell was of adobe, and in support of this statement it may be noted that the original stone foundation extends without a perceptible break from the adobe structure back under the frame addition.

This foundation is noteworthy, being constructed of slabs of the natural yellow rock available in the vicinity. Built on the hillside, the front of the adobe is supported upon a high sturdy platform of this material, which contributes both to the impression of height and dignity that the house conveys, and to the interest and effectiveness of its architectural detail.

Home-made doors, bearing the marks of careful planing by hand, a charmingly decorative wooden railing around the *corredor*, well-finished door and window headers, show that this house was built by a conscientious and skillful craftsman who possessed also fine taste.

In 1850 the *mansión* was built for Don Ricardo Vejar, but it is usually identified with his son Ramón, who as he grew to manhood was perhaps the outstanding member of the family. Symbolic of the change that it has witnessed, the misfortunes that wrested it from the possession of the Vejars, as other ranchos passed from the ownership of their California friends and relatives during their first unhappy years as American citizens, the old name of Rancho San José de Abajo is almost forgotten in the valley. But in the presence of the venerable *mansión* the old days live again. One can picture the scene . . . the Vejars at home . . . Judge Hayes driving out through the valley, dust of the unpaved road rolling away under the spinning buggy wheels, and we know the meaning of his notes—

" . . . the valley of San José, full of agreeable people, fond of festivity, industrious withal . . . The feast of San José . . . Ricardo Vejar and 100 in family, Palomares. My heart would be cold to forget the faces of old I was ever happy to see in this smiling valley. Alvarados, Vejars, Ybarra, their fortunes have changed since 1852, and threaten yet a greater change as the spirit of speculation begins to brood over and close around them. Longer here perhaps than elsewhere have lingered the ancient California customs, the elegance of manners, natural hospitality, courtesy, mirth. Home of *jarabe* and *son*, of Trust as well."<sup>1</sup>

### RANCHO LA PUENTE

Rancho La Puente in early times was one of the widespread cattle ranges possessed by Misión San Gabriel, stocked with Mission herds, inhabited only by the Indians of scattered rancherías.<sup>2</sup>

In the fall of 1841 the men whose names were to become enduringly associated with this jewel of ranchos, came across the weary plains to Los Angeles from New Mexico, where they had been living for more than a decade previously. They were the partners John Rowland and William Workman.

1. Pioneer Notes, The Diaries of Judge Benjamin Hayes, ed. by Marjorie Tisdale Wolcott, p. 217.

2. "In 1828 there are named as Mission ranchos, La Puente, Santa Ana, Jurupa, San Bernardino, San Timoteo, San Gorgonio, four sitios on the Río San Gabriel."—Bancroft, Vol. XIX—p. 568n.

"I claim," reminisced Albert G. Toomes, a member of one of the two companies which arrived in California that November, "[that] we were the first regular emigrants who ever started from the States to California, as those who arrived in the country before us dropped in by mere chance, as old trappers, whale men, and sailors from the islands and Boston ships."<sup>1</sup>

Toomes considered the 1841 arrivals as of one party, although they were divided into two companies, the first coming via Salt Lake into the northern country, while the second, to which he belonged,<sup>2</sup> headed by Rowland and Workman, came over the southern route into Los Angeles. As the Rowland-Workman party originated in New Mexico, it is to be supposed that one division of the group with which Toomes started from Independence on May 6, 1841, joined them after reaching Santa Fe or at the final rendezvous in western New Mexico from which they set out for California the first week in September, 1841.

Anyway, the southern route party certainly came with the intention of settling in the new country. That is, all except Don Benito Wilson, who wanted to go to China but finally gave that up when after three trips to San Francisco he couldn't find a boat by which he might.

Rumors of Texan plans for invasion and annexation of New Mexico, which led to violent demonstrations against foreign residents, provided the specific urge for the formation of the Rowland-Workman emigrant train, in which B. D. Wilson, who became Don Benito in California, William Gordon, and William Knight (later of "Knight's Ferry" fame up on the Sacramento), also were leading figures.

After a trip free from accidents or unusual events, the party arrived in Los Angeles on November 5, 1841. Workman and Rowland evidently began at once to look about for a permanent home. By the spring of 1842 they were petitioning for Rancho La Puente, and John Rowland, armed with certificates from the priest at San Gabriel and from the Prefect of the Second District stating that there was no objection to granting the land, since it would not be prejudicial

1. *The California Scrap Book*, Oscar T. Schuck, p. 181.

2. Bancroft, Vol. XXI—p. 278.



to the neophytes, went north to Monterey to talk it over with Governor Alvarado.<sup>1</sup> They were entitled to the privilege under Mexican law, since they were married to New Mexican women, and had applied for Mexican citizenship.

Unrestricted by fence or barrier, the mingled herds of Rowland and Workman roamed the broad, hilly reaches of Rancho La Puente where 150,000 fertile acres had become theirs by Alvarado's grant. The two new citizens of California had selected for their homes one of the loveliest valleys in all the country. Having seen them, who can forget the green hills of Puente, rolling up smoothly, in dulcet curves, against the blue of a rain-washed sky?

Evidently John Rowland took the leadership in obtaining the grant. Anyway, with their families they established themselves as neighbors, a quarter of a mile apart, each one erecting an adobe house in the style of the country of their adoption.

Later on, the rancho was formally partitioned between the two men, John Rowland holding the south and Workman taking the north half of the vast holding.

### *The Workman Homestead—Puente*

The adobe house that William Workman built stands firm and sturdy to this day, beautifully situated upon a little rise of ground from which the homestead acres descend gradually all around to the fertile level of the wide valley. The old house faces far-off hills to the north, and its background is glorified by another mountainous guardian circle. It was very soon after Workman and Rowland obtained the grant of La Puente, probably in 1843 or '44, that this house was built by Don Julian. So he was called by the Californians, whose vocabulary did not include the name William.

Originally the structure was of the typical California style, shaped like a U, with parallel wings 75 feet in length extending to the rear and joined on the extremities by an adobe wall which shut in the fourth side of the patio. The flat roofs were covered with tar from the not-distant Cañon de la Brea, still known by the same name today.

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1. Narrative of Benjamin D. Wilson, in *Pathfinders*, Robert G. Clelland, Series California, Appendix, p. 383.





The old William Workman adobe at Puente.  
". . . firm and sturdy to this day. . ."

Thinking of the house as it was in those times, we re-construct in imagination a typical ranch house of pastoral California, built of what materials the land offered, adapted to the needs of a life quite baronial, in its isolation as managerial center of a veritable little principality.

This house was built by a man born to the traditions of another clime and another country. Unlike most early California adobes, it had a cellar, or rather, a series of cellars. Two were wine cellars, into one of which the great casks, filled with the delicious product of Don Julian's vineyards and winery, were rolled upon a runway of planks. Next to this a cellar apartment to which the worn stairway of wood, with creaking unsteady treads, descends from the rear veranda, was the kitchen. A small, ill-lighted place, paved with brick—a queer kitchen. One cannot help but attempt a hazy computation of the trips made over those steps, by Indian feet, down and up, up and down the stairs, carrying the steaming dishes, returning with emptied plates from the dining room

in the central portion of the house between the two rear extensions, although doubtless in the earlier days much of the food was prepared out-of-doors in the patio. There Workman had a grape arbor, and some orange trees.

The long adobe wings extending rearward and enclosing the patio housed the major domestic and managerial activities of the great rancho. In its early days the La Puente home of Workman seems to have been very similar to Don Juan Temple's beautiful Los Cerritos. McGroarty tells us that, sheltered under the roofs of the parallel wings, were a butcher shop, a blacksmith shop, where bridles, bits, spurs, branding irons, etc., were made and general repairing for the ranch was done, and the commissary, where clothing, boots, shoes, hats, blankets, and all the things normally needed by the 50 "hands" and vaqueros employed on the ranch could be supplied. There was a storage room where were kept saddles, saddle trees, and all the picturesque but useful things that pertain to a vaquero's outfit, as well as storage rooms for grain.

There was also a well room. In the heyday of the rancho's prosperity Don Julian installed a large English pump for drawing the water, with a handle four or five feet long, and a ball at the end weighing about 10 pounds. Among the La Puente retainers was a most ancient Indian. He was nearly blind. All he could do, and all he did, in peaceful and philosophic leisure at his strokes, day after day, was to provide man power for this pump.

Many details of this original building were suggestive of fortification. The massive walls—in a single structure housing and by storage and manufacture providing for the rancho, his family and his chief retainers—the enclosed courtyard, the well within the walls.

Although an elaborate dovecote surmounting the gate that pierced the wall gestured peace, this protective postern, wide enough to admit stock and *carretas*, was equipped with a massive iron lock and key.<sup>1</sup>

1. Such were used in California of those days on every outer door that bothered with a lock. This hardware was directly descended from forms devised at Mission smithys, but made in later, busier times rarely showed the artistic touches in pierced work or turning that were lavished upon primitive models. The keys were of iron or brass, usually six or eight inches in length, with hafts terminating in big loops and notched bits that fitted into square ward locks correspondingly immense.

And there was a tunnel. No California mystery is quite complete without a tunnel and buried treasure, although few adobes in the entire land ever possessed either. Treasure was sometimes buried at Rancho La Puente, but only to be dug up again the first time it became convenient to carry it into Los Angeles to leave it with some merchant in exchange for purchases or on deposit. What the purpose of the tunnel at Don Julian's place was is conjectural. It is blocked up now, but those who know could still find the entrance in the cellar wall. It led from under the east wing of the house out to the vicinity of the family cemetery, several hundred feet west of the house. In New Mexico Don Julian had experienced the swiftly kindled hate of a native population aroused against foreigners, and had come to California to escape destruction as a result of it. Perhaps he had not forgotten that, and in a land where the manner of life was feudal in all except its peacefulness, could imagine himself beleaguered and defensive within his adobe castle.

Don Julian is known to have sent servants through the tunnel on unnamed errands. Emerging ghostlike from the ground they gave rise to hushed gossip of witches, among the Indians.

Of course the greater part of the labor on the rancho was performed by these "Inditos," as the Californians affectionately called their aboriginal liegemen. Here at La Puente they had not been disturbed from their hereditary rancherías, but lived in tule and cornstalk huts grouped into a village just east of the little cemetery, on the border of the San José Creek which coursed not far from the homestead, parallel with the hills to southward, and still is faintly traced against the landscape.

On this creek Don Julian Workman and John Rowland each established a grist mill, in which they used millstones said to have been transported from Santa Fe. Some of these millstones, made of coarse, porous rock, are still extant at the Workman homestead, used to form a unique centerpiece for the fountain in the patio of the handsome modern adobe home erected in recent years just across the drive from the original family home by Walter P. Temple, present owner.



The farming population that began to settle in the vicinity of Rancho La Puente in the fifties and sixties patronized the two mills regularly<sup>1</sup> and they are still remembered in the name of a modern boulevard—the “Norwalk and Puente Mills Road.”

At Workman's and Rowland's many way-weary overland travelers on their way to the mines paused and rested, or secured supplies. Aid of every description was meted out to them by the taciturn yet generous William Workman.

He was a hard-eyed, weather-beaten mountaineer, with a cold, thin-lipped face, almost fierce in expression. Born an Englishman and proud of it, on his office door at La Puente a little placque which read:

WILLIAM WORKMAN  
Rancho La Puente  
Arrived in California on  
Guy Fawkes Day  
Nov. 5, 1841

gave due recognition to the simultaneous arrival of himself and a famous British holiday in Southern California. Contemporary references to Workman are not voluble. Possibly the traditional reserve of his nativity came across the plains with him and into his California life. He lived quietly and industriously on his rancho, little concerned with goings-on in hot-headed Los Angeles.

But on September 30, 1845, Don Julian accepted into his home a son-in-law, Francis P. F. Temple, in whom he placed an affection and confidence that belied his hard face and calculating eye.

Francisco Temple had come around the Horn from Reading, Massachusetts, in 1841, at the age of 19 years, to join his half-brother, Jonathan, who as “Don Juan” had already achieved much material success in California, during his long residence here. John was the eldest, “Pliny Fisk” (the Christian name Francisco was added when he was baptized into the Catholic Church in California) was the youngest of the numerous children of the Temple family. Francisco's youth,

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1. Visiting Rowland at Rancho La Puente on January 31, 1850, Judge Benjamin Hayes noted in his journal, “Several wagons are camped here, getting wheat ground at Mr. R's mill.”—Pioneer Notes, Diaries of Judge Benjamin Hayes.



as compared with his well-known brother, his quiet manner and exceptional modesty, his brief stature and slender figure, inspired the friendly California nickname "Templito"<sup>1</sup> by which he was known from the beginning of his California life.

Templito proved to be ambitious and able, and in his own right soon acquired a fortune. After Don Juan's death, in 1866, he purchased the famous old "court house" in Los Angeles, built by the elder Temple in 1858, and the balance of the large lot on which it stood.<sup>2</sup> A few years later Templito added to it what became the middle section of the famous Temple Block. This was between 1866 and 1870, for in the latter year the last, or northern section, of Temple Block was erected to house the Bank that was to cost the unfortunate Templito his entire fortune.

As Don Julian observed the then splendid new structure brought into being by Templito's imported architect, he succumbed to the titillations of fashion. He engaged the same architect to remodel the venerable adobe mansion at La Puente. Then in brick and adobe was recorded the silent passing of one California era and the complacent beginning of another, as the old adobe was metamorphosed out of its unaffected pastoral simplicity and into the urbane conventionalism of the mid-Victorian English-speaking world.

Comparatively little of the original house remains. The two long wings were pulled down. Slight rearward extensions were suffered to remain, and similar front extensions with brick walls were added, producing a ground plan formed like an H. Across front and rear of the dwelling, spacious, vine-shadowed verandas connected these extensions.

An emphatically gabled roof completed utterly the alteration of the appearance of the old-time structure, and provided upstairs two pairs of smallish high perched rooms connected by a vast unlighted hallway over the *sala* and dining room on the first floor. A pleasing inside stairway with prettily turned balustrade, of redwood painted smoothly white,

1. Literally, "little Temple."

2. His purchase "included the portion of Temple Block then built (nearest to the court house) and the balance of the lot. . ."—H. D. Barrows, Historical Society of Southern California, Vol. III, Pt. ii, p. 40.

ascends to this floor, but the second story rooms have never been more than partially finished inside.

By the time all these changes were made the wants and habits of Rancho La Puente had been greatly altered. Communication with the growing town of Los Angeles, and of that embryonic center with the outside world in turn, was easier and more frequent. It was no longer imperative for each rancho to constitute in itself an establishment adequate for a principality. Large-scale stock raising had disappeared perforce during the drouth of 1864, when Don Julian at last had had to station himself at the corral gate, and (to prevent their dying of starvation on the range) shoot his own cattle, one by one, as the vaqueros drove them before him, by the hundreds. Now the rancho was becoming a farm. Wheat fields and expansive vineyards covered the former cattle range.

Don Julian's family was not large. However, he liked to be surrounded by his grandchildren, and several of them grew up and received their early education in this home.

One of the west rooms, which had a separate entrance to the front veranda, was Don Julian's office or sitting room, where he received those who came to do business with him. It was on the outside door of this room that his name plate was fastened. Next to this room was the schoolroom, set apart for the grandchildren and the resident tutor he provided for them.

The interior of the old house was altered as completely as the exterior, woodwork and all. Heating facilities were scant, but the mantle-pieces, evidently dating from the remodelling, are quaint. They are executed in white marble, with a round arch and keystone motif elaborated into a floral gesture, demarking the opening. Fronting extremely shallow openings in the walls, these mantels patently were intended merely as elegant backgrounds for the cast-iron stoves which had lately become the rage. Amusing evidence of the close association between this distant country house and developments at the Temple Block in the city is found in one of the east rooms, where lacking other exit, a stovepipe was projected outdoors through a pane in the glass of a fastened door. The same device that was employed when stoves were

installed in Don Juan Temple's old block when it became the county court house, and stovepipes emerged from nearly every window.

Similarity of architectural design in the new Temple Block, that is, the middle section of the famous building, and Don Julian's remodeled country home is very striking. Ornate, yet not without good lines and a certain attractiveness, the "block" and the home just escaped the orgy of architectural grimcracks with which the eighties were afflicted. In both rustication was applied at every opportunity, and every window was arched, with the inevitable stone header and superimposed keystone motif recurrent all over Europe and America throughout the architecture of the period. Similar cornice motives were used in both structures, and the new plaster laid up on the old adobe walls of the home was marked off after the custom of the period, to simulate dressed stone.

It is not without its charm, this metamorphosed adobe. There is a restful quaintness about it now that makes it as attractive as its striking newness and ambitious elegance doubtless made it then.

"The astute and far-seeing Templito," as Don Francisco was referred to in an ad of Don Mateo Kellar's in the old Los Angeles Star, saw about the same time that Alvinza Hayward and J. G. Downey did, that Los Angeles offered a great opportunity for the banking business. Backed by his own and Don Julian's fortunes, enjoying such friendship and high regard among the Angelenos as even subsequent failure did not destroy, in 1870 Don Francisco built the third portion of the Temple Block and opened therein on November 23, 1871, "The Bank," of Temple and Workman. His kindly heart was his undoing. Loaning funds over-generously to friends who soon began to impose on him, the Bank went under when panic and recession fever swept over California following the spectacular crash of the California Bank in San Francisco in 1875.

Templito went to San Francisco, seeking assistance. He at last obtained a loan of some \$200,000 from E. J. "Lucky" Baldwin, who had lately made a fortune in the Comstock Lode of Nevada, and who now founded a vaster one in the south-

land by exacting from Templito a blanket mortgage on all of his ranches and downtown property as well as the ranches of his father-in-law and his intimate friend, J. M. Sanchez. Rehabilitation of the Bank was impossible, even with the funds secured from Baldwin. Endeavoring desperately to prevent the ruin of himself and Don Julian, even with public faith undiminished, he yet saw all the fruits of his life's work vanish into nothing. He had not even a roof-tree left of his own, but sheltered his family and lived the few remaining years of his life on his wife's property at Rancho La Merced.

How Rancho La Puente, the old homestead where he had lived now for 34 years, could be involved in the holocaust shocked and bewildered the aging Workman, who had scarcely visited the Bank in which he was a partner. On May 17, 1876, he ended his life by suicide at the homestead where he had lived his best and happiest years.

The homestead reserve of 75 acres which escaped the general ruin passed into the hands of Don Julian's grandchildren; Francis, Jr., and William and John Harrison Temple becoming successive owners. John Harrison bought William's interest in the Homestead about 1889. Then at last the old homestead itself was lost on a mortgage.

In 1919 prosperity returned to the remainder of Don Julian's family. Walter P. Temple, youngest son of Templito, a baby of five when his father and grandfather died, was enabled to carry out a long-cherished dream. He bought back the old homestead and restored to his sons the heritage of their proud old English great-grandfather, and their well-beloved grandfather "Templito."

#### RANCHO LA MERCED

The unstrained quality of Juan Matías Sanchez' friendship for William Workman and his son-in-law, which led him to risk and lose his whole earthly possession in an effort to sustain their honor, evidently dated back to early days at Rancho La Puente. The census of 1850 reveals that Sanchez was resident there then and majordomo of the Rancho.

About a year before this Francisco P. F. Temple and his wife Doña Antónia Margarita Workman de Temple, had



established a home of their own at the place called Misión Vieja, on Rancho La Merced, westernmost portion of the La Puente. "Old Mission" today is one of the world's richest oil fields, the Montebello, bisected by San Gabriel Boulevard where it strikes eastward across the Río Hondo bridge.

The rich bottom lands of the old river attracted the Mission fathers long before Temple's time, and there, less than a mile from his home, still stood in his day the ruins of the first Misión San Gabriel. For this reason the place was, and still is, known to the natives as "Misión Vieja." And the river was called instead of Río Hondo, "Río San Gabriel Viejo" (old San Gabriel River) or "Río de los Dos Temblores" (River of the two Earthquakes). It was earthquakes experienced when the Mission was established at this site that gave it its popular name of "Temblores," and led to the use of a T for the Mission brand.

Across the river from the wells a little settlement called "Temple's Corners," dilapidated and forgotten-looking, marks the site of Francisco Temple's homestead, but ill recalls its former beauty. Only a palm tree on the south side of the road near a great modern oil tank remains to mark the site of Templito's home, which must have been one of the show places of early days. The spacious U-shaped adobe dwelling was surrounded by gardens and vineyards that were famous for miles around.

Juan Temple, the elder brother, became thoroughly Californian, but Francisco was among the newcomers who were always remembering things from Back East. Only a Yankee in California would have spent \$40,000 for a wooden fence around his vineyard as F. P. F. Temple did, especially where one could grow a live fence in any direction by merely sticking occasional willow twigs into the ground.

Around the adobe house and partially enclosed by the high fence, Don Francisco planted 20 acres of fruit trees and 50 acres of vines. North from Misión Vieja approximately along the present San Gabriel Blvd. ran the Potrero Chico and next to it the Potrero de Felipe Lugo. Upon these pastures and the Merced Hills to the west Don Francisco and Don Juan Matías Sanchez herded their cattle and horses.

About the time that the Workman homestead was being re-built Templito added a frame second-story to his adobe hacienda and next door to it had constructed a handsome brick residence in the best Victorian manner. The solitary palm tree that waves above the oil tanks today is the last remnant of the garden that occupied the little space between the two buildings. They were destroyed by fire some years ago. It was here, not many years after he had built the splendid new home, and made his rancho famous for magnificent, high-priced racing stock as well as agricultural productivity, that the unfortunate Templito died, broken-hearted and in poverty, on April 27, 1877.

Nevertheless "Temple had done more toward developing the resources and advancing the prosperity of Los Angeles city and county than any other person. He had used his wealth to establish many new industries and to forward the interests of a number of new enterprises. He had spent thousands of dollars in developing the gold mines of Catalina Island, in carrying out the Cerro Gordo Water Works System, in carving the granite bed of the San Jacinto wagon road, in building the San Emida (sic) sawmills, and in erecting the flouring mill near the San Sabine River, besides building dozens of houses in the City of Los Angeles itself. Sincere regret over his misfortune was expressed by business associates and friends."<sup>1</sup>

A portion of Rancho La Merced on the east side of the river belonged to Doña Antónia Margarita in her own right, and thus escaped the grasp of Lucky Baldwin, when at last the Workman, Temple and Sanchez estates were bid in to satisfy his claims.

Upon this little patrimony she managed to sustain her family and her aged mother. Thus the name Temple remained identified with Misión Vieja throughout the years. But "Temple's Corners" never became a flourishing community. When Lucky Baldwin took over Rancho La Merced it seemed of little value, consisting mostly of bottom lands covered with willow brakes and a river which annually threatened to overflow the whole region, and westward, acres of rough hill land fit only for sheep grazing.

Then in the spring of 1912 the grandson of F. P. F. Temple, Thomas Workman Temple, then nine years of age, made the great discovery. Gathering wild flowers on the hillside he saw a tiny pool of rain-water basined in the rocks. Its surface was bubbling and he smelled gas. He hurried home

1. Financing an Empire, History of Banking in California, Ira B. Cross—p. 554.

and brought his father, Walter P. Temple, back to the spot. They struck a match and ignited a jet of natural gas.

Convinced that oil sands must lie beneath this place, where the Temples returned many times to amuse themselves and their friends by frying eggs over the natural gas-jet, Temple sold the remnant of his mother's 50-acre La Merced homestead, and acquired a 60-acre tract just across the river where the discovery had been made. It became the means of restoring to affluence the family of Templito. Operations on the first Temple Lease well were begun by the Standard Oil Company in April, 1917. It was the beginning of oil production from one of the country's richest fields.

### *La Casita de Rafael Bayse—Misión Vieja*

When Walter P. Temple moved across the Río Hondo onto his new holding at Misión Vieja, he installed his family in an adobe house that was scarred and pockmarked with the tribulations of many years.

It had been a store, and then it had become a saloon. Temple made extensive repairs, and converted it into a pleasant adobe home, nestled down by the river, with a *corredor* on one side and a lean-to kitchen along the other. There it stands yet, aged 61 years, denuded of the vines which used to clamber over it, its walls echoing no longer to the voices of roistering soldiers, Indians and traders nor to the softer sounds of family life, but to the constant rhythm of the great wells, the beating of the pumps; in the dooryard, in front of it, and beyond it as far as you can see down the river bed, derricks rising out of the willows.

The adobe was built in 1869 for a store, by Jesus Andrade and Rafael Bayse. So declares Jesus Andrade himself, who is still living, in a little frame house by the side of a walnut grove half-a-mile up the river from the wells.

It was on Juan Matías Sanchez' part of Rancho La Merced that they built the little store, Rafael Bayse being a nephew of Sanchez, and having come to California from New Mexico to work on the ranch of his uncle. María Bayse, his wife, is said to be living yet, in El Monte.





La Casita de Rafael Bayse. "There it stands . . . its walls echoing no longer the voices of roistering soldiers, Indians and traders. . ."

During Temple's reconstruction of the old store, two antiquated rifles, with the stocks rotted away, came to light from the cranny where they had been tucked away on top of the adobe wall under the beams, and long since forgotten. They were cap and ball models, with very short barrels, one of English and one of French make. But the mystery aroused no spark in Jesus Andrade when he was told of it. "They might have been traded in by soldiers," he said, "there were lots of soldiers around here then—*quien sabe?*"

While in outline the Bayse adobe is not greatly changed from what it was in 1869, it cannot be taken for an example of construction in that period, since nearly all the woodwork in the building is new as well as the stucco finish on the outer walls. The windows are small compared with those of other adobe buildings, but perhaps they were not dispensing merchandise that required much light in the old mercantile days of Rafael Bayse and Jesus Andrade.



*Mansión de Juan Matías Sanchez—  
Lincoln Boulevard, Montebello*

In possession of 2,200 acres of the best land around Misión Vieja as well as the Potrero Grande and the Potrero de Felipe Lugo, and many lucrative bands of sheep, Juan Matías Sanchez found himself very comfortably well-to-do in the two decades that followed the change of flags over California.

Upon the crown of one of the most sightly hills overlooking the Río Hondo, about two miles southwest of the hacienda of his friend Templito, Don Juan erected a handsome adobe dwelling.

It is still there. Modern "improvements" have rendered the interior of the old house gorgeously elaborate but quite out of character, but the exterior restoration, while slightly over-perfect, is good. It is an L-plan building, with one wing curiously angled off from the other, suggesting that possibly at the beginning two buildings, since made into one, topped the low hill. Occasionally such an arrangement is found in old California places.

Dispossessed of his fair lands, too old to make a new struggle, Juan Matías Sanchez lived out his life in poverty. Oil wells on the very acres surrounding the hacienda have enriched subsequent owners and made possible the present lavish preservation of his adobe home.

RANCHO PASO DE BARTOLO VIEJO

So completely is the Rancho Paso de Bartolo identified with Governor Don Pío Pico, that it is almost a surprise to discover that he was not the original grantee of this choice and beloved small estate, exceptional both for its native beauty and its extraordinary fertility.

Once part of Misión San Gabriel's lands, Rancho Paso de Bartolo Viejo, later best known by the nickname of "Ranchito" which Don Pío gave it, was granted by Governor José Figueroa to Juan Crispín Pérez in the year of the secularization, June 12, 1835.

Previously, Pérez had been one of the little group of families who had formed a settlement on the vast Rancho

Santa Gertrudes, and had served there as *alcalde auxiliar* during 1831-1836.<sup>1</sup> Later, he held the office of majordomo under padre Esténega at the declining Mission whose land he now possessed. Esténega complained of his mismanagement, and Pérez complained of the padre's distrust, and the Prefect decided the Majordomo had been at fault.<sup>2</sup> These were years when the unfortunate padres witnessed helplessly the rapid decay of the institutions they had erected and cherished. One cannot wonder that they were driven to bickering and complaint. Juan Pérez continued as majordomo through 1842 and again in 1845; "but there was no semblance of prosperity," and finally even the cook and vaquero were discharged because of the poverty of the mission.

By the time the land commission met to hear claims in 1852, Juan Crispín Pérez did not file claim alone as master of Rancho Paso de Bartolo. Pío Pico, Joaquina Sepúlveda and Bernardo Guirado appeared as claimants with him to the now venerable tract. The original grant of Paso de Bartolo Viejo, as it was termed in the petition, comprised two leagues of land. Of this Bernardino Guirado received patent from the United States to 875 acres in 1867, Joaquina Sepúlveda to 217 acres, and Don Pío to 8,891 acres, in 1881.

How this tract came into possession of Don Pío does not appear. He was not born to wealth, but his fortune was founded on his own efforts. "My father did not leave me a mule, nor a vara of ground," he once said, "I worked for the fathers of the old San Gabriel Mission when I was a boy."<sup>3</sup> It was at this Mission that Don Pío was born, May 5, 1801, and spent his boyhood.

But later, as the owner of Las Flores and Santa Margarita, ranchos measured not in acres but by leagues, to say nothing of other properties of consequence, Don Pío Pico could well call his 8,000-acre rancho of Paso de Bartolo by the diminutive "Ranchito."

And besides, he seemed always to hold the place in an affectionate regard. Certain it is that he loved to be there, and to entertain his friends there. And at Ranchito he found

1. Pérez is identified as a part owner of Santa Gertrudes, 1821-30. Bancroft, Vol. XX, p. 635 footnote.

2. Bancroft XXI—p. 637.

3. *Southern California*—Harper's Magazine, December, 1882.

repose from the busier life of expanding Los Angeles where he was making a valiant and rather pathetic endeavor to take up the life of an American citizen and business man. Don Pío was a real "*hijo del pais*" in all that the term Native Son meant to the old Californians. In his efforts to continue as a leader, after his return to California from Mexico, whence he had retreated before Stockton, under the bewildering new conditions that had taken sway over his beloved Los Angeles, there seems a kind of patriotic pride that is touching. For of course he failed, as unscrupulous gringos preyed upon his ignorance of American customs and his inability to speak English. From his former prestige as one of the wealthiest men of California Don Pío descended to a pauper's grave, dependent in his last years upon the kindness of his old friend and *ahijado*, J. J. Warner. El Ranchito was his last possession in Los Angeles County.

*La Mansión de Don Pío—Whittier Boulevard near Whittier*

In its heyday the adobe mansion at El Ranchito was one of the most pretentious and one of the loveliest of the country homes of California.

Henry D. Barrows visited there in the sixties. "I have been," he said, "in the memorable adobe house of Governor Pico at Ranchito, when it was his home, but I know very little of its history. I only know that at that period, the house was white and neat and the gardens around it and the beautiful ranchito or hacienda of which they were a part, were well worthy of being the country seat or home of an honored Governor of primitive California."<sup>1</sup>

Much of romancing about the old house has been done. Years ago in the publications of the Historical Society the accurate Barrows refuted many of the claims popularly made for it, but the tale still goes on that "the timbers were carried on the backs of Indians from San Pedro Harbor, twenty miles away," although Barrows avers that this is incorrect. He points out also, that El Ranchito is often referred to popularly as a Spanish land grant, and discounts both this and the romantic wedding journey story told of it, with one stroke, showing that Pico did not own the rancho at the date of his

1. Historic Facts and Fancies—pamphlet, California Federation of Women's Clubs.



La Mansión de Don Pío—"On the east the old patio remains, a pleasant, reposeful place."

marriage to María Ygnácia Alvarado in 1834, as it then belonged to Misión San Gabriel.

We do not know just when this fine old adobe mansion where Don Pío entertained with lavish hospitality when he was rich, and still with courteous grace when he was poor, the noblest and best of the Californians, was built. It has been asserted repeatedly that the original portion of the house was erected in 1826, but this seems very unlikely. In fact, I have not been able to find any hint of verification at all for this date. If any portion of this adobe were built as early as 1826, Don Pío did not build it, and our evidence points strongly to the fact that that portion has disappeared. The natural conclusion that it might have been built at an early date by Juan Pérez is damaged by the fact that by the time the patent maps of this district were drawn, in 1866, the house of Juan Pérez had become a ruin, and was so indicated on several maps by Hancock's surveyors.

It is invariably insisted also that formerly the great ram-





The west side of Pío Pico's home where the flood of 1866 swept away a portion of the old adobe.

bling structure contained 30 or 40 rooms. This is quite possible, although today there are but 17, and lacking two on the west side, the ground plan seems complete. If there were more rooms, they may have stood to the rear of the present building, although this seems somewhat illogical, or they may have extended westward and been swept entirely away by the flood, as one version of the story has it.

But there still remain many rooms and enough of charm about the old place to satisfy anybody's romantic yearning, without embroidering the facts.

The capacious house presents a ground plan of unusual interest and adaptability. Its main longitudinal section runs north and south, formerly boasting a *corredor* and patio on either side, framed by short projecting wings which gave the whole ground plan the form of an asymmetrical H. Ruinous remains of these extensions still cling to the west wall, where a pair of double doors and several windows gape baldly upon

what used to be the patio, but became in one wild night of 1866 a part of the river bed.

In the old days this dreamy verandah looked out across a wide plain famed for its prodigious fertility,<sup>1</sup> toward the Río San Gabriel, a mile distant. Then El Ranchito experienced the rumbling scourge of a California flood, such as they knew in the old days of the erratic San Gabriel river, with its treacherous vacillation in the choice of a permanent bed. An item in the Los Angeles Star of March 20, 1852, suggests the former wild winter force of the river that looks so peaceable today—"On Wednesday a Frenchman named Francis Premart was drowned while attempting to cross the San Gabriel river, in the vicinity of the Mission." This was not far above El Ranchito. And in 1868 the unruly river did not stop with drowning temerarious Frenchmen. It rose to a great height and then changed its course from one channel into two, carving out of the rich valley soil a deep new bed and forming the new San Gabriel in addition to the river we know today as the Río Hondo or "deep river." The flood cut away the soil to the very wall of Don Pío's mansion, weakening the foundations of the west side until the two end rooms collapsed and the *corredor* roof fell in.

On the east front, the old patio remains, a pleasant, reposeful place, but suggesting perhaps, more of the activities of later occupants than of the customs of Don Pío's day. This patio is paved with brick and in its center is a well, near which there grew, it is said, a fig tree which yielded Don Pío's favorite fruit.

Neither the brick paving nor the well were installed there by Don Pío, but their story is even more interesting as a revelation of the courtly old Californian's character. In the sixties Charles Lyman Strong bought a portion of El Ranchito from Don Pío. There was no house on this property for him to live in, so until he could develop his land and erect one, Don Pío, in a gesture typically Californian and typical of his own generous nature and courteous manner, *lent* the purchaser his own ranch home to live in. During his occupancy

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1. "The Paso de Bartolo was one of the most productive pieces of property in Los Angeles County. In the old days, it was devoted almost entirely to growing of corn." J. A. Graves, *My Seventy Years in California*, p. 156.

of the aging adobe, Strong discharged the obligation he felt, but was in no way expected to assume, by paving the east patio and sinking the convenient well in the middle of it. The lattice work of *corredores* surrounding this patio also is of later American origin.

But that California life was still pastoral, and that Don Pío and his guests rode horseback up to the very door of the house long after this day is shown by the portion of original brick paving still left (the middle section has been re-laid) before the entrance to the south wing. There it is chipped and scarred, marked deeply by the iron-shod animals who like their picturesque riders have disappeared forever from California life except when they are recalled on fiesta days, in ghost-like pageantry.

It was Mrs. H. W. R. Strong, wife of Don Pío's "tenant," whose timely efforts in behalf of the mansion alone saved it from destruction, and preserved it among our few protected landmarks.

This happened nearly 30 years ago, when a new bridge was being extended across the Río Hondo. Looking around for handy material with which to build approaches to the span, the road master saw the adobe mansion of Don Pío and the little family chapel which stood nearby among the clustered adobes of his retainers, across the present boulevard from the house. There also was the mill, whose crude stones may still be seen at the hacienda. With permission of the Whittier City authorities, (the city had acquired Ranchito as water-bearing land) he began demolishing the old buildings and hauling away the adobe bricks. Thus the small houses and the mill and the chapel, said to have been a beautiful little place, quaintly decorated inside with hand-painted frescoes, were wantonly destroyed long before age had weakened or greatly altered them.

Miss Harriet Strong heard of this vandalism by chance while traveling. She took the news to her mother and Mrs. Strong went into action immediately. She succeeded in staying destruction of the old house, which she knew so well, and in which she had once lived, then initiated vigorous measures to secure its permanent preservation.



Under the leadership of Mrs. Strong, a great number of historically-minded Californians gave effort and money to save the adobe of Don Pío. Several organizations contributed to the endeavor, notably the Governor Pico Museum and Historical Society, of Whittier, and the Landmarks Club, then flourishing under the leadership of the irresistible Charles F. Lummis. The Whittier Museum and Historical Society leased the Hacienda from the City of Whittier, put a new roof on it and made sorely needed repairs that gave it a hundred years' lease on life, and subsequently turned it over to the State of California. It is now administered by the State and to a degree is protected. But as a landmark, for many reasons worthy of preservation, it should receive more attention and better care. In fact, until protests were made to the Governor a year or two ago, the old house and grounds were carelessly tended and falling into deplorable condition. The last year has seen improvements made, but it is to be hoped that public interest in this fine old hacienda may be increased and strengthened to the point of achieving for El Ranchito a permanent appropriation for improvement and upkeep.

Not that El Ranchito should be built over. It has already been unfortunately mutilated by well meant but inaccurate restoration.

Especially unfortunate was the use of stucco in refinishing the wall of the north elevation, and the equally inappropriate pseudo-Mission false front. In spite of the fact that this work was done with the most commendable intention and at cost of praiseworthy effort and sacrifice, these features are none the less completely incorrect, and puzzle even the casual observer.

Actually this false front is a nonconformist member that has grown upon the house by a series of careless accretions. It is my personal conclusion that originally the house was not a mansion, but was only one story in height, built on approximately its present lines, otherwise. Across this north elevation extended a broad *corredor*, part of which still remains to one side of the front. There are many structural





"But the popular tradition that Don Pío was accustomed to stand upon this upstairs balcony and deliver addresses and proclamations to his people seems farfetched indeed."

evidences indicating that the gabled roof and half-story loft it shelters upstairs were added by Don Pío at a late period. And it is the recollection of Miss Strong that this north extension was built subsequent to the time her family lived there.

The rooms that lie behind this inharmonious front are of adobe construction, and probably were added by Don Pío in the early seventies. The outer doors are amusing and old, one of them is equipped with a small cat hole. But the popular tradition that Don Pío was accustomed to stand upon this upstairs balcony and deliver addresses and proclamations to his people seems far-fetched indeed. According to Miss Strong's recollection, the upstairs balcony was a window flower box before the "restoration," and anyway it is not likely that the second story appeared upon the building until long after Don Pío had ceased to hold public office, if it were even conceivable that he made public addresses at any time

at El Ranchito—so far out in the country and distant from the centers of political and oratorical activity.

It seems that at the time of restoration this false front was of wood, and had been given a kind of country store effect by occupants after Pico. While doubtless an improvement over this situation, the patently 20th century "Misionesque" curves added at the top have nothing whatever to do with Don Pío.

Upstairs under the gabled roof there is a long attic apartment with unfinished walls, which tradition holds to have been the grand ballroom.

The walls of the building are all at least two feet thick, in some places nearly three, and often rise up to the roof with a nonchalant disregard of being or not being "plumb." *Corredores* are broad, ceilings high, but none of the many rooms are of large size. Most of the doors, and the shutters on the west outer wall, are handmade, and worthy of attention.

There is indication of a former inside stairway leading up from one of the rooms in the north wing. Leading up from the east *corredor* is an outside stairway with a *sala* window peering out from under it. It appears to have been an afterthought.

Iron grilles are found at windows of two rooms at the south end of the mansion. The present caretaker states that he has found these iron rods to actually be primitive iron pipe, about one inch in diameter. Iron pipe was not used in California before the American period.

The front rooms of the north section are declared to have been built and set aside for Don Pío's personal use. In two of them certain sections in the broad floor planks could once have been lifted out, but whether they really gave access to hidden treasure boxes or not, one does not know. On the north wing also a big wine cellar with sturdy primitive beams for supporting the casks, provided an integral part of Don Pío's hospitality.

For the most part, the interior of Don Pío's mansion as it stands today, suggests with fair accuracy the background against which his elaborate household furnishings were installed in the day of his wealth and happiness. But cover

your eyes with your hand if you would not be shocked by the interior finish of what used to be the grand *sala*. There red wall-paper of 1901 vintage and woodwork "grained" to simulate golden oak give pain to the eye and reveal the handiwork of such folk as those who thought Don Pío's mansion would make a good approach to a bridge.

Sufficient appreciation for the work of Mrs. Strong and her associates in rescuing the hacienda from destruction can scarcely be expressed. It is meet that we should preserve this charming old home of Don Pío, not alone because he was the last Mexican governor of California, but because his memory remains among us as a symbolic, though tragic, figure of some of the most interesting years—as all transitional periods are—in the life of Los Angeles.

"Don Pío"—wrote a visitor of the eighties<sup>1</sup>—"is one of the picturesque sights of Los Angeles. Above eighty now, with his stocky figure, square head and bright eye, contrasting with his bronzed skin and close-cropped hair and beard, he has a certain resemblance to Victor Hugo. He has a rather florid taste in jewelry, and carries himself about town, in his short overcoat with velvet collar and cuffs, with a bearing still erect and stately. . ."

And a resident of today recalls him—"I knew him forty-nine years ago, a fine courtly distinguished gentleman of the old ante-bellum school . . . deep wrinkles coursed through his brow with leonine depressions that made his face stand out with full physical and mental strength.

"He was so courteous, especially to the ladies—to see him bow and gallantly kiss the feminine extended hand was to me an epic.

"He spoke French fluently, and very little English.

"He was despoiled of his possessions— . . . what a pathetic epilogue to the drama of moral obliquity!"<sup>2</sup>

In 1891 Don Pío passed through the portals of El Rancho for the last time, and went to Los Angeles to live out his few remaining years in poverty. Yet "all who came into social or business relations with the venerable ex-Governor

1. *Southern California*, Harper's Magazine, December 1882.

2. In a letter to L. L. Hill from Arthur J. Herrmann, M.D.



spontaneously bear witness to the kindness of his heart, to his uniform courtesy, and to his entire lack of malice or ill-will toward any human being.”<sup>3</sup>

When Don Pío addressed the last session of the California Mexican legislature he said, “What that astonishing people (the Americans) will next undertake I cannot say, but on whatever enterprise they embark they will be sure to be successful.”

One can at least hope that they may some day embark upon a more perfect completion of the enterprise so splendidly initiated by Harriet W. R. Strong.

#### RANCHO SANTA GERTRUDES

Fitting the historical puzzle together is perennially a fascination, but so often some of the pieces are lacking. This has proven especially true in my efforts to identify the two adobe houses that still remain within the former limits of Rancho Santa Gertrudes, which lay southeast of Don Pío Pico's Ranchito.

In very early times Los Nietos, the enormous grant of which Santa Gertrudes was a part, became the residence of “several men who with their families and servants formed quite a little settlement ruled by an *alcalde auxiliar*.” José Nieto, Bernardo Higuera, and Juan Pérez, subsequently grantee of Rancho Paso de Bartolo, were mentioned in connection with this settlement.

These several establishments at “Ranchito” and Rancho Santa Gertrudes or Los Nietos were closely associated in popular thought. In the Los Angeles Star of March 6, 1852, the Tax Assessor announced the schedule of places where he would be stationed, mentioning “at the rancho de Los Nietos, house of Don Pío Pico, on the first of April.”

In fact, before the days when clearing of land titles under the new government required surveys, the boundaries of these various holdings were indefinite, although unquestioned among the several owners.

The major part of Los Nietos remained, of course, in

3. Quoted by Mary Mendenhall Perkins, in The Los Angeles Times, Illustrated Magazine, April 27, 1924.



possession of that family, and when the fabulous grant was divided among the heirs of Don Manuel, Ant3nio Maria Nieto received the part designated as Rancho Santa Gertrudes—17,602 acres in extent. Later the rancho was conveyed to Lemuel Carpenter, “who prospered under Mexico but failed under the United States.” On November 14, 1859, the Rancho was sold by the Sheriff, and bid in for \$60,000 by John G. Downey and James P. McFarland. It was a splendid piece of



Casa Ramirez—"Forgotten it seems to be, and in tremendous contrast to the vast activities of the present. . ."

farming land, and one of the first of the ranchos to be subdivided. Out of it sprang the town of Downey; then years later, the wells of dark riches at Santa F3 Springs and neighboring oil fields.

### *Casa Ramirez—Santa F3 Springs*

Among the maze of oil derricks of Santa F3 Springs stands an abandoned, yet well-preserved adobe which was identified for me by neighbors as “the Ramirez place.”

On July 14, 1855, Lemuel Carpenter and his wife, María de Los Angeles Dominguez de Carpenter, conveyed to José M. Ramirez a portion of Rancho Santa Gertrudes, which became known on the records as the Ramirez Tract.

Very similar in appearance to every other one-story adobe, yet like every other one, it still has distinctive features of its own. Its thick walls form a bulky rectangle, comprising four generously-proportioned rooms and a wide hallway. A shingled roof is prolonged at either side to cover the *corredores* which extend the length of the building on its east and west elevations. A group of beautiful pepper trees still keep it company, and sway in unison with the untended geraniums and rose vines that still clamber and fling bright flowers about supports of the old *corredores*.

Forgotten, it seems to be, and in tremendous contrast to the vast activities of the present with which it is surrounded. Still greater contrast its presence suggests, when one thinks back to the days when it stood among fields of corn and wheat, with only cattle and horses or sheep in sight upon the neighboring hillsides. Then the Ramirez had communication with the distant town of Los Angeles solely by means of the single road which passed through the rancho going "into Los Angeles by the ranchito of Don Pío Pico" and over which the San Diego stage travelled through the sand and dust, toward Santa Ana.

"It is said," wrote Leonard Porter Ayers in 1873<sup>1</sup> "that the Sonoran Ramirez, who had quite a ranch beyond Pío Pico's farm at Ranchito, was the only one in the country who raised wheat in any quantity."

Beyond this distinction I have found no reference to José M. Ramirez. On February 1, 1875, he sold his land to Ex-governor Downey.

*"Governor Downey's Home"—Norwalk and Puente  
Mills Road, Los Nietos*

The modernized adobe at the little ranch known to old-timers of the region as the "Colonel Swain place," is said by its owners one time to have been the summer home of

1. Gold and Sunshine, by Leonard Porter Ayres.



Governor John G. Downey. Downey was connected with Rancho Santa Gertrudes both by land purchase and marriage into the Guirado family.

Governor Downey. However, working back through the records, I cannot find that the California Governor ever owned this property, although he may, of course, have lived there.

The house stands on a portion of Rancho Santa Gertrudes—the northernmost, bordering on Rancho Paso de Bartolo—which was occupied by Tomás Sanchez Colima, ranchero and sometime *juez de campo*, from 1841, and to which he received patent from the United States Government. It was designated in later times as the Colima Tract of Rancho Santa



Gertrudes. To Ant3nio Poyoreno (or Polloreno) on February 5, 1876, Andrea S. Colima conveyed one-fourth of the Colima vineyard. Twenty-six years later, on February 23, 1893, Eduardo Poyoreno sold this property and the water on it, with the adobe house thrown in, to Colonel Peter T. Swain in consideration of \$13,800.00.

It is the tradition that this house was built about the same time that Don P3o's mansion was erected, and that it belonged to some of the Los Nietos grandchildren, later becoming Governor Downey's country residence, all of which is quite possible.

Not only was Downey connected with Rancho Santa Gertrudes through his purchase of Lemuel Carpenter's holdings, but through his marriage to Mar3a Jesus Guirado, in 1852. Bernardo Guirado, her father, as we have seen, was claimant for part of rancho Paso de Bartolo. And we find in a later record, "Lying to east of the Santa Gertrudes lands (sic) is the settlement of Los Nietos, about 2 miles square, embracing some 40 or 50 families, who, year after year, raise their 100 bushels of corn to the acre, and take the world easy. Mr. B. Guirado [probably the first Bernardo's son] keeps a store there which supplies the immediate wants of the community." And incidentally, this report also offers comment of some interest on the neighboring Ranchito—"In the same neighborhood is the Pico Ranch settlement, consisting of 20 or 30 families. Concerning this last I wrote last year, 'one tract upon it has been cultivated for 100 years and turns out 100 bushels to the acre with systematic regularity.' Both of these settlements seem to have escaped the general rush of progress. . ."<sup>1</sup>

Colonel Swain, an Army officer who had served on the plains through eventful days of the Indian Wars, bought this rancho when he came down to Los Angeles on leave of absence to visit a son. The adobe was in partial disrepair by then, and he built a new frame house beside it. This he intended for a ranch house, but became so enamored of the beautiful country place that when he retired he went there to live, enlarging it for his permanent home. In that time the

1. From an undated clipping in the Bowman Scrapbooks, No. 2, L. A. Public Library.



old adobe was used for packing walnuts. It was most convenient. The trucks could drive right up to its three pairs of double doors with thresholds but slightly above the ground level.

Then later, a married son of the Colonel's made over the adobe and adapted it for his home. While beautiful, as it stands today, it reveals in its exterior only the inspiration of a distinctly modern architect, and has lost every characteristic feature of its original design. The *corredor* along the front remains, but arches have replaced the former wooden columns that supported its roof.

Thirty-seven years ago, when Colonel Swain first came to live there, the aging adobe stood in the midst of flourishing vineyards that extended over all the countryside. In the spring, to go to El Ranchito, one drove through yellow seas of mustard, so tall that the disturbed blossoms would fall into the buggy seat.

Volunteer grapevines still spring up each season about the adobe house. And in the back yard an ancient pear tree annually bears fruit that makes the family reminiscent of a primitive ranch-life story. This tree, they say, was planted by accident years ago when some child of the Californios who used to live there was naughty and ran away out of the house. His pursuing mother snatched a persuasive switch from a pear tree as she ran after him, and then when the culprit was caught and returned to the parental adobe, she dropped her switch into a handy gopher hole. There it took root and grew into the gnarled and weathered tree of today.

Formerly, they say, there was an adobe ell extending eastward from the extant building. This, considered to be the older portion, disappeared some years ago. That any part of the storied house will long remain is uncertain. Progress may levy upon it too, as part of the price of extending Slauson Boulevard eastward through the valley of Los Nietos.

#### RANCHO CIENEGA O PASO DE LA TIJERA

Rancho Ciénega was so far out in the country in 1843 when it was granted to Vicente Sanchez, *alcalde* and *comisionado de zanjás* of the pueblo of Los Angeles, that he did not



Club house of the Sunset Golf Course which incorporates the hacienda of Don Vicente Sanchez.

make his home there during his office-holding periods, which were frequent and prolonged, but resided in town, in a house whose site is now suggested in the name Sanchez Street, which runs south from the Plaza for a block between Los Angeles and Main. The rancho was merely used as a cattle range.

Today the rancho is a part of the city that was then so far away. Lying in the center of a busy and well-populated district, at Vernon Avenue and Angeles Mesa Drive, Don Vicente's hacienda has become the scene of activities that would have been incomprehensible except as a subject for extreme mirth to any sane Californian of his day, being now a public golf course.

Granted to Vicente Sanchez by Governor Manuel Micheltorena, the rancho became the property of Tomás A. Sanchez, his grandson, about 1850, when Don Vicente's holdings were partitioned among his heirs.

"Gradually the Rancho increased in value. In 1875 Sanchez sold a half interest for \$60,000, later he sold a fourth and finally another Sheriff sold the remainder. E. J. "Lucky" Baldwin became the owner. Baldwin found this rancho something of a white elephant. Sheep ranching became unprofitable and the land was not adapted to orange groves and he knew nothing of the oil beneath it. But he held the property and when he died in 1909 his estate listed Rancho Ciénega o Paso de La



"Part of these buildings at least were probably erected by Don Vicente Sanchez in the days when Rancho Paso de la Tijera was his cattle range."

Tijera as one of its most valuable possessions. Seemingly no matter how fast this old rancho has been subdivided (and the growth of Angeles Mesa has been phenomenal) the remaining unsubdivided part grows in value . . . directly contrary to its diminishing size."<sup>1</sup>

The double name of the rancho is derived from natural phenomena of its topography. "Las Ciénegas," by which it was popularly and generally known, refers to the swamps which swept away from the hills near which the ranch house stood, down a long gentle slope northeastward toward the town of Los Angeles. Migratory waterfowl of every description congregated by thousands in the marsh where the smooth green sweep of the golf course lies today.

What the Americans call Baldwin Hills, the poetic Californians were inspired to call Paso de la Tijera, because of the conformation of the hills, where a pass between two valleys suggested the outline of a pair of opened scissors.

Ploughing and excavating for improvements instituted by the present owners have turned up reminders of habitation of the rancho even before the days of Don Vicente Sanchez. Nu-

1. Romance of the Ranchos, E. Palmer Conner, pub. by L. A. Title Insurance & Trust Co., p. 22.



merous Indian metates and manos and pestles, and one handsome boat-shaped sandstone bowl, have come to light in this way, as well as several arrowheads of good workmanship. One ancient Spanish cannonball, three inches in diameter, was turned up in grading the links.

*Casa de Rancho Ciénega—Sunset Golf Course—Angeles  
Mesa Drive and Vernon Avenue—Los Angeles*

With unusual appreciation and restraint, Charles W. Cross and R. E. Heath, of the Sunset Golf Corporation, who pioneered this club, have retained the old adobe buildings that were still standing when they took over the decaying rancho, and converted them into a highly acceptable clubhouse. A gratifying discovery, after I had seen other so-called "restorations" that left me despairing over the misguided improvements whereby modern owners have converted California adobes into Italian villas, or caused them to express the best ideas of young prize winners in "small house" contests.

Several adobe structures were reared during the long period that Rancho Ciénega was occupied as a rancho. By the time the Sunset Golf Corporation took it over a few years ago some of these had fallen into irreparable ruin, and the others, including the old home itself, were used as dairy buildings.

Facing the long stretch of plain toward the then invisible Los Angeles, this cluster of ranch buildings was situated upon a slightly eminence. Behind them rose the treeless and neatly rounded tops of the "Baldwin Hills." Nearest the hills stood a one-story L-shaped adobe. Both ells were of very respectable length, evidently equipped with shingled roofs from the time of their original construction, since the adobe walls are built up to the peak of the gable, while commonly, when gabled roofs replaced flat ones, it was the custom to fill in the triangle under the gable on either exposed end of the building with a siding of planks.

The rear wing of the building nearest the hills fell into decay and collapsed in some rainsoaked winter a decade or two ago, but the present owners have taken the trouble to lay out their new clubhouse on lines recreating the plan of the





"Several adobe structures were reared during the long period that Rancho Ciénega was occupied as a rancho."

original ranch buildings. The remaining portion of the south wing has been repaired and developed into a dressing room.

The front building, facing the *ciénega* and Los Angeles, had a two-story facade and a long single-story wing extending to the rear. When the place was taken over by the Sunset Golf Corporation this building was in use as a milk house. My impression is that this may originally have been a one-story L-shaped building similar to the one just described, and that some time a part of the front wing was destroyed and then this second story added. Upstairs, here, unlike the windows of any other early adobe buildings I have seen, and even in the downstairs section of this same house, the window lights are installed on the inner side of the deep adobe wall, with sills angled away and projecting outward, instead of forming a window seat on the inside of the room.

In developing the old ranch house as a club, the two-story section has been allowed to remain just as it stood, and is incorporated into a long rambling building, simply designed, with a broad *corredor* running the entire front of the building.

Everything in the old place was whitewashed when they took it over. Underneath a very thick and flinty coating of whitewash on ceilings in the front section, which is now used as administrative quarters for the Club, was found an original coating of green-blue paint, which has been carefully preserved. The ceilings in this house are of hand-sawed lumber, grooved by hand. In these big beams, and the old wood floors, hand-cut iron nails were used.

Part of these buildings at least, were probably erected by Don Vicente Sanchez, in the days when Rancho Paso de la Tijera was his cattle range. But Don Vicente was too much interested and involved in public life to spend much time as a ranchero. He served as *elector* and *alcalde*, and member of the *Diputación*. "In 1829-32, as *diputado alcalde* and citizen he was involved in a complicated series of troubles, being deposed and imprisoned and in turn imprisoning others."<sup>1</sup> In fact, he was always in trouble, over one political situation or another.

Tomás, his grandson, to whom the rancho came after his death, sometime about 1850, was destined for public life in the pueblo of Los Angeles too, but from it he emerged with greater public approval than did his grandfather.

Don Tomás' lasting fame was based upon unquestioned prowess as an officer of the law in crucial times. Evidently he had earned some reputation and tried his strength long before 1860, when he became sheriff, for Horace Bell speaks of him as "Don Tomás Sanchez, a true son of chivalry, who had wielded a good lance at San Pasqual."

And some years before, he had asserted himself in favor of law and order at a critical moment. Sheriff Barton and a party of twelve men going toward San Juan in pursuit of certain outlaws were caught in ambush and shot down by Juan Flores' followers. "When the news reached Los Angeles it produced a profound sensation. Brave men looked at each other in blank terror and asked, 'Where will this end?' There was some fear as to how the native Californians would act in the matter." Don Andrés Pico and Don Tomás Sanchez were the first to call for volunteers to put down the disturb-

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1. Bancroft, Vol. III, p. 41-2.

ance and punish the assassins. And according to Bell, "The feeling of gratitude on the part of the gringo population to those noble heroes Andrés Pico and Tomás Sanchez was such that Don Andrés was soon thereafter appointed brigadier-general of the National Guard, and Don Tomás was made sheriff of Los Angeles County, and was permitted to hold office for nearly ten years."<sup>2</sup>

Don Tomás, like most of the other rancheros of prominence in old Los Angeles, maintained a home in town as well as at the rancho. Evidently the city home was "his usual place of abode on June 1, 1850," as he is listed in the Los Angeles census of that year in dwelling house number 272. According to the same document, he was then 26 years of age.

Don Tomás married María, a daughter of Rafaela Verdugo and Fernando Sepúlveda. As recounted in a Los Angeles Express article of February 17, 1905, she received 50 acres as her portion of the great Rancho San Rafael. Don Tomás sold Rancho Las Ciénegas and built a country home on Doña María's property. This was built in 1876 on the site of the original home adobe and later became the famous Casa Verdugo Inn in Glendale. Today no trace of this famous building remains, except the old trees that surrounded it.

#### RANCHO LA BREA

The story of Rancho La Brea is replete with personalities and events of historic interest, from the time of its granting for a cattle range to António José Rocha in 1828, down to its present days as a great oil-producing area, crisscrossed by major boulevards, its air heavy with the hum of traffic and the smell of gasoline.

The 4444.4-acre tract was claimed by the pueblo of Los Angeles as part of the pueblo lands, and the grant was originally assigned to Don António José by José António Carrillo, *alcalde* and outstanding citizen, brother-in-law of Don Pío Pico. Later this grant was confirmed by Governor Echeandía.

António José Rocha was a Portuguese, and, according to Barrows, a blacksmith and one of Los Angeles' most re-

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2. Reminiscences of a Ranger, Major Horace Bell, p. 80.

spected and substantial citizens. He had come to California in 1815 on board the *Columbia*. It is stated also by H. D. Barrows,<sup>1</sup> that this same Rocha built for the padres of San Gabriel the famous mill which subsequently became the home of Col. Kewen.

Free right to use of the natural asphalt or *brea* springs for which the Rancho was named had always been held by the *pobladores* of Los Angeles as a matter of course, and many a *carreta* load had been carted away and applied to the flat roofs of the pueblo buildings. Now when on January 6, 1828, the Rancho was officially granted to Rocha the right to use the *brea* was reserved to the citizens of Los Angeles.

Later on, when La Brea had passed into the hands of José Gorge Rocha, we find that in consideration of \$500, to Antónío María Valdez, José Gorge Rocha deeded an absolute right "to enter upon, and possess with free privilege to build houses, use the water and timber, and introduce all his animals on Rancho La Brea," and to Carlos Barric he donated 400 varas square in the Ojo de la Brea (the *brea* spring), but with the understanding that the latter could not prevent the inhabitants from freely taking the asphaltum, "as they have up to this date for the roofs of their homes."

Then on November 16, 1860, José Gorge Rocha deeded to John Hancock all his right and interest in Rancho La Brea. Eight years later John Hancock deeded to James Thompson certain lands of La Brea (the north portion of the rancho), Thompson having "located certain school warrants" and also holding a pre-emption on the Rancho. Thompson's acquisition amounted to 480 acres.

Among the Californians James Thompson was known as Don Santiago. To the Americans he was Sheriff Jim Thompson, picturesque and flourishing. He was a hardy frontiersman, well-liked in Los Angeles, whence he had come, according to Ranger Horace Bell, from the Texas *llanos*. "The veteran Thompson gave evidence of a capacity to command that was an honor to the school wherein he learned to ride,

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1. Pub. Historical Society So. Calif. III—iv, p. 20.



and proved that his training on the frontier of Texas had well fitted him for the honors thrust upon him.”<sup>1</sup>

These thrustured honors comprised the very hazardous job of being sheriff of Los Angeles County in the desperate fifties. “Desperadoes set all law at defiance, . . . and at one time the office of sheriff, then worth \$10,000 a year, went a-begging . . . until Jim Thompson threw himself into the breach as it were, and became Sheriff of Los Angeles County.”<sup>2</sup> Perhaps a bit highly colored for emphasis’ sake, Bell’s statement refers to the time when Sheriff Barton was killed by the Juan Flores gang, and Jim Thompson consented to succeed him in the office from which he had been removed in such violent and discouraging circumstances.

Particularly in these spirited accounts by Horace Bell, Sheriff Jim Thompson is shown as a man of action and ability, and the story of his faithful attendance on the mountaineer Andy Sublette and his dog Old Buck after their last stand together against a grizzly at Elizabeth Lake, reveals him “with his great good heart, watching day and night by the bedside of the two heroes.”

Sheriff Jim Thompson’s cattle had grazed on Rancho La Brea for many years before the recorded land transaction with Henry Hancock took place, for on June 21, 1852, Don Ant3nio Jos3 Rocha had agreed to rent to him for five years an undivided half interest in Rancho La Brea.

*La Hacienda de Rancho La Brea—Gilmore Tract,  
Third and Fairfax Avenues, Los Angeles*

It is quite possible that the adobe which still stands on Rancho La Brea is the one Rocha erected there 102 years ago. Originally there was a cluster of several adobe buildings here, but this one alone has withstood the devastating years, a fact that lends weight to the belief that it has always been the home building, which would naturally receive better care than others.

Standing at the terminus of a long drive bordered by tall eucalyptus trees which probably date back to Jim Thompson’s time, in the heart of a great oil field, this building is owned

1. *Reminiscences of a Ranger*, Major Horace Bell, p. 14.

2. *Ibid.*, p. 14.



La Hacienda de Rancho La Brea. "... but this one alone has withstood the devastating years."

today by Earl C. Gilmore, oil magnate, whose birthplace it was. Not only has he preserved the old home but restored it and surrounded it with lovely gardens. His father, Arthur F. Gilmore, acquired the Rancho from Sheriff Jim Thompson in the early seventies. He bought it for a dairy ranch, not dreaming of the wealth quiescent under its unproductive soil.

The south and west wings of the L-plan house are the original portion, the north wing having been added by Mr. Gilmore. The tile roof is also a new addition. With the entire main source of supply of Los Angeles' best roofing material so close at hand, the flat-topped house must originally have had a particularly good *brea* roof. A. F. Gilmore replaced it anyway, with a roof of shakes, and increased the height of the front wing with a half-story apartment under the gabled roof.

In restoration, a lofty, spacious effect has been achieved in the interior by removing the beams and original ceiling and leaving the room open to the big brown rafters under the high roof. Along with the worm-eaten beams and ceiling other early woodwork in the house was removed at the time of restoration. The rough weathered wood used by Mr.

Gilmore and his architect in the re-building is interesting and not inappropriate, although even as early as 1828 Don Antonio Rocha probably obtained sawed but unplanned lumber for his building, tediously trundling it in an ox cart across the eight miles of unfenced countryside that lay then between Rancho La Brea and Los Angeles. But, anyway, the restoration window headers, etc., are so well done, being left unstained, and not hacked at like so many current sham antiques, that they might easily be taken for examples of extremely early and primitive construction, were it not for the candor of its owner.

#### RANCHO RINCON DE LOS BUEYES

Rancho Rincón de los Bueyes—its meaning is “the corner of the oxen”—was a cattle range that lay southwest of Rancho La Brea. But one league square, it was not a large tract as grants went in those days, but today a thousand people live within its boundaries where once there was only the home of a single family.

It dated among the earliest of the Mexican grants, being assigned by Don José de la Guerra y Noriega to Bernardo Higuera on December 7, 1821, and confirmed by Manuel Michel-torena on July 10, 1843. With Francisco<sup>1</sup> and Secundino Higuera, Bernardo's sons, as claimants, patent was granted by the United States in 1862. Ten years later, on Novmeber 8, 1872, Francisco Higuera conveyed to Don Antonio José Rocha all of this rancho except 100 acres.

This Antonio José was the son of the highly respected Antonio José I, who had raised so many cattle at old Rancho La Brea. Antonio José II was born in Los Angeles about 1825. He married Ventura Lopez of the San Fernando family.

While many partitions of the rancho have been made since 1872, Antonio José Rocha's descendants have retained a portion of Rincón de los Bueyes down to the present. Without moving their place of residence they have progressed from country into city life. They have seen the range lands around

1. Francisco was the man of fame of this family, having achieved considerable recognition among the Californians for his bravery in fighting against El Comodoro Mervine, U. S. Navy, when the latter advanced on Los Angeles in 1846. Baneroft states that Gillespie was lanced and unhorsed by this Francisco Higuera, or “el Güero,” and records Stephen C. Foster's declaration that “Higuera would have killed Gillespie had he not been in so much of a hurry to get away with his saddle and bridle. He later offered to return the articles but Gillespie declined to receive them as their loss and saved his life.” Baneroft XXII—p. 352, f. n.





La Casa de Ant3nio Jos3 Rocha. "It is an ample, pleasant place, with a big square ground plan and a gringo stairway inside."

them sprout oil derricks and they have seen Robertson and Wilshire and Beverly Boulevards cut through their former beanfields. They have watched the town gradually come out from fifteen miles away and swallow up the corrals and the farmyards and the dairies, the windmills and isolated old houses of the distinctly country life they knew, after all only a few years ago.

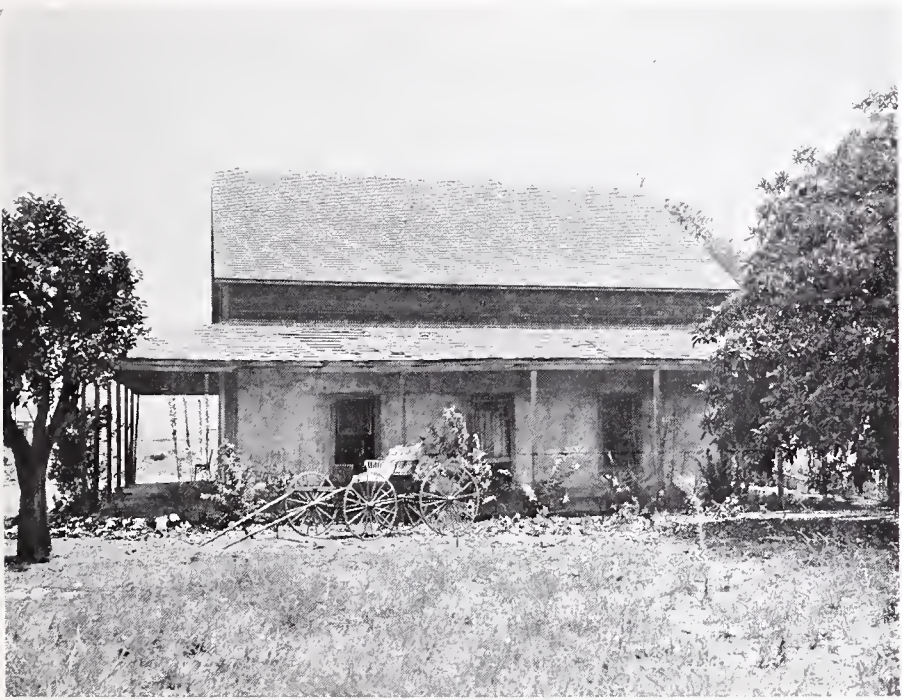
*La Casa de Ant3nio Jos3 Rocha—  
Cadillac and Shenandoah Streets, Los Angeles*

All this they have observed going on from under the shadowed *corredor* of the adobe house their father, Ant3nio Jos3 II, erected early in his life as *ranchero* at Rinc3n de los Bueyes.

The adobe of the Rochas has a particular and indefinable charm. It is situated near the intersection of new subdivision streets with the inappropriate names of Cadillac and Shenandoah.

It is an ample, pleasant place, with a big square ground plan and a gringo stairway inside. It seems as though its second story might have been an afterthought, but this does not seem to be the case, as the redwood shipsiding with which





"Somehow this ancient vehicle, weather-blistered and peeling, standing before the adobe seemed a last symbol of a country life now almost forgotten."

it is constructed is of early vintage. This wood sheathing is superimposed on the outer adobe wall, so that on the upstairs interior a thick dado of adobe runs around the unfinished chamber. All around the house, with roof projecting from the bottom of the shipsiding superstructure, runs a wide *corredor*.

Years of abandonment have left their mark upon the old adobe. The plaster of the outside walls is chipped and gouged. Here and there a few shingles have blown off. Deliberate black hens flap their horny feet upon the wood floor of the *corredor*, squeezing themselves painstakingly through the spokes of an ancient "buggy" that has found shelter there. Somehow this ancient vehicle, weather-blistered and peeling, standing before the adobe, seemed a last symbol of country life now almost forgotten, but such as one saw not many years ago, all about the byways at the edges of our towns. A dusty life, not far from town yet remote, with a pleasant family living comfortably in an old house, surrounded

by a bit of garden and much dry grass, with chickens freely wandering, and always out in the yard a buggy or unsteady, aged carry-all weathering away as the auto took its place. There was the fresh fruit, in boxes and baskets, the corn stacked up under the *corredor*. The orange or bunch of grapes freely proffered to every visitor. And the dripping olla, relic of primitive Californian times, suspended from a tree limb in the shade, swathed in wet gunny sack. A life that has disappeared with the coming of rapid transit and roadside markets, was suggested, almost nostalgically, in this old Rocha home, as it appeared a month or two ago.

But it will not long remain as I have described it. Coming into its own again as a home, when Mrs. Zenaida Rocha de Guzman, daughter of the second António José Rocha, returns to the friendly shelter of its roof it will soon be changed, and adapted to modern life.

#### RANCHO AGUAJE DEL CENTINELA

Precious springs in a dry country inspired the name of the rancho which formerly occupied the land where Inglewood is today. The rancho named for the "watering place of the sentinel" was granted on September 14, 1844, by Governor Manuel Micheltorena to Ygnácio Machado.

#### *Hacienda del Rancho Aguaje del Centinela—Inglewood*

While tradition has it that the very fine adobe dwelling still standing and occupied on Rancho del Centinela was built in 1786, the same year that Misión Santa Barbara was erected, I have not been able to find any evidence confirming this belief. It seems more likely that the house was built about the time that Don Ygnácio obtained the grant. But few ranches were occupied in 1786, most of the settlers preferring to live in town, or if connected with the Missions, occasionally were established on outlying mission ranchos. Aguaje del Centinela was never a mission rancho, although of course, the Machados may have had their cattle grazing there prior to 1844. On the other hand, by that year, building of ranch houses received impetus from a Mexican colonization law requiring, where a rancho was granted, that the grantee erect a dwelling on the property within one year, and that



"Few adobes, of whatever age, can lay claim to a more gallant or colorful history than does the hacienda of Rancho del Centinela, and few can surpass it in beauty and excellence of preservation."

he occupy this dwelling as a residence during at least a part of each year, in addition to stocking the rancho with cattle and horses.

The number of years that a landmark can lay claim to is after all not of the greatest historic consequence. The story of the place, the personalities and events associated with its annals are the items that count. Few adobes, of whatever age, can lay claim to a more gallant or colorful history than does the hacienda of Rancho del Centinela, and few can surpass it in beauty and excellence of preservation.

From the days of Don Ygnácio Machado this house served as headquarters not only of Rancho Aguaje del Centinela, but of the two neighboring tracts, Rancho Sausal Redondo, and what later was known as the Stuart Tract. Under its roof it has sheltered at one time or another all of the brave figures who have played their parts in the history of the Rancho.



On April 7, 1845, the rancho was deeded by Don Ygnácio Machado to Bruno Avila. These two names, Machado and Avila, are interwoven closely with the early history of this entire coastal region southwest of Los Angeles. The two families unquestionably were the first to occupy the district with their herds, and thus by right of tenure, established claim to it at an early time. Agustín Machado became the grantee of the neighboring Rancho La Ballona, and to António Ygnácio Avila, a brother of Bruno, was assigned the Sausal Redondo in 1822, while Francisco, another brother, held the rancho known as Las Ciénegas. These Avilas were sons of Cornélio, founder of the notable family, who came to Los Angeles from Sonora in 1783.

In the deed of 1845 Ygnácio Machado assigned to Bruno Avila all his rights and interests in the property called Aguaje del Centinela, which was described as consisting of "a house and a piece of land enclosed in a live fence and a vineyard, which has corrals . . . and is free of every lien." And in addition it is provided that "Machado will also deliver to Abila two barrels of Aguardiente." In exchange for the aguardiente and 2,219 acres of grazing land, Don Ygnácio received of Bruno Avila a little adobe house and lot and small vineyard, fenced, in the suburbs of Los Angeles.

After 1846, the familiar California tragedy wrested Rancho del Centinela from Bruno Avila and his wife María. They had borrowed \$900 at current Los Angeles rates of interest—6% per month, or 72% per year! Sold at public auction, the rancho was bid in for \$2,000 by Hilliard P. Dorsey, April 9, 1856.

About this time one Joseph Lancaster Brent had become interested in Rancho Sausal Redondo. It was without water, while the *aguaje* or great spring for which Rancho del Centinela was named, might provide enough for both. Brent secured the Centinela in 1859. He was an ardent Southerner, and when, soon after his purchase was made, war between the States seemed imminent, he hastened to sell his rancho and departed from California to serve the South. He was the last Confederate General to lay down his sword.

"The conveyance by Brent was made for a consideration



of \$3,000 to Sir Robert Burnett, a Baronet of Scotland, who on a visit to California had fallen in love with the natural charm of the Rancho Centilena and purchased both it and its neighbor, the Rancho Sausal Redondo."

Sir Robert and Lady Matilda Josephine Burnett made their home at the Rancho, and much of the present beauty of the rancho may be traced to the cultured taste of these two. To the old adobe construction was added certain brickwork which indubitably was laid by an artist in his craft. Two well-designed fireplaces in red brick were installed, and in the old kitchen appears a most quaint oven of the same material, with an iron door, built in a style that never had its origin in Spain or California, but throws back distinctly to kitchens of Georgian mansions and the kitchens they inspired in the American colonies 150 years ago.

Out-of-doors, the garden, now venerable and hoary, even more clearly commemorates the baronet and his wife, recalling in the surroundings of their new far western home the accustomed traditions of their former one. There is the exquisite brick work, in a walk which curves suavely and enticingly, around the rectangle of the house, and then leads one down a cypress walk through the center of an old-fashioned garden. It is enchanting and romantic.

The house itself is long and low, well-built, and neatly whitewashed. Most admirable of its attributes is the choice of sites. Stationed upon a long high ridge, half a mile west of the city of Inglewood, the house looks toward the town. In front of it the knoll on which it stands slopes abruptly down to a meadow where, with seasonal blossoming and wizened fruit, a few old fruit trees bear testimony to former harvests.

Having brought the hacienda to this charming state of development, Sir Robert leased the rancho, together with Sausal Redondo and the Stuart Tract, on April 19, 1873, to Catherine Grace Higginson Freeman. Mrs. Freeman must have been an extraordinary woman for her time, for rare indeed in the seventies were business transactions of the magnitude of this one, carried out as hers was, by a woman without even a scratch of her husband's pen put to the papers. She took a five-year lease on the rancho at the expiration of

which she was to have the privilege of purchase for \$150,000. Mrs. Freeman stocked the land with many sheep, and leased part of it to José Dolores Machado.

A little more than a year later, she died, there at Centinela. She was then just 32 years old, and left two small sons and a daughter. Her will specifically directed her husband, the Canadian, Daniel Freeman, who became a prominent citizen of the Southland, to complete the purchase of the rancho.

The charm of present-day Inglewood in large measure is owing to certain stipulations in the agreement made after Mrs. Freeman's death between her husband and Sir Robert, on April 29, 1878. Under this lease Freeman was required to plant 1,500 gum and pepper trees to protect the young fruit orchards from the wind, before January 1, 1880. A supplementary condition was that Freeman should retain one Joseph Sacaze as manager of the fruit orchards, at a salary of \$50.00 per month, and keep the ditches in good repair.

In 1882 the purchase from Burnett was consummated by Daniel Freeman for \$140,000. This price covered just the Rancho Aguaje del Centinela. In a year or two the quiet rancho was swept into the madness of the boom, out of which the present city of Inglewood took its origin, and subdivision of the rancho began.

Today the old house seems itself like a sentinel. The quiet acres of the rarely beautiful old homestead seem to keep guard over the traditions, the spirit of the past. Nearby, on acres once part of the rancho, go forward daily the immense activities of Mines Field Airport. Over the tops of the trees, over the roof of the ancient house, over the *corredores* where linger shadowy memories of Spanish-Californian vaqueros, of American sheepmen, of the Scotch Baronet and his lady, thrum the great aircraft. Lindbergh coursed his triumphal return over it, and from its garden was seen the mystic flight of the Graf zeppelin across the sky directly above it.

The hacienda is now owned by the Los Angeles Extension Company. Near to Mines Field, in an area awaiting subdivision, the remaining portion of Rancho del Centinela may

soon become an industrial district. But the acres that surround the house itself and extend on toward the town of Inglewood are ideally adapted for some sympathetic modern use to which it could well be put—a clubhouse, say. Rancho del Centinela is a gem among landmarks. It will be no minor tragedy if the people of Inglewood do not preserve it.<sup>1</sup>

### RANCHO EL ENCINO

So desirable a site was Rancho El Encino that a few years after Governor Fages had provisionally granted it to Alcalde Francisco Reyes of Los Angeles, he was summarily dispossessed of it in order that it might be used by Misión San Fernando Rey. This was in 1797. Reyes had a house there and kept his livestock as well as that of Cornélio Avila there. The padres took over his house and Rancho El Encino became the first home of Misión San Fernando.

There was no hard feeling about it, apparently. Historians consider the action as merely illustrative of the importance of the missions and the casual system of land tenure in early days.

In time Rancho El Encino was restored to private ownership. Originally assigned before the Mission grant was made, the 4,460-acre Rancho El Encino was entirely surrounded by Mission lands.

It was named, of course, for the gorgeous native live oak grove that inspired Father Crespi, who was among the first party of white visitors to see it—the 1769 Portola expedition—to name the place “El Valle de Santa Catalina de Bononia de los Encinos”—the valley of Santa Catalina de Bononia of the oaks.

In 1845 Rancho El Encino was granted to the Indians Ramon, Francisco y Roque. But the name of Don Vicente de La Ossa is the name that is indelibly associated with Rancho El Encino. In 1851 he formally acquired from the Indian grantees all of their interest in the rancho.

1. For the historical information and records in this sketch, I am indebted to the courtesy of Mrs. C. M. Crawford, the present occupant of Rancho del Centinela, to Mrs. Oscar S. Elvrum and to E. Palmer Connor, Chief Searcher, Title Insurance and Trust Company of Los Angeles, who has kindly made available for my study much of the information included in this article.

*Casa de Don Vicente de La Ossa—Ventura  
Boulevard at Encino*

The house of Don Vicente has witnessed the goings and comings of many generations along the highway between Los Angeles and Santa Barbara. It stands just a few hundred yards north of the present Ventura Boulevard, which follows the course of the old road of Don Vicente's day. Near his house too, and traversing his rancho north and south ran the road to San Fernando. These ancient arteries of travel are shown on the patent map of 1868, as well as the "ranch house originally occupied by Don Vicente de La Ossa."

Recounting the great gringo pursuit of Indians who had run off Don Benito Wilson's horses from Rancho San José de Buenos Ayres, southwest of El Encino, in 1852, Horace Bell describes the volunteer company drawing up in military array "before the hospitable castle of the lordly Don Vicente de la Osa, the baronial proprietor of Rancho del Encino, who cordially invited them to dismount, stake their jaded *mustangs* and refresh the inner man . . ." And when he heard the doleful tinkling of their empty canteens "the jovial old Don Vicente said, '*Que le hace? Aquí hay bastante,*'"<sup>1</sup> and like the true California gentleman-host he was, provided the means of filling them up again, along with ample quantities of the *tortillas* and *carne seca* of the country.

The long, low adobe house of Don Vicente has been greatly altered since his day, and shows unmistakable signs of extensive repair and improvement during the seventies or early eighties. To the north of it stands a quaint two-story house of stone and adobe construction, erected by a later ranchero.

On March 6, 1867, Rita de La Ossa conveyed to James Thompson—the same "Don Santiago" of Rancho La Brea—all of her interest and all interest of Vicente de La Ossa in the rancho. Two years later the property was acquired from Don Santiago by Eugene Garnier.

This latter was one of those sturdy and hard-working French Basques who began to appear in the southland during the sixties and who amassed fortunes in the sheep industry. Under the Garniers, Rancho El Encino became a sheep ranch of note.

1. Reminiscences of a Ranger—Horace Bell, p. 117.





Casa de Don Vicente de la Osa—" . . . has witnessed the goings and comings of many generations along the highway between Los Angeles and Santa Barbara."

The Austrian writer of "Eine Blume aus dem Goldenen Lande," the first tourist writer of Southern California, observed;

"Garnier raises sheep on a large scale. In the past year (1877), he spent \$18,000 for French Merinos and \$700 for a single ram. At the State Fair of 1867 he bought four French Merino rams for \$1,600 and four Spanish rams for \$800. Mr. Garnier keeps 20 men busy on this ranch. During the season each man shears an average of 35 sheep per day, although some of them shear 50 sheep a day. He has the reputation of producing the best wool in the country. There is a two-story boarding and lodging house for the help. There is also a well which furnishes water for the livestock."

It was the thrifty Garnier who built this big two-story house, and who, back in 1867 or '68, constructed the wide pool or reservoir which still may be seen in front of the single-story adobe residence.

Garnier, recalls an old-timer, was a "nice old gentleman." He must have been very able, too, but he did not succeed in holding the magnificent El Encino. In 1878 it passed into the hands of the Frenchman, Gaston Oxarat. Afterward it belonged to Juan Bernard, and in 1888 it was acquired by the picturesque and frugal Domingo Amestoy.

It is my understanding that the handsome property, with its attractive old buildings, set against a background of great eucalyptus trees, and even though surrounded by modern high-

ways and developments, still giving an impression of the roomy spaciousness of a typical old-time ranch headquarters, now belongs to heirs of Amestoy. Its career during late years has been checkered. Not long ago it was used as a road house, but now the place is closed and silent. Signs and fences warn trespassers away. What the future of the old ranch buildings may be, one cannot say.

### CAÑON DEL BUQUE

When the first United States surveying parties, under Beale and Ord and Hancock, inscribed old place names on the fresh paper of new maps, and resorted to imagination in the matter of spelling where they did not know their Spanish, there was some excuse, for of the entire population of Los Angeles County in 1850, only 616 out of 1734 adults could read and write.

But curious perversions with less warrant have occurred in the making of more recent maps. One of them survives in the well-known name of "Bouquet Cañon." Its story was told me by José Jesus Lopez of Rancho El Tejon.

In days when the Rancho of Chico Lopez was at its height, the handsome ranchero pastured his horses there, and the cañon was known as "El Potrero" (the pasture) for short, or "El Potrero de Chico Lopez," when one wanted to be explicit. By and by, when homesteaders and settlers began sifting in, not by twos and threes now, but in numbers, after the new railroad across the continent made travel easy, Don Chico could foresee what was coming. He realized that even the range was no longer free for a man's stock to roam upon. He went to one of his men, Francisco Chari. "Francisco," he said, "*no quieres un rancho?* You ought to take up some land before the settlers come in and claim everything. Locate on the Potrero, then if you don't wish to keep it, I will buy it back from you later."

Thus the Potrero became the rancho of this second Francisco. He was a Frenchman, a sailor who had settled in California and turned vaquero. In the evenings around the camp fire he was forever harking back to his sailor days, telling endless yarns of adventure on the seas, and tales of his *buque*,

or ship, how he managed this *buque*, where he sailed in that one, until the Californios nicknamed him with the recurrent theme of his talk, "El Buque." So everyone knew the cañon where he settled under the patronage of Don Chico, who later became his father-in-law, as "El Rancho del Buque." Out of this some map-maker managed to contrive the meaningless "Bouquet!"

There was no road through the cañon in those times, just a little-traveled trail, for all regular traffic between Los Angeles and points north passed through the more direct, though steeper, San Francisquito Cañon to the west.

Martin Ruiz, a Spaniard of light complexion who used to live in San Fernando, was the first to locate on the good grazing land at the outlet of San Francisquito and "Bouquet" Cañons, where they emerge in the vicinity of present-day Saugus. At the mouth of the old San Francisquito road he settled, in a place which was then known as "El Cañon de los Muertos," or "Dead Man's Cañon," by those who spoke English. Long before, it had been called "La Cañada del Agua Dulce." It became Cañon de los Muertos in the days of Don Ygnacio Del Valle, who was nicknamed Pacacho, because of his small stature, when a battle took place there from which at least one rustler had not emerged alive. Retreating to the little side cañon with a band of horses stolen from the Del Valle's Rancho San Francisco, the bandits were pursued by Pacacho at the head of a motley company. Pacacho was armed with a rifle. A vaquero had a shotgun, some one had a pistol, and there were a few Indian retainers, armed with California lances, or lacking these, bows and arrows. The pursuit was determined, for at the Rancho a little boy mourned for his big old white horse, which had been driven off by the rustlers. This little boy grew up to be Senator Reginaldo del Valle. His uncle Pacacho restored his horse that day.

Ruiz had a numerous family, and his sons established other adobe homes in the neighborhood. Quite a group of buildings were erected at the little settlement past which ran the stage and hauling road through San Francisquito Cañon. No less than seven of these buildings were swept away like so many toy houses in the Gargantuan flood released by the

collapse of the St. Francis Dam half a century afterwards.

*Casa de Martin Ruiz*

At least one house that Martin Ruiz erected is still standing, however, a mile or two up "El Cañon del Buque," facing west, at a point where the cañon widens out into a little desert valley, hemmed in by low hills. It is a long, rambling building, with rough brown walls of adobe brick that have never been plastered. The east wall of the cañon ascends rather abruptly behind it, still wild, covered with sagebrush and greasewood and manzanita, out of which rises grotesquely the angular and unpoetic form of a modern frame house which looks down disdainfully from across the road upon the abandoned adobe.

Westward the adobe looks out across a wide flat, on which it is situated, toward low, rolling hills. The modern road runs between the two houses, scarcely ten feet from the back door of the adobe, and elevated upon an embankment level with its broken old eaves.

Dust dry, after a protracted series of dry years have insidiously sucked out the moisture from everything in the cañon, it is hard to believe that the family who have owned the house since Martin Ruiz sold it to them in 1874, were forced to move out a few years ago because of periodical rising of the winter stream, flooding the field and the house and weakening its walls.

It is a one-story adobe, generously proportioned, with adobe bricks built up nearly to the peak of its gabled roof. The hand-split shakes on it are original. All the lumber in the building came from Acton, and was hauled into the cañon with teams. Formerly a little ell extended to the rear at the north end of the house and was used as a kitchen. A shapeless pile and bit of crumbling wall mark this place, where stood the only fireplace in the house. Over it, built into the wall, was the oven. Once a *corredor* shaded the west front from the afternoon sun, but it has now quite disappeared. The walls are weathering badly, as the roof gradually decays and the eaves no longer afford adequate protection, so that the days of Martin Ruiz's adobe, last of its kind in romantic Cañon del Buque, seem inescapably numbered. Built in the





"... the days of Martin Ruiz's adobe, last of its kind in romantic Cañon del Buque, seem inescapably numbered."

later adobe period, the walls of this house are not as thick and sturdy as those of earlier structures.

In 1874 Martin Ruiz sold the adobe and part of his rancho to the founder of an Italian family by whom it has been occupied ever since.

Batista Suraco was a Genoan. Lured by dreams of California gold, he came here in 1859, when he was just 20 years of age. First trying his luck at Placerita Cañon, a few miles below "Bouquet" in '74 he bought the Ruiz adobe with the ambition of mining in Cañon del Buque. Fondly for 15 years he held to his dream of going home to Italy rich with gold taken out of those hills. Then he gave it up, turned to sheep ranching, and lived out his life in the adobe of Martin Ruiz.

There J. Antonio Suraco, his son, was born, in 1876. Vivid are his recollections of his boyhood in Cañon del Buque. "There were so few people here then," he says. "We never saw anybody. Once a year maybe some one would come on horseback. My little sister and I would be afraid of the strange people, and we would run and hide under the bed. No matter what time they stopped my mother would cook for them.

"During my early years the bandit Vasquez used to go by here. He had a spring up above in the mountains where

he used to hide, and sometimes he camped under the big sycamore that stood not far from the adobe.

"They used to steal cattle and drive them by here. We would hear them in the night, being herded north into the Sierras de Chico Lopez, as we used to call the hills. Now they are called Sierra Pelona, which means bald. The bandits never bothered my mother. Probably she fed many of them when they stopped at our house in the day time. There was a dug well here, with a windlass, and people who went by stopped for water.

"But when my father was away, my mother was afraid. All the windows of our adobe had wooden shutters that locked from the inside. Every night when Father was gone she got us all inside and locked every one of them, at six o'clock, when darkness began to fall. Sometimes she would hear people outside in the night, stopping clandestinely to draw water up from the well. But then she would never let them in.

"My father was a Genoan. They call them the Jews of Italy. He could not speak English very well, and at the age of fifteen I did all his business in town and with the banks. The Italians are sometimes afraid of a bank, and keep their money hidden at home. A friend of mine found \$200 hidden in his father's old adobe in San Francisquito Cañon, behind one of the bricks.

"In the old days there were many bears here. When my father first came he saw numerous trails that they had worn through the hills. Now the deer still come down to the reservoir to drink, more than ever of late years, since the dry seasons have dried up the springs in the mountains."

Time and weather-worn as the old adobe is, with its sagging ridge pole and drooping roof, its empty rooms and shutterless windows, its decrepit walls, yielding under the heavy hand of age, there is a harmony between it and the surrounding landscape such as its nearby frame neighbor never can achieve, however many coats of fresh paint it may acquire, whatever geometric elegance it may possess.

I could picture it at night, in those days when Vasquez was the terror of the state, out there in the desolate cañon, quite alone under the dark sky, with perhaps the lonesome

small light of a candle gleaming at a shutter's edge, and a coyote wailing in the black hills.

### LA LAGUNA DE CHICO LOPEZ

The old trail south from Fort Tejon circuted the Ridge traversed by the modern highway, following along its north wall to Elizabeth Lake, and thence down into San Francisco Cañon.

Pursuit of straying cattle and untamed aborigines had made this mountainous region and the incomparable Antelope Valley beyond, familiar to the mayordomos and retainers of Misión San Fernando since early days.

It was Mayordomo Pedro López who first showed these trails and cañons to his nephew Francisco, who while exploring in them afterwards, discovered gold in Placeritas Cañon. Another López penetrated through the mountain wall and in the rich little valley where Elizabeth Lake lies established his *sítio de ganado mayor*, or stock range. This was the handsome Francisco, known to everyone in the Southland as Don Chico López. His cattle ranged Antelope Valley where Lancaster and Palmdale are now, and the whole region was identified among the Californios by his name. What we call Elizabeth Lake was to them la Laguna de Chico López, and the hills surrounding it were las montañas de Chico López.

Don Francisco López, the discoverer of gold, was Don Chico's uncle. Chico was living at Paredón Blanco in Los Angeles, and had his cattle at Rancho Rosa de Castilla. About 1850 his uncle took him into the mountains and showed him the laguna and the attractive land around it, advising him to go in there with his stock. This he did soon thereafter. He found a little spring, and near it built his adobe ranch house.<sup>1</sup>

Obtaining title to the land, Don Chico prospered at la Laguna. In the seasons of the rodeo he would bring his family of lovely gay daughters to the rancho, and they were happy there. Then in a few years all was sadly changed. The rancho was taken away from him, by one misfortune after another.

It became necessary for him to live most of the time in

1. Interviews kindly granted by Mrs. Francisca López de Bilderrain, Mrs. Frank Talamantes, and José Jesús López of Bakersfield have supplied the historical data for this sketch and for that of Rancho La Liebre, following.



Los Angeles, and during his absence, under the careless guardianship of his mayordomo, his herds dwindled mysteriously. He had 800 head of horses in the vicinity of Lancaster, and 4,000 head of cattle in what is known today as Leona Valley. In the end he realized on the sale of only 800 out of his 4,000 cattle. His band of 40 mules vanished also. At last the rancho itself went from him on a mortgage into the hands of Miguel Leonis. As a final blow during one of his absences, his ranch house, his barns, and corrals and implements were set fire to and deliberately burned by those who wished him ill.

From the name of Leonis, who then acquired the property, comes the modern "Leona" Valley, now being subdivided into beautiful small farms.

At la Laguna de Chico López a little settlement was growing up during this period on the stage road from Fort Tejon.

#### *Casa de Miguel Ortiz—Elizabeth Lake*

A long one-story adobe facing northwest, at the left of the old road as you go toward Fort Tejon, is said to be the first building erected at Laguna de Chico López.

Details of unusual interest in the house are a big fireplace constructed principally of adobe and a diverting barrel-shaped chimney rising from the low roof.

Miguel Ortiz, they say, was an *arriero*, or muleteer, who used to pack for General Beale. In early days also he packed from Los Angeles to Clear Crick and Havila, to and from the mines. He possessed 40 mules and all equipment, and Beale contracted for his services on the 35th parallel survey. When his work with the Surveyor-General was completed, the mules were sold in Texas, Miguel Ortiz returned to California, and on land given to him by General Beale built this adobe. It is still occupied as a home.

#### *Casa de Pedro Andrada—Elizabeth Lake*

Not far from the adobe of Miguel Ortiz, Pedro Andrada established a stage station, where a stop was regularly made, just where the old road enters the cañon southeastward from the lake.





Casa de Miguel Ortiz—"... is said to be the first building erected at Laguna de Chico López."

Andrada came to California from Sonora in 1858. The house which still remains, and is occupied by his granddaughter, Mrs. Frank Talamantes, is the second one he built there at Laguna de Chico López. It is 45 years old. Don Pedro's first house had not been entirely a success, because moisture from the water-filled ground—water drained into the lake more plentifully in those days—persisted in finding its way up through the floor, sometimes in a veritable stream. So when Don Pedro built his second house he took such care to prevent a repetition of this annoyance that the abundant rocks he put into the foundation used frequently to be exposed to the discomfort of the housewife, as the earthen floor was worn down with her sweeping.

Today the old floor and foundation are concealed beneath a wooden floor, and outside, the *corredor* has become a screened porch, but nevertheless, within this adobe still reigns the hospitable friendliness of the old times.



The last adobe remaining in San Francisquito Cañon. It was Major Gorman's stage post.

### RANCHO LA LIEBRE

The rancho of the hare or jack-rabbit was the southernmost of a great quartette of mountain ranchos founded by General E. F. Beale, with headquarters at El Tejon—the rancho of the badger—during the vigorous campaigner's life in California.

La Liebre had been granted in 1846 to José María Flores, commanding officer in the last stand of the Californians against Stockton and Kearney at La Mesa. From him it was conveyed to Beale. In the day of that energetic military administrator 25,000 cattle roamed the four great ranchos, Castaic, Los Alamos, El Tejon and La Liebre. And when Beale was in partnership with Colonel Baker the number of sheep on the rancho is said to have exceeded 100,000.

In those days feed was more plentiful on the range, which extended unbroken, up the great San Joaquin Valley all the way to San Francisco. Without a fence to stay them, the cattle were driven periodically to the north and sold. Ac-



According to the recollection of J. J. Lopez, mayordomo of the Beale ranches for fifty years, it was just at the close of one of these long drives that the partnership of Beale with Colonel Baker began. Beale had sold 6,000 cattle from Rancho La Liebre to Henry Miller. He was preparing to stock the ranch again when he met Colonel Baker, probably at Fort Tejon. Baker had brought his sheep over the mountains in an effort to save them during the drouth of 1864. Their meeting resulted in a partnership whereby the two men raised sheep together there for seven years. In 1870 they divided the flocks between them, Beale remaining with his portion at the mountain ranchos, while Baker drove his flocks back out of the mountains, across San Fernando Valley and the ranches where Hollywood and Beverly are today, to Rancho San Vicente y Santa Monica, on the coast.

#### *La Casa del Rancho La Liebre*

Tucked away in a little cañon where Antelope Valley meets "the Ridge," on the valley floor just off the dirt road which runs between the Ridge Route and Elizabeth Lake, stands the adobe built by General Beale to serve as headquarters for the ranch of the jack rabbit, back in the very early sixties.

On the patent map of 1862 the house is shown, and the little cañon ascending into the rugged mountains behind it is called "Cañon de las Osas"—the cañon of the she-bears. Near it also is indicated a "fine spring," while at the top of the cañon a "large spring" is shown as well.

Many years ago Vasquez' trail led through these mountains, and he often camped near these splendid natural springs, one of which may still be seen near the old house, with the clear water boiling endlessly up out of white gravel.

The adobe house is commodious, well designed and strongly built, suggesting the efficient management and thoroughness which characterized Beale. It is said that the General lived there himself for two or three years while he was Surveyor-General.

About 1874, Beale gave Rómolo Pico permission to bring his cattle and horses to La Liebre to range. Thus the brands of both Rómolo and Andrés Pico were seen in these hills for

several years, and the rancho and the adobe house became identified with Don Rómolo.

W. W. Hudson was Beale's first superintendent at Rancho La Liebre, and Francisco Acuña, whose body lies in a lonely grave at the head of the garden at Rancho El Tejon headquarters, was the first cattle mayordomo of the four ranchos. Then in 1876 came Don José Jesús López, who now looks back upon fifty eventful years as mayordomo, for General Beale, then for his son Truxton, and twelve years more for the El Tejon Rancho Company, present owners. His story is most interesting, vivid and crowded with memories of many years and tremendous changes.

"When I was about seven," he tells, "my father (Gerónimo Lopez) moved from Paredón Blanco to San Fernando. In those old days there were only two roads from Paredón, one to Los Nietos, and one out to the Lugo's.

"I went to school at St. Vincent's College in 1866. Then my father sent me to a Spanish military school at Los Angeles. I went one year. It was Silva's Escuela Normal.

"When I was twenty-one, I was working in a store in San Fernando. My uncle, Chico López, had a band of 1,500 sheep at his rancho then. One day he said to me, 'You'll never make anything of yourself there. Come up here to the rancho and I'll give you this band of sheep on shares. I want you to work for yourself.'

"Then my father objected. He said, 'I have given you a good education. Now do you think I want you to go herd sheep?' But Tío Chico persuaded me. He got me credit with General Beale's house at El Tejon, although I never made use of it, and he gave me three years to pay for the sheep. He helped me to make a man of myself, and if I have anything today I owe it to him.

"So I came up into this country when I was twenty-one years old.

"Black bears were numerous in the mountains then, and antelope were seen on the plains. There would be bands of two or three hundred—no, more than that—a thousand! They roamed the desert, and looked like herds of cattle or horses in the distance. We would see them coming down for water.



I saw many of them in 1875 and '76, and they were there until about 1880. But then they began to disappear. I don't know what happened to them. It doesn't seem as though they all could have been shot. On La Liebre the plain used to be full of them, and up to three years ago there was still a band of some fourteen there. For years and years there was a little band of eight near the Grape Vine cañon, but the settlers, of course, have shot them.

"We were not bothered with coyotes, although there were plenty of them. Once in a while a coyote might kill a lamb, but they preyed mostly on the ground squirrels.

"There was plenty of feed and no fences, in those days. One time I drove 7,000 wethers to Los Baños. I was 40 days on the road."

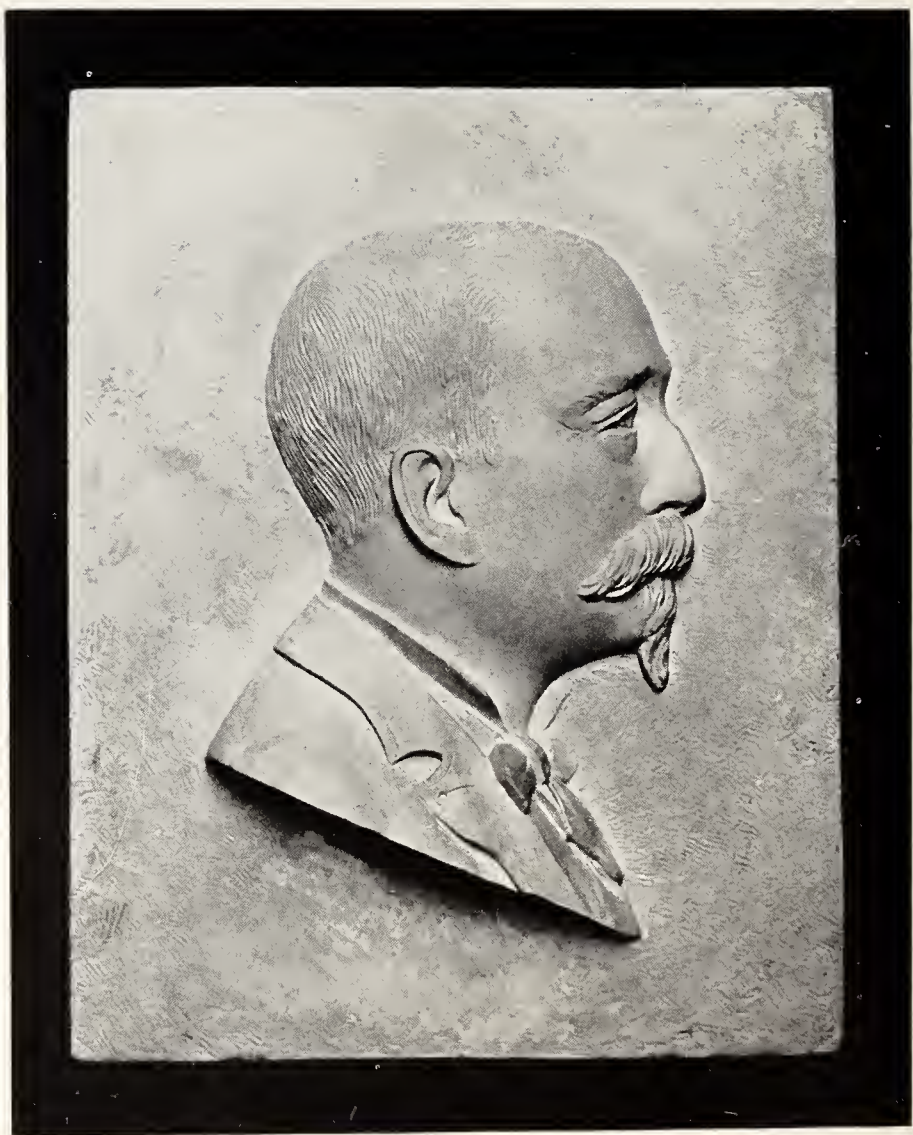
*A Decaying Adobe on "The Ridge"*

Out of the monotonous though fascinating scenery of the Ridge Route the broken form of this wistful and forgotten place has often challenged my attention, as I have looked down upon it from the highway where it passes Bailey's Ranch. When I asked him, Don José Jesús remembered it and laughed.

"I used to own it," he said. "The first locator in that cañon was a man named Bartolo Delcid, a Mexican. That was way back in 1879; he was mining there. He was living in Bakersfield later, and one day about 1884 or 1885 he came to me and said, 'Mr. López, my family has grown so large I haven't room enough for them. I would like to make an adobe house, and I want to borrow \$500.' I told him his land wasn't worth that, and he said, 'Well, how much can you lend?' I told him \$200, and he gave me a mortgage on that land on the Ridge.

"He was building that house for a long time. And after he had it all completed his family wouldn't stay there. The girls had all grown up, and they wanted to live in town. That family never remained in the adobe one day. So he came back to me, and he said, 'Mr. López, I can't pay you that money. You better take the ranch. My family won't stay.'"

So ends the saga of another adobe. The date is in the 1880's. Adobe days are passing, and even the native daughters have begun to pine for millwork and turrets.



GEORGE BUTLER GRIFFIN

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE  
OF  
GEORGE BUTLER GRIFFIN

BY CLEMENTINA DE FOREST GRIFFIN

George Butler Griffin was born in New York City in 1840. Through both parents his descent was from early American stock. His father, Charles Alexander Griffin, lawyer and man of letters, was a descendant of Ruth and Jasper Griffin (or Griffing) who migrated from Wales and arrived at Boston on the Hector in 1637 to help found the city of New Haven, Connecticut. His mother was, before her marriage, Pastora Jacoba deForest, of New Haven, Conn. She was a direct descendant of Jesse deForest, leader of the Walloon Colony that planted New Amsterdam and Ft. Orange and founded New York City in 1623. It is interesting to note that in 1923, on the three hundredth anniversary of that event, a committee of Americans traveled to France, where Jesse deForest had been buried, to place on his grave a tablet commemorating the important part which he had played in American history.

Since the deForest family had always been closely associated with Yale (the deForest medal for excellence in English was established by that family) and since his father had studied there, George Butler Griffin, after completing his preparatory work at private schools in New York and Connecticut, spent part of his undergraduate days at that institution. He later received a degree in engineering from Columbia and LLB from Albany.

My father inherited a love for travel from his mother. David deForest, her father, had been an officer in the American navy. Later he had established himself in business in Buenos Aires, So. America. After helping that country to become an independent nation, he had served as consul general from Buenos Aires to the United States. His children had lived in South America with him and later had been educated abroad—in France, Italy and England where they were taken for presentation at court.

As a young man George Butler Griffin practically circled the globe twice. The numerous books of travel in our library



in which are found personal notes made during his visits to distant places of interest, bear witness to his wanderlust. As a finished linguist he found himself at home in many lands.

When ready to establish a home, my father married Sara Edwards, of Jonathan Edwards stock. They had two sons, Llewelyn and Edmund Dorr, the latter named for his illustrious great-uncle, Edmund Dorr Griffin, a celebrated Presbyterian clergyman and at that time president of Williams College. During an epidemic, while the children were still infants, both they and their mother died.

Following this great loss my father, who for a time had been practicing law in New York City, went to Colombia, South America, to become a lieutenant colonel and chief of engineers for the Colombian government. It was from this office that he received the title of colonel by which he was always known in later years. He also served as American consul at the Colombian capital. It was there that he met and married my mother, Eva Garcia Guadalupe de la Plaza, daughter of Manuel de la Plaza, president of the republic.

After their marriage they resided for several years in the southern republic. They then moved to San Francisco. The trip consumed almost two months. Household goods were moved on pack animals and on the backs of men over streams and through forests to the port and from there the family embarked in one boat and their household goods were shipped in another. The family arrived safely in San Francisco but the freight boat went down in a gale. All their goods were under water for a matter of almost two months when they were finally recovered by divers. Many things were of course ruined but silver, jewelry, and non-perishable articles surviving the trip are still in our possession. The family arrived in San Francisco in mid winter. They must have presented an interesting sight for they had forgotten that the season in this country is the opposite of that in South America and they were clothed in the latest summer fashions.

While in San Francisco my father engaged in the writing of the Bancroft Histories. He soon realized that the Los Angeles climate was better suited to himself and family so he moved to this city where most of us were born.



On arrival in Los Angeles a house was rented in that extensive territory north of the river then known as the east side and since renamed Lincoln Heights. The house was close to the river. My mother has often amused us with tales of the turbulent stream which overflowed and almost drowned them the first winter. It is now difficult for us to realize that the Los Angeles river was ever anything but an almost dry river bed. My father later purchased a place further out on Downey Avenue, between Daley and Hellman Streets. Downey Avenue is now North Broadway and Hellman Street is Avenue Twenty-four. Some of the families of that district—the Johnstons, the Barlowes, the Laceys, the Mesmers, the Earls, the Flints, the Chapmans, the Brossarts and the Vignes—are still living in this city and were among the early settlers who helped to make Los Angeles what it is today. We lived in that same house until my sophomore year in college when encroaching business made it more pleasing to live elsewhere.

Our house was a one-story affair containing nine rooms. A porch surrounded two sides. Play rooms were across the back of the house and there was a large barn in which there were quarters for the Chinese cook. Our grounds comprised about half an acre. A picket fence and hedge marked the boundaries.

This place gave my father an opportunity to give free reign to several of his hobbies. One of them was raising plants and flowers. The grounds were soon landscaped and planted. Especially vivid in my memory are the enormous rubber tree which took at least three of us to circle, the beautiful silver trees, the gorgeous camelias, six and seven feet in height, the bay trees and the sweet smelling jasmine. His specialties were roses and cactus. Our garden contained almost every known variety. The place was called "Los Rosales." It soon became a show place and people came from far and wide to see the rare plants.

The house became the center for another hobby of my father's. As the only remaining son in his family he had fallen heir to most of the Griffin and de Forest libraries. He

brought the books to Los Angeles. The collection, numbering about five thousand volumes, was one of the finest private collections in the country at that time. The entire house overflowed with books. Every room had shelves extending from the floor to the ceiling.

Family portraits and other ancestral paintings, as well as treasures from all parts of the world also found their way to the house on Downey Avenue. My father was intensely interested in art as well as literature. While Borglum, the famous sculptor, was still a struggling artist, on a trip to Los Angeles my father commissioned him to paint portraits of himself, my mother and my brother. A year or two ago Mr. Borglum, in a letter to my sister, gratefully recalled the encouragement which my father had given him in his early struggles.

At my father's home gathered most of the intellectual aristocrats who came to Los Angeles in the early days. Among them were men and women with interesting careers who were known to me as I grew up.

You will not find the name of George Butler Griffin among those who perpetuated their names in the history of this city by the accumulation of vast acreage and wealth. Of course with the rest of the citizens of that time he bought and sold lots on Spring Street, First Street and even at Long Beach, where during the "boom" property changed hands so rapidly that many owners were involved before a transaction could be recorded. While working as a civil engineer when he first arrived in this city, he surveyed the Tehachapi Pass. From his knowledge of the land he decided that the railroad must pass through the Verdugo Hills to the north. He secured acreage in the Rancho San Rafael, some of which still remains in the family. Of course, as is now history, the railroad found its way elsewhere and the acreage was not the expected excellent investment. In the years before his death my father would frequently bundle himself, my mother, the cook and all the children into a two-horse carryall with long seats along each side, and travel out to this property for a picnic. There we would be served delicious Spanish dishes by the Urquide family who had owned that entire territory in earlier times.

While my father spent part of his time in Los Angeles as a civil engineer, he did not entirely desert the occupation which he enjoyed most—that of writing. He was an editor of the Herald, at that time and until recent years, as many of you recall, a morning sheet and he wrote many articles as well as poetry for publication. A keen student of heraldry, history and literature, he wrote frequent criticisms of books for publication.

In our present day of rush and money making we no longer have men of my father's type. It is a pleasure to me to know that this organization places a value on those rare characters who came to Los Angeles in the early days bringing with them the culture and customs of their colonial ancestors. Too frequently such characters are overshadowed by the commercial molders of the community.

At the time of my father's death he was a director in the East Side Bank and South Riverside Coal Company, a member of the Huguenot Society of America and president of this organization, the Historical Society of Southern California.

Colonel George Butler Griffin is buried in the family burial plot at the old San Gabriel Mission.

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## DIARY OF A FERRYMAN AND TRADER AT FORT YUMA

### SECOND INSTALLMENT

Oct. 12. (Sunday). We had a fine day & Ankrim still sick & McLean spent the Sunday with us also & Slaton & Heather is on a spree yet & some Mexicans arrived from California & we killed a beef for the Fort also.

Oct. 13. We had a fine day & Captain still on a spree yet & they got up with a load of hay 3,000 lbs. & one of the wagons broke down on the road also & left behind.

Oct. 14. We had a fine day & busy getting things ready for the team & I was up at Fort & crossed the river also at Hinton's & Wilson & Brady arrived from California on their way to the mines & Doctor & McLean was down to see Captain & very sick & killed a beef for the Fort.



Oct. 15. We had a fine day & Doctor was down & Ankrim don't drink anything & very sick also nothing but ale & got up with the 2 wagons & one load hay 2,500 lbs. & Wm. LaCrow's team went to the Almomnet & Wilson & Brady left for the mines & I was up at Fort & paid McLean off & I got a draft cashed at Hinton's—commissary draft.

Oct. 16. We had a fine day & I was up at Fort & got medicine of Doctor for Ankrim & crossed some Mexicans & a wagon & Hubly put in a wagon tongue in their wagon & Heather & Haring was down.

Oct. 17. We had a fine day & Ankrim still bad & at 4 o'clock he got out of his head—got wild also & all evening he was so & killed a beef for the Fort & express left in the morning also.

Oct. 18. We had a windy night & day blowing from the north & Ankrim very wild last night & I was up at the Fort for the Doctor & he come down with Madison also & Chico's father arrived with 3 women from Caborca on his way to Los Angeles.

Oct. 19. (Sunday). We had a fine day & the 2 wagons got up with the hay 2,600 lbs. each wagon & gone back in the evening also & Bill Woods got dead drunk also—not able to go down with the teams. I got them off in the evening. Patrick drove one of the teams down also & McLean spent all day with us & stopped over night also & Doctor stopped over night last night with Ankrim also & he was nearly his last also & Clinton Thompson was over also & I traded him one small wagon & one set harness & stretchers & hounds & tongue for 6 new aprons & 4 second handed ones also & Suvero got up a beef to kill tomorrow.

Oct. 20. We had a fine morning & Hubly fixing up the small wagon for Thompson & Ankrim is getting better also but aint got his right senses yet & Doctor was down to see him also & heavy blow came up in the evening from the north-west also & very dusty also & we killed a beef for the Fort also in the evening & Suvero took it up also & Doctor Madison & LaCrow & Brown arrived in the evening also.

Oct. 21. We had a fine day & Ankrim is getting better



also & Lieut. Tyler & McLean was down in the evening also & Hubly worked at Thompson's wagon getting ready also & LaCrow & Brown left in the afternoon for up the river also.

Oct. 22. We had a fine day & but a light breeze in the morning from the west also & we killed a beef also & McLean stopped over night with us & Ankrim is getting better also.

Oct. 23. We had a fine day but a heavy breeze in the morning & the 2 wagons got up, one with 2,500 lbs. & Bill Wood's wagon 3,000 lbs. & the hay boat also got up with 13 tons on as guessed . . . a heavy load & the wagons went back again & Patrick went down also & the large emigrant party arrived & crossed some of them also, 2 wagons & 28 packs & 70 animals & 9 children & 12 women & 40 men all for Sonora—the large Sonora emigrant party & we was very busy getting them over all the afternoon—it was dark when we got them over & I was busy over head & ears all day long & Sergeant Young & Thranis was down in the evening & Heather also & Slaton got on a bust also & Captain Brown was down & Madison left & Captain Brown also left for to go up the river to inspect the (surveys?) what they done up the river & I loaned McLean a horse to go hunting & we crossed Thompson's wagon also.

Oct. 24. We had a fine day—a little breeze from the north & commenced unloading the boat—got it nearly unloaded the boat—fine hay & crossed the rest of the Mexican emigrants—one wagon & 14 animals & 10 men also & 4 packs & Hubly working at the block also & Ankrim is getting better also & I was up at Fort at Doctor's & got some medicine for him & Slaton not able to do anything—sick & last night Sergeant Heather nearly drowned crossing the river—he was drunk.

Oct. 25. We had a fine day & got through with unloading the boat at 10 o'clock & at 2 o'clock the boat got off & got the hay all in the corral & Hubly put on the new block on the rope also & we killed a beef for the Fort in the evening & last night Old Thompson got burned out also his horses & everything he lost & Doctor & Lieut. Mowry was down to see us & took supper with us also & had a good supper also & Slaton

went down with the hay boat also & Ankrim is getting right also.

Oct. 26. (Sunday). We had a fine day but a heavy breeze from the north in the morning & I went across the river to Thompson's & it looks hard & distressing place & Wright was over also & got a raw hide & Lieut. Mowry was down in the evening & express got in in the evening also.

Oct. 27. We had a windy (day) & blowed heavy from the north & I was across the river at Hinton's & crossed Miguel Vantury's things over for Dunbar & the 2 wagons got up with the hay also & in the afternoon we killed a beef for the Fort & Hubly working at the block also.

Oct. 28. We had a fine day & didn't weigh the hay account the wind & guessed it—3,000 lbs. on each wagon & the wagons went down in the morning & Hubly working at the blocks also & put on the new block also & works fine & Smith arrived with butter & eggs & cabbages also—fine butter & Lieut. Mowry was down & took dinner with us also & Suvero brought in a steer to kill also for tomorrow & Ankrim is getting right well again & got his right senses & Dunbar's mules left in the morning & store his things also.

Oct. 29. We had a fine day & Wm. LaCrow's party arrived off the Desert also & the steamer got up in the afternoon & no vessel in yet & she is going down tomorrow morning & going to take wood also & we killed a beef also for the Fort & steamer & Hubly working at block & raft & corral & hauled some poles for corral also for to put in some hay also.

Oct. 30. We had a fine day & I was up at Fort & steamer went down also in the morning & express left in the morning also for San Diego & hauled some poles for the hay corral & Hubly put in 2 felloes in the wagon wheel also & fixing the boat also & Wm. LaCrow left in the morning to move down to Pilot Knob to work also & Jones arrived from Sonora.

Oct. 31. We had a fine day—cloudy in the night and few drops of rain & Johnson got in in the morning also from San Francisco & hauled some poles also for the hay corral & we

have now 450 poles & 60 posts for it & we killed beef for the Fort.

Nov. 1. We had a fine day & put up the corral—not quite finished & tied up a beef to kill tomorrow evening & Johnson was down to see us also & Hubly worked in shop.

Nov. 2. (Sunday). We had a fine day & pleasant & great many men also & Heather & paid me the hundred dollars also & Fulmore was down also & Hart arrived from Los Angeles also on his way to Santa Fe.

Nov. 3. We had a fine afternoon—a heavy blow in the morning but the wind went down & Mr. Woods arrived from California on his way to Santa Fe & stopt over the election & Dodson arrived from Los Angeles also on his way to Tucson & LaCrow also his party arrived for the election & Chico Presay left for home also & killed a beef for the Fort also.

Nov. 4. We had a fine day & had election & 37 votes polled also & (our candidate?) elected also & Hubly elected Justice of the Peace & paymaster arrived also & crossed some Mexicans also & Thomas & Thompson arrived from Tucson also last night—the troops on the way also & paymaster arrived also.

Nov. 5. We had a fine day & I was up at Fort also & found . . . tight also & some of the officers also & I got \$300 dollars loaned from Jack Hinton for a few days also & Hooper & one officer from the dragoons arrived from the States also & an escort—9 men & 13 animals & crossed Woods' party also & (Halstead) found a good copper mine 25 miles from here also. I saw a fine specimen also & we killed a beef also & Slaton got up from below in the afternoon after hands for to bring up the boat & Johnson was down in the evening also.

Nov. 6. We had a very disagreeable day—a heavy blow from the northwest & dusty & Dodson left in the morning & I was across the river at Hinton's also & the soldiers got paid off also & some of them paid off us also & the 2 wagons got up with hay & got on about 300[0] to 3,200 lbs. on & 2 of the soldiers deserted also & they crossed 4 Government teams with barley for to go up the Gila also for to meet the troops also & they had a hard time crossing the river & I paid Dodson



\$300 dollars on a note—balance due in July last given & Hubly finished the hay corral also & Con is sick also.

Nov. 7. We had a windy (day) & the teams went down also in the morning & Slaton also but in the evening Slaton & Con got back again & they had a fall out with Patrick & they are going down again tomorrow & try to get up the boat & Smith left in the morning & 5 soldiers for San Diego & they was very tight drunk last night Thomas Trosey & some of them was across the river on a spree & Trosey lost \$140 dollars out his pocket also & did not find it & the wind went down in the evening also & Hubly working at a chair also & his dobie makers have quit also & we killed a beef for the Fort also & Doctor was down also.

Nov. 8. We had a windy day & crossed some Mexicans & I was up at Fort & steamer got up in the afternoon & Mery came up—Captain of the vessel & vessel got in at last & none of our things came up except the paper & Con & Slaton went down again to bring up the boat with hay & we killed a beef for the steamer & Fort & had a great time getting one up & Hubly fixing the small boat & gate also.

Nov. 9. (Sunday). We had a blowy day & dusty & the steamer went down & in turning she broke a band at the rudder & detained her about 1½ hour & then she went down & Ringold & Doctor & Wilcox went in & they went down in the steamer as far as Pilot Knob . . . & they took in some wood also here & Suvero brought up a mule for Johnson and Wilcox & Suvero did not find the steer what got away last evening & another soldier got away out at C.

Nov. 10. We had a fine day and we killed a beef for the Fort & we commenced overhauling our books also.

(Entries missing to November 23, 1856)

. . . & found out to be silver ore.

Nov. 24. We had a fine day & busy fixing up the account & the boys got up the caballada also & Hubly working at the sheaves also & could not work at the hay & Patrick is on a spree also.

Nov. 25. We had a rainy day also & could not do anything at the hay also & the sheep man arrived also & made



arrangements to cross them at 300 head sheep for crossing 8,000 head & if more sheep at 12½ cts. per head additional to the 300 head & Lieut. Marcy was down also & Thompson was over also & settled his bill & (we) took his hay & 1 yoke of work cattle also for what he owed to us also.

Nov. 26. We had a fine day & I was up at Hooper's also & had a talk about Ankrim & Hooper wrote to Major Heintzelman about it & myself also & I was across the river also to bid good by to Thompson & his folks & Hubly worked at the corral for to cross the sheep & had a heavy rain last night & a heavy dew in the morning & not able to do anything at the hay & we killed beef for the Fort & Patrick went down home & I made arrangement to take his corn fodder at \$15. per ton & corn at 2cts. per lb. in the cob & Suvero went below looking for cattle—he found a few & work cattle also.

Nov. 27. We had a fine day & I was up at Fort & I went across the river also to meet the sheep party also & I met them & crossed their wagon & mules also. Commenced crossing the sheep—got over 1228 head today—commenced at 3 o'clock & a snag in the river hindered us bad in crossing & I wrote to Heintzelman about Captain also & Brady & Wilson arrived from Sonora on their way to San Francisco also & they unloaded the boat at the hay (corral)—not got through with the hay.

Nov. 28. We had a fine day & express left & got through crossing sheep—crossed today 7094 head & the whole amount of sheep he has got 8322 head Mr. Burneted & got through with the hay—had on the boat 11 tons & 690 lbs. & McClellan was down also in the evening & it is clouding over also—looking very much like rain in the evening.

Nov. 29. We had a fine day & the sheep man left in the morning also for California & we killed a beef for the balas (?) for the Fort & the steamer got up in the afternoon also & we killed a beef for her also & Ankrim & Lieut. Mowry took a ride up to LaCrow's camp also & Hubly stacking the hay also in the corral & Catlick went down with the hay boat to Patrick to bring up a load corn fodder also & got in 3 oxen of Lieut. Mowry.

Nov. 30. (Sunday). We had a windy day & dusty—blowzy all day & steamer got down to our place & stopped over night & Robert Groom arrived also from inside & his . . . party laying at mudhole also & Hooper was down in the evening & little spree also.

Dec. 1. (1856). We had a windy day & I was up at Fort also & bought  $\frac{1}{2}$  barrel pork of hospital steward also & Wm. LaCrow was down also & I sold him the sheep also for \$3.00 dollars per head delivered in Los Angeles—got \$900 dollars for 313 sheep & Slaton went down to Pablo's camp & got a load . . . for \$10.00 dollars a load & Hubly working at the windlass for them to take up the large rope & Mowry was down also & Macow (McCoy?) got in with a Government wagon also & an officer came in with it & an officer & his family arrived on his way to New Mexico. My father is about 60 years old also.

Dec. 2. We had a cloudy & very cold night & had some ice in the morning for the first time this winter—very cold day & Slaton went down to Catlick to help bring up the boat also & Robert Groom left in the morning also & Hubly working at the small windlass also & Suvero brought in some cattle also & got in one of Mowry's cattle also.

Dec. 3. We had a fine day & had ice in the morning & cold day & I was up at Fort also & killed in the evening for the Fort & LaCrow was down also & Compton on his way to the mines also & a wild cat got at our chickens last night & killed 4 head also but we killed the cat—Ankrim shot 4 times at it & hit it twice & Hubly working at the small windlass also.

Dec. 4. We had a windy (day) & cold also & Suvero's father arrived with . . . & cheese also & had some ice in the morning—temperature 30 degrees in the morning also & Wm. LaCrow got down with his . . . & settled up & gave his note for the sheep—60 days & going to leave tomorrow for the settlement & Hubly moved in the carpenter shop & bought \_\_\_\_\_'s compass for \$275 dollars.

Dec. 5. We had a fine day & cold all day & Wm. LaCrow left in the morning for the settlement & I was up at the Fort & got our old contract back again & Hubly worked on a door for the carpenter shop also & Suvero hunting up the caballada & Cook brought up the 2 yoke oxen & wagon up & 4 scythes

& snaths also & they left in the morning with the boat below also.

Dec. 6. We had a blowy & dusty day blowing from the north & Cook started back to help with the boat & Hooper was down also & crossed some Mexicans for Sonora & Hubly working at the door also yet for the shop & we killed a beef for the Fort & 2 Americans got in from the settlements for Tucson.

Dec. 7. (Sunday). We had a windy day & I was up at Fort & Colonel Burke sent for me & had a talk about whiskey whether we had sold whiskey or not. I told him it was a lie and Captain Bell left in the evening also for the mines & Lieut. Mowry crossed the river also for to go up the Gila to Halstead copper mine also & crossed some Mexicans for Sonora also.

Dec. 8. We had a fine day for the first time for 2 weeks & Hubly got through with the door & Lieut. Sharbron (?) crossed for Texas—or for Tucson & Burns arrived from San Diego with his team for Tucson also & last night at 10 o'clock Hayward (?) arrived from inside also & stopped with us & Antony hauled wood & tied a steer up for to kill tomorrow also.

Dec. 9. We had a fine day & I was up at Fort and the express got in last night also & brought in the glorious news that Buchanan was elected President also by 20 to 30 thousand majority also & Wm. . . . arrived also from San Francisco on his way to Sonoita—Dunbar's partner also & Patro Mandus arrived from Caborca also & brought in some frijoles & corn & brought in 7 cargoes of flour also & Barnes crossed for Tucson also with his wagon & 4 horses.

Dec. 10. We had a fine day & steamer got up also at 12 o'clock also & I went up to the landing also & Supatra crossed his cargoes for Dunbar & I bought his beans at \$28 dollars per cargo & corn at 6 cts. per lb. also & figs at 15 cts. per lb. & Doctor was down from the Fort & killed beef for the steamer also & I bought a mule of Suvero's father also for \$40. dollars also.

Dec. 11. We had a fine day & Patro Mandus left for Sonoito also & I bought his beans also & wrote to Spencer also & about the note of Lewis Ganice in Sonora & we killed a beef



for the Fort also & Hubly put in the window glasses over the entry doors also.

Dec. 12. We had a cold morning &  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. ice also & a blow from the north also & the cook left in the morning also & went up to Charley Rineback also & some cattle arrived from Altar also—17 head also & 1 cargo of cheese & Hubly working at the sheaves also for the double blocks & Suvero brought in the mare I had sold to Hooper also & I was up on the other side the river & saw the cattle—they are fine cattle also.

Dec. 13. We had a heavy blower all day & dusty—blowing from the north & I was up at Fort & Catlick got up after provisions also & the boat is at Pilot Knob—wind is blowing too heavy also & I bought the 17 head (from) Catlick at \$11.53—it amounted to \$196. dollars in all. I sold him \$30. dollars worth of . . . also & Hubly working at the blocks also & we killed a beef for the Fort also.

Dec. 14. (Sunday). We had a windy day & dusty & Catlick left to the boat also & Slaton got back also—had a falling out with Catlick also & Jose left for Caborca also & branded the cattle also.

Dec. 15. We had a windy (day) & I was up at Fort & we killed a beef for the Fort & steamer also in the evening & the hay boat got up in the evening also with corn fodder also & Hubly strapping the block also.

Dec. 16. We had a fine day & Armijo (?) & Luna (?) arrived from New Mexico with sheep—will be here in 3 days with 19,000 thousand head also & Catlick & Slaton got on a spree also in the evening & sheep men are making a bargain to cross the sheep also & Hubly put on the double blocks on the rope and it worked fine also & Nick (the) bitch got young pups also—5 head in the morning also.

Dec. 17. We had a fine day & the sheep men went back in the morning & I made an arrangement with them to cross them at 8 cts. per head also & take their note at  $2\frac{1}{2}$  months and after that 5 per cent interest per month & Hubly fixing the boat also for to cross the sheep also & we kild a beef for the Fort also & the river falling fast & Suvero brought in the caballada also.



Dec. 18. We had a heavy blow from the north west & a very disagreeable day also & I was up at Fort & Catlick & Cook went up the Gila to hunt also & Hooper & Johnson & Mowry party crossed the river on a hunting expedition down the river also & Hubly fixing the old boat for crossing the sheep also & Slaton went up in the boat to haul a load of fodder for Hooper also & Suvero brought in a mare for Slaton also.

Dec. 19. We had a windy day & blowing hard from the northwest & trying to cross sheep in the morning but blowed too heavy the time we got ready & had to wait till 4½ o'clock in the evening & then we made 6 trips. Crossed about 1200 hundred head—stopped crossing at 7 o'clock in the evening & we hauled out a heavy snag on the other side the river also & 2 large snags on this side the river also & hard pulling also & could not unload the boat with the fodder account the wind & Slaton went up after another load corn fodder for Hooper also & Patrick still on a spree & one of the mules got back from Johnson & Hooper also last night & came home & Chuly the slut got 8 young pups also today & Consig left for the settlement also in the morning.

Dec. 20. We had a fine morning & commenced crossing the sheep at daybreak but it commenced blowing at 9 o'clock & we got through crossing at 1 o'clock. Armijo's(?) sheep made 19 loads in 6 hours also for all it blowed so heavy & he has got about 7100 head in also—he started with 7252 & Slaton got in with Hooper's fodder also in the afternoon & Suvero got up 2 beef cattle also & Hooper & Mowry & Jones got back also from their hunting expedition also & river is way lower also.

Dec. 21. (Sunday). We had a blowy day & dusty all day & got nearly through unloading the hay boat & he has only 8 tons on & we was bailing the boat out also—was a great deal of water in them & we killed a beef & Dunbar & his partner got back from Sonora also in the afternoon & Jones & McLean was down also & Jose Cheger got back from California & Smith is on his way out here also.

Dec. 22. We had a light breeze through the day & dusty

also & got through unloading the boat & had on 8 tons & Slaton went up to bring the rest of Hooper's corn fodder down & the sheep aint got down yet.

Dec. 23. We had a fine day & commenced crossing Mr. Luna's sheep at 12 o'clock & made 25 trips in 7 hours & crossed 7060 head in 7 hours—the biggest crossing that ever was made & we killed a beef for the Fort & for Christmas & Suvero brought Hooper's mules & Slaton's horses also and Smith arrived with butter & eggs & cabbage & potatoes & the river still falling.

Dec. 24. (Christmas Eve.) We had a fine day & got through crossing Jesus Luna's sheep also—got through at 2 o'clock—made 20 trips—crossed 5500 head in all—made a good crossing & I bought 5 sheep at  $3\frac{1}{2}$  dollars per head & 5 goats at  $3\frac{1}{2}$  dollars per head & we killed a beef for the Fort also in the evening & a sheep in the morning also & Hooper & Lieut. Mowry went up to the mines also on a paseo & river still falling yet.

Dec. 25. (Christmas). We had a heavy blow from the NW & very dusty & crossed 30 mules for the sheep men & they left in the afternoon also for California & I was up at the Fort & took up the things for the steamer & officers' mess & some of the boys got quite lively also & the men gave their note at 75 days payable in San Francisco for \$1,495.40, after then 3 per cent per month & Dunbar left for Sonora.

Dec. 26. We had a fine day & express got in last night & we killed a beef for the Fort & Catlick got back from hunting & got a large deer—fat one & Lieut. Mowry was down & Holstead melting ore trying experiment. Hubly working at blocks.

Dec. 27. We had a fine day & Hubly worked at the boats also & McClean got back from hunting also & Suvero got in cattle also.

Dec. 28. (Sunday). We had a fine day & I was up at Fort & on the steamer on the other side river & we killed a beef for the Fort & Yancy got in with a load copper also & Mr. Digon's wife died last night also & was buried at 3 o'clock.

Dec. 29. We had a fine day & express left & Bellep also

in the morning & we hauled out the large boat for to calk her also & Suvero brought in a steer & 2 mules for Catlick & Ankrim to hunt tomorrow.

Dec. 30. We had a fine day & Hubly got through one end of the boat & we launch her in also. Also made a good job & Ankrim & Catlick went up in the bottom also & Suvero caught up a steer also & Charly Rineback got in a woman also from Sonora.

Dec. 31. We had a fine day & I was up at Fort also & Ankrim & Catlick got back from hunting but did not get anything but 2 coons.

January 1, 1857. We had a fine day & we killed a beef for the Fort & I took it up in the evening & Suvero got the headache bad & Ankrim making out the bills also & they was firing salutes at the Fort in the morning also.

Jan. 2. We had a fine day & Wilcox arrived from San Diego & a pilot also for on the steamer & steamer went down in the afternoon also & some of the boys was rather tight & Sapatro's train arrived from Altar with cargoes also & busy fixing the books up also & the accounts & Suvero got up some mules also.

Jan. 3. We had a fine day & Sapatro was over & I bought his barley & corn & panocha also & Lieut. Mowry was down also & Hubly working at blocks also & Suvero went out after beef cattle and in the evening it clouded over also looking for rain also.

Jan. 4. (Sunday). We had a fine day & Doctor was down also & Fulmer also & we killed a beef for the fort & Jose left for Sonora also in the morning & some Americans arrived from Los Angeles.

Jan. 5. We had a fine day & Catlick left for San Diego with his drove of animals & I had a small talk with Ankrim about a horse of ours not want him bring out & Ankrim want him brought out & Suvero got in some of Smith's animals—one did not get in.

Jan. 6. We had a fine day & Smith's wagon left in the afternoon for home & Captain Keller & his party arrived from Los Angeles on their way to Sonora also & Doctor was



down to breakfast—beef head roast also & I was up at Fort also & Hubly not doing much.

Jan. 7. We had a fine day & we hauled out the boat to calk also & crossed 6 Americans & 10 animals for Sonora & we killed a beef for the Fort also.

Jan. 8. We had a windy day & I was up at Fort & Hubly got through with the boat & launch her also & Suvero caught a wild steer also & tied it up & the Doctor was down also & Carson left in the evening also.

Jan. 9. We had a windy day & dusty & crossed the billiard table man on the way to Tucson & we killed a beef for the Fort & Ramon brought in a beef for to kill on the 11th again.

Jan. 10. We had a windy day & dusty & Suvero looked up the caballada also & Doctor & Lieut. Mowry & Hooper & Tyler & Shaffer was down to see us & Hubly got the boat back again.

Jan. 11. We had a windy (day) & dusty all day & McLean & Jones & Fulmer was down and crossed 2 Americans for San Diego also & in the evening some Mexicans arrived from California with a wagon on their way to Sonora also & we killed a beef for the Fort & Slaton is rather bad also & Suvero & Ramon making reatas also.

Jan. 12. We had a fine day & I was up at Fort also & express got in this morning also & I got a letter from Uncle Lewis from New York got a letter from Benjamin Hortyhouse also & fine letters also & Suvero making reatas & Ramon also & crossed a wagon & Mexican on their way to Sonora.

Jan. 13. We had a fine day & I was across the river up at Hinton's & Warner(?) arrived from Tucson yesterday also but don't bring any news down & across the river also & Hubly making a whiffletree for the wagon & Slaton is very sick also & Smith is getting better also I have a bad cold also & Suvero got in a steer to kill also for tomorrow.

Jan. 14. We had a fine day but cloudy nearly all day & I was up at Fort also & we killed a beef for the Fort also & Slaton getting better also & the boys branded 5 head cattle &



one killed & one in the corral makes 7 head of Lieut. Mowry's also branded & Hubly working at a singletree also.

Jan. 15. We had a fine day & I was up at Fort & sent La Crow's draft up to San Francisco & McLean was down also & Doctor also & Hubly commenced making the window sash for the hind room & wrote to . . . & sent the money to Lytle to settle for his interest of the ferry also & one of the 3 Frenchmen got in in the morning that crossed a few days ago & his comrades nearly killed him on their way 25 miles from here & they got away & Frenchman is in the hospital also.

Jan. 16. We had a fine day & Doctor & Suercofer(?) was down & (we) commenced cleaning out the wells also & Hubly working at the window sash and 3 Frenchmen arrived with 50 head mules on their way to California & they swam their mules also & they had a hard time crossing the river also & Heather & Yancy got back in the night & found the other 2 Frenchmen also & murdered also on the road—stabbed to death & their money taken from them & nothing of the steamer yet.

Jan. 17. We had a fine day & working at the well & Hubly making cover for the well & they cutting poles to put in the well also & Doctor & Tyler & McLean & Shem & Wilcox was down to breakfast also to beef head roast and a Mexican Doctor arrived with a party on his way to Sonora also & river is on a stand also & in the evening one of the billiard men got back. Their animals were taken by the Indians & left on foot & he is down to borrow an animal & pay for taking the table up & Warner left with his team for Tucson.

Jan. 18. (Sunday). We had a cloudy day & we killed a beef for the Fort & Suvero got up Slaton's animals also & he took the job of taking the man's animals & wagon up to Tucson for \$150. dollars & Slaton left in the evening also & Nachy & Fulmer was down in the evening also & crossed Doctor . . . on his way to Sonora & river on a stand.

Jan. 19. We had a fine day but a light breeze from the N west & dusty also & Doctor & Fulmer was down also & crossed some Mexicans from California on their way to Sonora and Hubly work at the box for the well also & Suvero

went out to get the cattle also & Smith getting better & cleaning out the well also.

Jan. 20. We had a fine day but a light breeze from the northwest & Doctor & McClean & Tyler & Lieut. Shandler was down in the morning & Patrick was up also & Hubly work at the box & got it done also for the well & cleaned out the well also & we killed a beef in the evening also.

Jan. 21. We had a fine day but a light breeze from the northwest & steamer got up in the afternoon also & brought up all the freight the vessel had also in one trip & the vessel was out 50 days also & we killed a beef for the Fort also & we work at the well—put in the box also & sink the box 4 inches down—there is about 2 feet water in the well also & Hubly helping also.

Jan. 22. We had a fine day & quit in the well going down further & wall it up & work hard in it & Catlick arrived in the morning also & I hired a Mexican woman for a few days to work—Antony is sick & Hubly helping in the well also & John Dole was down also & Doctor also.

Jan. 23. We had a fine day & I was up at Fort & on the steamer also & they had a spree on board also & Johnson & Lanier had a row on board also. We killed a beef for the schooner & I traded 3 quarters off to the Captain for blankets at 5 dollars a pair & Captain of the vessel left also & Hubly work at the well also & we are nearly through with this well & at low water mark we have 13 inches water in the well when the river is 3 feet 9 inches deep.

Jan. 24. We had a fine day & got through with the well & cleared off everything also & we have 22 inches of water in the well also & the depth is 19 feet 1 inch & got the well fixed & are ready to put down the pipe & we killed a beef for the Fort also & Catlick was on a spree last evening & yesterday also & Suvero got up the beef in the morning also.

Jan. 25. (Sunday). We had a fine day & soldered the pipe for the pump & well & tried it but don't work well & Catlick took a ride down on the other side the river [to] look for timber—found little—few sticks & we have 22½ inches water in the well also.

Jan. 26. We had a fine day & we fixed the pump all right & Hubly working at the window sash. Old Ortez, Suvero's father, arrived also & brought in 703 lbs. pinole & with 3 animals & one Mexican & the Indians robbed a Mexican of his animals at San Domingo also on his way to the river loaded with corn & we killed a beef also for the Fort & crossed 2 Americans for Tucson & I bought a mule for \$20. of Indians also.

Jan. 27. We had a fine day & Hooper & Mowry was down & Doctor also & Hubly working at the window sash also & crossed some Mexicans & Americans & Ingalls arrived with the Government team & the river is on a little rise also and fixed up the books also & Suvero got up a mule for Johnson to go in to San Diego & Laya got in yesterday from Sonora also . . .

Entries to April 14, (1857) are missing.

. . . . . & Hubly fixing at boat also & we have a bad sandbar in the middle of the river also scarcely cross with the boat & Hooper was down also & talk about going in with the ferry also & I was up at Fort & saw Captain Burton also about the Indian shooting arrows in the animals & he is going to find out & try to punish them for it also & temperature 93 degrees through the day & river raising slowly.

April 15. We had a fine day & Hubly fixing at boat & Suvero got in an animal for Robinson to go in also & Ramon did not get the calf below that was shot by the Indians also & Hooper was down also on a paseo & Fulmer also & Catlett & he talk about coming down here to work also & about the pay—100 dollars per month he wants & that is too much I offered him 1000 dollars per year but he wont take it & I turned out the bay horses I had traded with the Indians some time ago.

April 16. We had a fine day & I was up at Fort & we killed a mutton—weight 50 lbs. also & it was very fat & in the afternoon Robinson left for San Francisco also & a heavy blow got up from the N.W. & dusty also & Hubly fixing a lee board for along side the boat also—a new plan & Suvero & Ramon went out to catch beef also & stop over night.



April 17. We had a very heavy blow from the N. W. & dusty all day & boys brought in 2 beef to kill & we killed in the evening for the Fort & Hubly worked at the lee board also for the boat also & Hutchings was down on a paseo also for the first time for a long time since the election & Doctor & Alford was down also & Captain Tyler & Wilson arrived from San Diego also in the evening.

April 18. We had a fine day & crossed Señor Jaramillo & his party for New Mexico also—had 3 women & 3 children & 45 animals in his party also & he expect to be back next October or December also & Hubly got through with the lee board & we put it on also & it work fine & we killed a fat ox for the Fort also & Hooper & Fulmer was down also in the evening. Conner (?) come out from San Diego also hunting work.

April 19. (Sunday). We had a fine day & express left for San Diego also & Captain Tyler & Wilson left to cross the river & they are going to leave tomorrow morning also for the mines also & Suvero & Ramon went out after beef to stop over night also & river is on a stand & Doctor & Dow & Wilson & Tyler & Captain Biles were down and took breakfast with us also & Rineback & his wife were down also in the evening also & Doctor took off an arm of one of sheep men that got shot on the road also.

April 20. We had a fine day & I & Doctor went across the river & at Catlett's also & had a talk about coming down again. He will still hold out for 1200 dollars a year and I only will give 1000 dollars a year but I think he will come to [it] yet & we killed a beef for the Fort also & got one up for the steamer also & two of our horses missing, the mouse colored horse that [I] bought of Hinton & my bay stud horse also & Hubly working around the house & I got 12 gallons whiskey of Catlett—also one keg & the large boat is leaking bad.

April 21. We had a fine day & we killed for steamer also & I took it up also & Hooper & Tyler was down also & had a talk about the beef also but Tyler couldn't do it & Lieut. was down also & had a fine oyster supper also & Dunbar arrived from Calabasas also & he brought the news that



the Filibusters had a fight & nearly all got killed & the rest pent up also not able to get off also they are in bad fix & Suvero & Ramon went out to stop over night looking for horses also & Hubly cleaning out the boat & stopped the leak in the boat—it was nearly in the middle & at the upper side of the boat also & Hooper told me that Catlett did agree to come at our place to stop for 1,000 dollars a year & find himself also & I think he will be down the first of the month also & in the evening had a small shower of rain—not much though.

April 22. We had a fine day & I was up at Fort also & Doctor was down also & I went up with him & Black come out what was with Madison & Weaver & Cook went in the evening also & river falling slowly & Hubly fixing the lee board also at the boat also & Lieut. Mowry is very sick also in bed & Suvero & Ramon got in & brought in beef for to kill tomorrow.

April 23. We had a fine day & Suvero went out & Ramon looking for the 2 horses also & stop overnight also—they did not find them yesterday & Doctor was down also & Fulmer also & Mowry is very poorly—not able to be up & not expected to live & Dunbar was down & had a look over the account & agreed to give me drafts & rest in settlements with Hooper also & we killed a beef for the Fort & Hooper was down also in the evening & Hubly working in the shop.

April 24. We had a fine day but a little breeze from the east & I was across the river to Catlett's on a paseo & I got some things also & the cattle man was down also & got some provisions—\$50 dollars worth & going back again & Catlett is going to come down tomorrow to live also & Suvero & Ramon got back in the evening & did not get the animals that [were] stolen & Doctor was down in the morning & Mowry is some better also very little.

April 25. We had a fine day but in the evening a heavy blow sprung up from the west & dusty & Catlett arrived down to our place also & Love & Miel Thompson arrived from California also on his way to Tucson also & Suvero & Ramon got back & they did not get the horses & Hubly making book-case also & river is falling yet.

April 26. (Sunday). We had a windy day & a heavy blow

from the Northwest & Doctor & Dow was down also in the morning & took breakfast & Miel Thompson left for Tucson also & river falling also & we killed for the Fort also.

April 27. We had a fine day & Hogan was down also on a paseo & Hubly fixing around the yard also & river falling & Suvero & Ramon went out to stop over night also & Commissary Sergeant got under arrest also & Captain Burton & Doctor were down also on a paseo in the morning & Fixing up the book case also & Ramon commenced making adobes at 12 dollars per thousand & one beef head also.

#### TRIP TO SAN BERNARDINO, CALIFORNIA

April 28. We had a fine day & express got in from San Diego & had a great fly up by word got in the morning . . . . Captain & Ankrim & Slaton got killed by 3 . . . & Catlett & Doctor & Haman & 6 soldiers were sent after them to Cook's Wells to search [for] them & after they left 3 hours Ankrim & Slaton arrived from Sonoita & brought great news about the filibusters [who] got all cut up to pieces also & no provision coming in also & Suvero brought in 2 beeves also & Hubly working around also.

April 29. We had a fine day & I was up at Fort & busy all day fixing the affairs for going in to Sonora but in the evening I changed my mind and going inside to Los Angeles also for flour also. I think not safe to go in Sonora & we killed a mutton also in the evening & I bought a mare for 20 dollars also & steamer got up in the evening also & Ward is still at our place also.

April 30. We had a fine day & Ankrim was up at Fort & Slaton got gloriously tight also & cut up very bad also when he got back also in the evening he abused me very much indeed & Chappo & himself also were going to fight also & shoot each other also & Lieutenant Mowry left in the evening also for San Diego & Hubly fixing up the wagons for to go in to Los Angeles also with 2 wagons also.

May 1. We had a fine day & I was up at fort and settled with Hooper & he owes me now \$730.77 & I got \$250. of quartermaster for hiring mules to go to Tucson also & got some money of Hooper 300 dollars also & busy fixing up the

wagon also & Slaton is got all right again & I settled with Hubly also & gave the company note at 9 months for \$1,300. also credited in the books \$141. also & he is going to quit work on the 4th of May also & we killed for the fort & steamer went down also in the morning also & I am going to start tomorrow also.

May 2. We had a fine day and got off at 3 o'clock & made Cook's Wells at 11 o'clock & made 25 miles & got along very well also & I was up at fort also but I did not see Dunbar in relation about the note & I left the note with Dunbar also \$1,495. & express passed us on way to San Diego also.

May 3. (Sunday). We had a fine day but windy & left at 6 o'clock for Alamo & arrived at 4½ o'clock & much tired also but got along very well also.

May 4. We had a fine day & left at 3½ o'clock & arrived at Indian Wells at 1½ o'clock made in 10 hours drove 25 miles & met Major Ringdale at Alamo Mocho on his way to the river & Doctor Homans also & we left at 8 o'clock for Carriso Creek made this drive 55 miles.

May 5. We had a fine day rained at 8 o'clock in the morning—made this drive 33 miles in 11 hours—and stopped all day & left at 7½ o'clock in the evening for Vallecito—we met Crothers on his way to New Mexico one Chouny also & Gower McNess on his way to Tucson also.

May 6. We had a fine day & arrived at 3½ o'clock in the morning & made the drive in 7¼ hours also—18 miles & met Brady & the sheep man on their way to New Mexico & Brady on his way to the river also & Slaton got on a hell of a spree also in the evening & all night & got a heavy blow from the west & very cold also.

May 7. We had a windy & blowy day & left at 6½ o'clock & made San Felipe at 1½ o'clock in the afternoon also made 18 miles in 6 hours & I feel sick—a bad cold & headache.

May 8. We had a fine day & left at 8½ o'clock for Warner's Ranch—arrived at 2 o'clock—made 15 miles in 5½ hours & felt very bad in the morning.

May 9. We had a fine day & left at 6½ o'clock for Tule Swamp (Aguanga) & arrived at 4½ o'clock—made 22 miles



in 10 hours drive & [met] 5 filibusters & on their way to Sonora.

May 10. (Sunday). We had a fine day & left at 6¼ o'clock—got through the Tule spot very well & made camp at 4 o'clock 10 miles beyond Temecula—made 22 miles & Slaton got glorious drunk & got in long behind us & left him behind also & mules very tired also in the evening.

May 11. We had a fine day & in the afternoon a fine breeze from the seacoast also & left at 6 o'clock for Jurupa & arrived within 1 mile at 5 o'clock. Made 35 miles drive in 11 hours drive. It blowed very heavy in the evening.

May 12. We had a fine day & left at 6 o'clock & arrived at San Bernardino at 11 o'clock. Made 10 miles & in the evening Slaton & Black got on a bust & very tight.

May 13. We had a fine day & I took the wagon up to the wagon shop to get it fixed up also & had to put in a new pair of hounds & hub & tongue & got the hind wheels rimmed & felloes put in & sent the mules out to grass & I busy getting ready & Slaton got on a hell of bust—was nearly killed also—he cut up the devil also.

May 14. We had a fine day & sent Slaton out with the mules also to grass.

May 15. We had a fine day & sent Antony out with the mules also.

May 16. We had a fine day & got the wagon fixed well & got loaded up & got off at 2 o'clock & went to Agua Mansa also & camped. Made 12 miles also & got stalled in sand in river also—had some pulling there.

May 17. (Sunday). We had a fine day & left at 7 o'clock & we got stalled 3 times on the road. Made 35 miles today. Made camp at 9 o'clock in the evening also mules very tired.

May 18. We had a cloudy morning but temperature fine & left at 8 o'clock & arrived at Temecula at 1 o'clock, made 12 miles & at Temecula we got stuck again—had a time pulling out also & Antony found the Hubly bond also & in the afternoon it commenced raining also.

May 19. We had a fine day & left at 6½ o'clock for Tule



swamp also & then we had hell of time getting through. We got Black's wagon through very well till the last end & the large wagon we had to leave stuck in overnight & borrowed next wagon to haul over the rest of the load also—hard work.

May 20. We had a fine day & got the heavy wagon out & all things over & got loaded up & left at 3 o'clock & made Boiling Spring at 8 o'clock & had a hard time of pulling up the steep hill. Had to unload some  $\frac{1}{2}$  the wagon. Made 6 miles.

May 21. We had a fine day & left at  $7\frac{1}{2}$  o'clock & had a time of pulling up the heavy hill & met Howwalk(?) at 2 o'clock & camped. Made 6 miles—had to unload some also.

May 22. We had a fine day & left at  $6\frac{1}{2}$  o'clock [for] Warner's Ranch. Arrived at 2 o'clock. Made 12 miles today & Black left us on his way to San Diego also & I loaned him a mule to go in to Santa Isabel also.

May 23. We had a fine day & animals are on good grass.

May 24. (Sunday). We had a fine day & I bought a veal of Sylvester for beef for 6 dollars & I & Slaton went over to Santa Isabel also & saw hell at Satron's & he give it to Slaton dreadful & they was both drunk & give it to Major Hovey also & I got my mule what was stolen there also & he is fine—looks well & Black got up with us also with my other one mule also that was so long with Saxon's & in San Diego is very dull also.

May 25. We had a fine day & left at 6 o'clock & arrived at San Felipe at 12 o'clock also & camped & met Mr. Burns with his drove of animals from the river also & (he) told me that Ankrim had gone into San Diego & up to San Francisco to buy goods also & one of the cattlemen also & met Frank Stone also here & Birch arrived from Tucson.

May 26. We had a fine day & got off at  $6\frac{1}{2}$  o'clock for Vallecito also & had a hell of a time—broke the tongue off in the canyon & I put in the old one again & down the Vallecito hill broke 6 spokes & one spoke out entirely also going down & arrived at 8 o'clock in the evening also & very tired also.

May 27. We had a fine day & Johnson arrived from San

Diego also on their way to the river & we left at 5 o'clock in the afternoon for Carriso Creek and had a heavy pulling—had to double teams within 6 miles of Carriso Creek & Antony let the animals get away—went to sleep & I sent him back to hunt them.

May 28. We had a fine day & got in at 7 o'clock & mules were tired also & Johnson left at 2½ o'clock & Antony got back with the mules—he got them at Vallecito & going to stop till tomorrow afternoon.

May 29. We had a fine day & we left at 3 o'clock for Indian Wells & mules feel fine & made good time & met Lugo's wife on her way to San Diego—she had to leave the river.

May 30. We had a fine day arrived at 6 o'clock. Made 34 miles this drive in 15 hours & found the water very low & had to clean out the well & laid over till 6 o'clock in the evening & left for Alamo Mocho & I stopped to water the loose mules. We managed to give 3 buckets a mule & very warm today.

May 31. (Sunday). We had a fine day—very warm & arrived at 7½ o'clock & had to double teams near Alamo Mocho & I & Antony went out with the mules to herd also & it was very warm & found very good grass.

June 1. We had a fine day & left at 4 o'clock & got along fine till within 4 miles of the sand hill also & then had hell of time—had to double teams 4 miles & made the large mules rather go ahead & met express when going in & Fulmer also on his way to San Francisco also.

June 2. We had a fine day & arrived at 8 o'clock with one team. Black got in at 12 o'clock—he had to go back after the other wagon also & mules very tired also & met Turner & Smith & Green with their wagon on their way to San Diego also.

June 3. We had a fine day & left at 2½ in the morning & arrived at 11 o'clock at Pilot Knob also & stopped 5 hours & then pushed on for home—arrived at 7 o'clock & 2 mules got away & ran up home also & a heavy blow got & dusty & found things rather upside down & not very much pleased also.

June 4. We had a fine day. Busy packing up things & unpacking & selling butter also & eggs & I crossed Thompson's train also in the evening—crossed it in  $1\frac{3}{4}$  hours—7 wagons & 48 animals.

June 5. We had a windy day & dusty also & I was up at Fort also & saw Doctor & Dow & the boys also & brought in a beef & Murphy shod Johnson's horses also.

June 6. We had a fine day & got through with the books also & Catlett was up at Fort & I busy fixing up around the house & boys went out hunting up the caballada also & getting up a beef also for Monday.

June 7. (Sunday). We had a fine day & crossed Captain Brady's train also & his goods & John Kilbride arrived with the . . . mining Company wagons also from the mines & Thompson was over & took dinner also with us.

June 8. We had a fine day & Catlett calking inside the boat the . . . also & I fixing up in the store house & John Kilbride came down & got on a spree also & stopped over night & we killed a beef for the Fort also & Slater & Chapo & Black got tight also & had a fight up with soldiers.

June 9. We had a fine day & Murphy fixing spurs for the Doctor & working at Catlett's house also & Antony hauling wood & Ramon brought in the fine white mare for the Doctor also & he sent his horses out in the bottom also for to recruit also & Kilbride stopped all day with us also & Catlett was up on the hill also.

June 10. We had a fine day & I & Doctor & Slater went across up to Brady's & John Kilbride & they got on a bust also & cut up the very devil also & at the supper table John Kilbride & Slaton got nearly fight together also at the supper table also about some words also but got them apart & John Kilbride left in the evening & Hubly working at the Clock also fixing her also & Chapo & Reaty had a fly up also—Chapo struck Reaty bad & he is going to leave for Los Angeles in a few days from now & river falling & we had a very warm day—thermometer 108 degrees through the day also & boys went out for beef cattle also in the morning & stopping over night also.



June 11. We had a very warm day & I went across the river & to Hamon's also & Slaton & John Kilbride crossed & left in the afternoon also & John got all right again & Reaty & Chapo made it all up again—she went back again & Murphy working at the . . . & . . . chains also fixing them up also & boys brought in a steer & we killed also in the evening & Catlett went up to the Fort also & river little on a rise & temperature 109 degrees through the day also.

June 12. We had a warm day & temperature 109 degrees through the day & boys went out after cattle also & Slater hunting up Brady's mules for to go in to San Felipe after goods & Murphy fixing harness of blacksmith's links & Tees & Antony hauling wood & American arrived with 108 mules on the other side the river also & wants to cross for 75 dollars also & he is from Sonora also.

June 13. We had a fine day & I & Doctor went across the river up to Brady's & he come down with us & I went up & Brady to the Fort also & saw the boys also & river rising very slowly also & Murphy fixing at the harness & boat hook also & putting up the plates on the house also & no express.

June 14. (Sunday). We had a fine day & fine breeze from the southwest & crossed 108 mules for Dr. . . . party also on their way to California also from Sonora & Dock Hamon crossed & went up to Brady's also & got back & got tight & went down to the Algodon after his squaw but did not get her & got nearly in river also & Sergeant Reed was down & reported that the beef was condemned—had a board of survey—that was killed yesterday. I know the beef was very bad indeed & I sent up after it & there was only . . . lbs. left of it—they made a great muss about it & brought in a beef for to kill tomorrow also & Slaton left in the evening with Slaton's team also & the express was . . . & Mr. Horbork arrived on foot—walked from the Alamo Mocho—their horses & mules broke away from them & had to cache their mail & foot it in & Hueton left also & Lieut. Callong was down also & took some mush & milk also & Lenan & Blackanth & Thompson's train left in the morning for the mines also & river rose this 24 hours 4 inches also—a large raise.



June 15. We had a warm day & express arrived in the evening & we fixed the wheel at the boat—put in new spindles also & put it back also & river rose 3 inches today & Murphy helping at the wheel also & Doctor crossed with Brady—2 animals also & Ramon had all the caballada together also all right also & Catlett went up to the Fort also.

June 16. We had a warm day & I went down with Horbork to look at his cattle also & found them rather bad also—poor & very little. Crossed & found their large cattle also & river rose 2 inches in the last 24 hours also & we got back in the evening also.

June 17. We had a fine day & very warm day & I was up at Fort also & Mr. Horbork also & on the steamer also & river is on a stand also & Murphy working at the harness also & . . . & Doctor was down also & I wrote to Jacobs in San Bernardino—sent the money—149 dollars & 18 dollars to . . . & 12 to . . . & Mr. Katz inside by Sywoff also.

June 18. We had a warm day & Catlett was up at Fort & Horbork also & Captain Biles crossed also & boys brought in 2 beefes for to kill & Murphy working at the cabins also.

June 19. We had a warm day & I & Mr. Horbork went upon the bottom to look for grass & feed also & to see to water come in the bottom also & coming in fast also & Murphy working at the chains also & I fixing at the well also & express left also.

June 20. We had a warm day & Horbork & Catlett went on the other side river to look at a cane patch for his cattle & found it very well also & he went down to get his cattle up also & Doctor was down also & crossed some Mexicans on their way to Sonora also & Murphy got through with the chains & things & I helped the Mexicans to get the pole (?) straight also.

Sunday, 21. We had a warm day & in the evening had a heavy blow from the N west also & rained little also . . . & we killed in the morning also & got up a mule for Captain Burton also & river is on rise still & Mack Rovaly crossed for Tucson also going to get pinole.

June 22. We had a fine day & I helped with the roof

also & Antony went out with Ramon to get in a beef & Captain Burton & Captain Jones & . . . went down the river to explore for New river where it come in also in the afternoon & river is still on a rise & Catlett went up with the small boat & got some lumber for the house & Murphy making hook for the harness.

June 23. We had a fine day till in the evening a blow from the N west—the old blows last very late this year—never saw their equal since been here & they made 100 adobes more. They have made 3000 & 400 dokes in all for the house & cost \$96 the house & I helped with the roof & put in the troughs for the house & Hubly making the window frame, etc., & we killed for the Fort also & Antony is sick—& Murphy made a branding iron also & I helping him also & Holsted was down & those Mexicans are going to go along up the river with him to explore the Colorado for mines & Antony was out in the bottom with Ramon also.

June 24. We had a windy day & an old blow from the N. W. & I was up at Fort & try to find out about the beef contract also but could not & the boys caught a steer for beef also Murphy working at the brand also & river . . . inches the last 24 hours also & Captain Brady come down to stop over night also.

June 25. We had a fine morning but in the afternoon the old blow sprang up from the N. W. again & very dusty & I was up at Fort & Horbock & I put in my papers for beef at the rate 15 cts per lb & Horbock at 16 cts per lb. also & I got the beef contract at my price & I treated to 1½ dozen bottles of ale also & Suvero's father arrived with Pancho & with woman also from Sonora & I got a letter from Patro Mandus also & one for Suvero also.

June 26. We had a fine day & commenced crossing Horbock's cattle also at 2 o'clock & got through at sundown also—crossed 214 head & 19 head (for) Americans & 8 men and had a hell of a time crossing them also but had good luck & one of the wheel ropes got unhooked when crossing & the boat had a great swing around & one spoke in the wheel gave way also—broke also & commenced fixing up the beef

contract (?) also & boys brought in a steer for to kill tomorrow.

June 27. We had a fine day & I went down with Mr. Horbock with his cattle to show the beans & feed also for the cattle also & I agreed to take his animals at \$600. dollars also & \$44. for his outfit also & receive on the first of the month also & he agreed to take care of them up to that day . . . Indians set the bushes afire also below us 2 miles [from] us & Slaton was across to Brady's also & back & I traded with Slaton for Jones' horse for a mule also & Catlett moved over in the house also & river falling fast also & one of Mr. Horbock's animals died also in the evening & Mr. Murphy shod animals & fixed up the cart also & boys went out for to get in some animals for officers at Fort & Slaton got back from San Felipe also & no goods. The wagon & team was detach by . . . Dock Wallis things & had bad look.

June 28. (Sunday). We had a fine day & boys went out after cattle & Slaton & Antony went out for his mules also.

June 29. We had a fine day & we killed a beef for the Fort & express arrived in the evening & I got a letter from Uncle Lewis also & one from Ben Hartzhorn also & one from old Walsh also & Doctor brought back the mare also & river falling fast & 2 Americans arrived for California.

June 30. We had a cloudy day & I was up at Fort & on the steamer & I got paid off for the commissary also & signed the beef contract also 2 papers & took up the bills also & Captain Tyler was down & Thomsal also & Garnall (Colonel?) was down to the Indian feast also & got back & Captain Burton is going to give the Indians a great feast also of cattle & Engles left with the Government team with Shea's also & Shea is going in town.

July 1. We had a fine day & I went down [to] Mr. Horbock's & bought his cattle at \$20. dollars per head—214 head & 6 horses at \$40. per head & 9 mules at \$40. dollars per head. Paid him \$2,924. & give the Company note for \$2,000 payable the first of March, 1858. They all say I made a good bargain & he left for San Francisco in the evening & I hired him 4 mules to go in to San Diego for \$25. apiece. He paid

me \$100. dollars for them going in & in the morning we killed a beef for the steamer also & Ramon brought in the 4 mules & I sent Catlett out to see the Government cattle with Heather but did not find them trying to see what the average weight was & I was up to see Tyler & signed the beef contract—2 papers—& got \$500. from Martin on account of Hooper & Co. & Lieut. Shea left for the States & in the afternoon 2 Indians had a fight & they cut one another very bad—dont expect to live—very bad & Mr. Murphy took off the tires of the 2 wagons & fixing up the wagons also & a blow sprang up in the evening also—& dusty.

July 2. We had a fine day & steamer went down in the morning also & express left also for San Diego & we branded the horses also in the evening & mules of mine—8 head mules branded—one in the bottom yet & boys went down to the old ferry & pulled out a steer out the mire also—one of the new steers also & Captain Tyler & Thompson left in the afternoon for San Francisco & Jones & Doctor & . . . .

[End of fragment]



## SPANISH PLANS FOR AN INLAND CHAIN OF MISSIONS IN CALIFORNIA

By GEORGE WILLIAM BEATTIE

The reasons for the founding of the first missions in Alta California are familiar to all of us. Chief in importance was the desire of the fathers to convert the Indians to the Christian faith. For more than a century and a half after the day in 1602 when Vizcaíno anchored in Monterey Bay, missionaries had been seeking permission to begin work in California, but in vain. The Spanish Government had other uses for its revenues, and without its approval and backing, missionaries could accomplish nothing.

By 1767, however, menacing movements in the Pacific by other nations, particularly the Russians, aroused sufficient fear among Spanish officials to spur them to action; and this fear was the decisive reason for the sending of missionaries into California. The chain of missions and presidios along our coast was the result, completing the long Spanish frontier line which, beginning on the Atlantic coast, ran across Florida and extended westward along the Gulf of Mexico, through Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and upward through California—a line which as Dr. H. E. Bolton has noted, was twice as long as the famous Rhine-Danube frontier that was held by Rome.

The development of missions in California led to marked changes in the conditions that prevailed when they were started. In their contacts with the natives, the Fathers at first had merely local problems to deal with. Indians generally might feel hostile toward the alien race that was occupying their land, but the missions in their poverty showed little to arouse cupidity. By offering food, clothing and a general improvement in living conditions, they usually won the loyalty of the Indians near them, and the savages accepted instruction in religion and the elements of civilization without objection. The missionaries launched out as opportunity permitted, and

established ranchos to accommodate the increasing flocks and herds, which in turn rendered possible the support of an ever growing number of neophytes. Unfortunately, the live stock became increasingly tempting to unconverted Indians, some of whom came from great distances to raid mission herds. Occasionally a neophyte became restive under mission discipline, and ran away, seeking refuge among the wild Indians of the valleys, deserts and mountains in the interior. These runaways were naturally the independent, unsubmissive and lawless characters. They had become accustomed to the superior food of the missions, and they inevitably imparted their taste for mission live stock to the wild men with whom they associated, and became guides and leaders in forays upon mission flocks and herds. Because of the ease with which horses could be driven away, horse flesh came to be preferred as food to the flesh of other mission animals. Horses were not stolen for their transporting capacities.

The runaway Indians soon became a serious menace to the progress of the missions and to the peace and welfare of the Government of California. It was to them that the wholesale stock stealing and the savage attacks on ranchos were laid. The pursuit and bringing back of runaway Indians was therefore, not so much due to a desire to hold them in subjection, (as has been charged by unfriendly critics of the mission system), as it was to ward off the evil effects of their allying themselves with unconverted Indians in raids upon mission establishments.

It became more and more apparent that the menace of the unchristianized Indians could be met only by extending the mission system inland. The Government itself was aroused to action by the growing lawlessness of runaways. Governor José Joaquin Arrillaga, who reached Monterey in 1806, was thoroughly in sympathy with the idea of civilizing and Christianizing the inland savages, and agreed heartily with the ideas the missionaries were developing, and lent his aid to their projects. The interests of both Church and State were well served during his administration.

Until the early part of the nineteenth century, little was known concerning the vast interior of California—the great

Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys, and the valleys adjacent to the mountains farther south. Exploration of this great region had been discussed at the missions for some time, and Father Martín of Mission San Miguel, had led the way by penetrating, in 1804, to an Indian village on Tulare Lake, in the neighborhood of which he estimated there were 4000 souls. Later explorers discovered that the largest village of this region was called Télame, and the missionaries seem to have fixed upon it as an ideal site for a mission in the Tulare country. Until after 1818, Télame held first place in plans for advance discussed in the biennial reports of the mission authorities.

Governor Arrillaga entered promptly upon the task of exploring the interior of California in the hope of subduing the wild tribes, and of securing new subjects for Spain by the usual Spanish method of planting missions and presidios. Numerous were the expeditions that went in search of suitable sites. Governor Pablo Vicente de Solá, who followed Arrillaga in 1815, pursued Arrillaga's policy. Repeated scouting trips were made. The last of these trips under the Spanish regime was made in 1821, by Comisario-Prefecto Mariano Payéras, and Fr. José Sanchez. Their itinerary will be referred to later.

In 1810, the Mexican revolt against Spain began, and by 1813-14, its paralyzing effect upon California missions was being felt to the full. Aid to the missions was being withheld and, in addition, the burden of supporting the military establishments of California was being imposed upon them. Nevertheless, Fr. José Señan, Presidente of the California missions called attention to the opportunity still open both to Church and to State, if a mission could be established in the Tulare Valley. Fr. Señan says:

“Although the insurrection in the kingdom and the scarcity of public funds discourage talk of new foundations, and even seem to close the door to them for the present, nevertheless, in order that the Superior Government may make suitable arrangements in future, it must be said that in the direction of Mission San Miguel there exists a bounteous harvest of four thousand souls that can be gathered within the pale of



the Holy Church and brought to a recognition of our sovereignty by founding a mission in the neighboring Tulare Valley. The poor natives of that region are very deserving of this favor, for when the gentiles in some other directions showed themselves scornful and disposed to run away, through love of idleness and fondness for their mountains and seashores, those in the region mentioned displayed an excellent disposition. They truly desire the establishment of a mission, and the place called Télame offers favorable conditions for its founding."<sup>1</sup>

In 1815, the zealous, courageous and efficient Fr. Mariano Payéras was chosen Presidente of the missions in California, and from then until his death in 1823, first as Presidente, and later as Comisario-Prefecto, he was the leading mission official here.

In his report for 1815-1816, Fr. Payéras pleads for a mission in the Tulare Valley because of the spiritual needs of the great population there of tractable natives. He strives skillfully to enlist government support by reciting the menaces to the State through stock stealing, and appeals to the pride of the Spanish King by showing how the missionaries could attract to his banner many new and loyal subjects. He writes:

"Some of the missions in the north have suffered from incursions and stock stealings of the pagan Indians of the frontier in conjunction with fugitive neophytes from the missions of their respective regions, and although these evils seem to have diminished, through the continued activity of the Government of the Province and the efforts of the Padres, it nevertheless seems an opportune time for the foundation of a mission in the Valley of the Tulares which is to the northeast of these missions from San Fernando to San José. With this measure taken, 'the bird is attacked in its nest', conquest will be advanced for Heaven, and lands and subjects secured for the State.

The place called Télame, which is in the Tulare Valley and which is distant forty-five to fifty leagues from Mission San Miguel, has been noted and examined in particular, with a view to founding a mis-

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1. Santa Barbara Archives, (hereafter indicated by S. B. A.), Vol. XII, pp. 95-96. All quotations in this paper from the Santa Barbara Archives, except as noted, were supplied by courtesy of the Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley.



sion there. The pagans who live in its vicinity have been estimated at 4000 souls. It is said by such as have seen it to contain abundant water and land for maintaining a presidio and a mission.

In the year 1815 the natives of that place, [Télame], and of regions adjoining, experienced an epidemic which cost the lives of many, and in their last anguish those unhappy ones sought the water of baptism and the bread of celestial doctrine along with material bread given daily from the hands of the Padres. Although they ask eagerly that a mission be placed there we can only say, filled with grief at seeing them die, that *non erat qui frangeret eis*, because of the aforesaid distance [from us] and because of the savage and warlike tribes surrounding them, until the compassion of our Government in carrying on the glorious traditions of Catholicism shall be kind enough to cast a loving look at that spacious valley which within a distance of but little more than 100 leagues is peopled by an enormous number of Indians who will remain in subjection to the Devil and enveloped in dense clouds of idolatry until a pious Ferdinand rescues and unbinds them with an order, 'Establish in the Tulare a presidio with its accompanying missions.' When this good time comes, God will call his own and will justly condemn whoever does not wish to believe.

And returning to the subject of Télame, the additional expenditure which will be necessary for the founding of a mission there will not be great. With a few troops beyond those that are now in the Province, and with the timely help of those missions which are prompt in a sacrifice so pleasing in the sight of God and the King, the establishment can be made. As for ourselves, the missionaries, we must say in reverence for the truth that, in compliance with our Apostolic Principles, the completion in many missions of the conquest has made us lift our eyes to the unconverted souls nearest us, and on seeing in the Valley of Tulare, as those who have been in the exploring expeditions tell us, such abundant harvests now in the last stage of readiness for the reaper, we all say with anxiety to our good Ferdinand, 'Your Majesty, send us to labor in this new vineyard', and doubt not that in confirmation of the eternal truths we will with pleasure shed all our blood, if so Divine Provi-

dence dispose, in order that there may arise the germ of a new seed of Christianity, which will produce for the Church a new plant, and attract to the banner of Your Majesty an abundance of most loyal subjects."<sup>2</sup>

In his report as Presidente for 1817-1818, Fr. Payéras continues his argument for a chain of missions and presidios in the interior, basing his plea on a fundamental principle of the mission system—that missions were merely temporary frontier institutions, designed to *introduce* the Faith; and when this had been accomplished, missionaries should move on to new fields. Only the backward condition of the California neophytes, and the lack of secular priests, had prolonged the existence of the older missions here. We find him saying:

"In all the coast there is hardly to be found a gentile except among those who come down from the great valley of the Tulares or descend from the mountains that lie between the valley and the coast . . .

The Propagation of the Faith among the gentiles being the high aim of the missionary, and this work having ceased by reason of completion in the coast range of missions, all missionaries long for it. In various missions baptizing natives northeast of them in the land called the Tulares, has been tried, but always with a bad result, and especially so in the missions of the North, because the Tulareños are fickle to the limit—today here and tomorrow gone—not on foot, for they move only on horseback. So it is that with such guests, no live stock is safe in all the Valley of the North; and the worst of it is that after traveling with horses on the run through all the Valley of the Tulare and the mountains that surround it, they finally kill and eat the animals. The Government has not been negligent in pursuing them, but has made little progress, since immense lakes completely surrounded by green tules give them shelter, food, and secure hiding place.

Hence it is that the Padres and the best informed officials consider it necessary to form in the Valley of the Tulares another chain of missions and presidios; and while the Royal Treasury would supply the funds for these expenditures in order to prevent or hinder the dangers mentioned, it seems<sup>1</sup> opportune to estab-

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2. S. B. A., Vol. XII, pp. 114-117.











lish in the intervening territory some dwelling houses for a Padre and some soldiers or settlers, which in the meantime the old missions could support.

If these ideas are not approved and if there be not made some adequate provision for correcting and holding within bounds the runaway Christians before they become incorporated with the immense gentile population of said Tulares, there will arise a situation threatening the existence of the Province, and transforming into a new Apacheria a country which until recently has been the center of tranquility.”<sup>3</sup>

Father Payéras develops the same thought in his report as Comisario-Prefecto in 1820, when he says:

“This portion of the sons of Our Father San Francisco, . . . seeing now completed the Propagation of the Faith in their present field, which was the object that held them here with joy, desire with eagerness, notwithstanding the fact that most of them are old, broken or wearied, and therefore entitled to the rest provided for religious workers, they are eager, I repeat, to pass to other lands and spend their last days in the same, in order to maintain, at the cost of their blood if necessary, the name and deeds of missionaries of Propagation of the Faith.

Nothing was left unsaid in the report referred to, nor could I now add to it anything of consequence. I will only repeat that at the first intimation we receive from the Superior Government that it approves and adopts the plan already proposed of further conquests in the nearby Tulares, as indicated, we will be seen, with the approval, advice and help of the present Governor of the Province, making a most exact and complete examination, in order to observe and indicate the places for the new missionary operations, and with the favor of Heaven and the encouragement of the Superior Government, so Catholic and pious, these old missions contributing some articles, will found, in short, many others, in order to convert in the shortest time possible to the fold of the Church many souls, and to the Empire of Spain many subjects. Such is the common desire of these, my fellow missionaries, which God grant may be attained for the glory of God and the good of their souls.”<sup>4</sup>

3. S. B. A., Vol. X, pp. 303-306.

4. S. B. A., Vol. III, pp. 144-145.

One of the serious difficulties that confronted religious and civil authorities in California after 1810, when the revolution against Spain began, was that of replacing missionaries who died or who retired when their term of service expired. By 1820, six of the California missions had only one missionary each instead of the customary two. There was a scarcity of missionaries in both Spain and Mexico. Traveling expenses were no longer provided by the viceroy, and there was difficulty in securing a ship in which missionaries to California might be transported.

Governor Solá, as well as mission officials, urged the need of more mission helpers so strenuously that the College of San Fernando, finding itself unable to meet the demands, ceded the nine southern missions of Alta California to another missionary college at Orizaba, Mexico, and seven workers from Orizaba were at once assigned to the California field. Unfortunately, owing to dissatisfaction with arrangements made by the government, the date of their departure was delayed, and eventually they decided not to enter California at all. No old missions were ceded by the College of San Fernando until 1833, when eight northern missions were occupied by friars from the College of Zacatecas.

The Fathers in California were disappointed and dismayed at the action of their College in surrendering nine California missions without consulting them as to which ones should be given. Father Payéras, who was then Comisario-Prefecto, visited all the missions in order to consult with the Fathers. The Fr. Guardian of San Fernando College in Mexico, decided later that, owing to the feelings of these missionaries, they should have an opportunity to declare which of the California establishments should be surrendered. Thereupon, Fr. Payéras, on June 2, 1820, drew up a memorial wherein he argued that the southern missions in Alta California should be retained, and nine in the North, that is, those north of Mission San Miguel, should be ceded to the friars of Orizaba. This Memorial was sent to the missionaries and each was urged to append his own opinion and sign it.

One of the reasons offered by Fr. Payéras for transferring the northern missions was that most of the Fathers then in

service were aged and infirm, could not endure the climate of the North so well as could younger men, and they would not have the strength necessary for meeting difficulties attending expansion into the interior.

Probably a more decisive reason was the fact that before writing the Memorial, Father Payéras had consulted the military authorities and had become convinced that there was no immediate prospect of the establishment by the Government of a presidio in the San Joaquin Valley.

The Memorial convinces us that by 1820 Fr. Payéras' interest had become concentrated on developments farther south where Indian hostility was less menacing. The following extracts from the Memorial throw light on his plans and on the progress that was being made. Santa Isabel, Pala, and the new establishment at San Bernardino come into the line of vision. The information had been acquired during a tour of inspection Father Payéras had made as *Comisario-Prefecto*, shortly before. I quote:

“When we consider founding missions between the esteros of the aforesaid Port of Our Father San Francisco and the frontier of Santa Barbara, on the east side of the Tulares already mentioned, and to the foot of the Sierras that bound them, wherever there are suitable locations, we are confronted immediately by the disadvantage of immense handicaps, such as lack of communications with those peoples, (many of them warlike and audacious savages), and by the great distance from this coast chain of missions, which is the only hope for the support of the proposed new missions and their only source of help in case of any trouble. Under these circumstances, in order to found missions securely, a presidio, well supplied with munitions, and a large garrison of selected men would be needed. To propose this at the present time, with no further object than to found missions, seems to me time wasted.

However, one thing more attainable, more easy to accomplish and less costly, seems to me that which I now propose.

Between the Missions of San Buenaventura and San Fernando, in about  $34\frac{1}{2}$  degrees of north latitude, to the north of the first mission, and at a distance of 20 or 25 leagues, is found the ‘Cajon of the



Dead,'\* so called because in it the gentiles treacherously killed two soldiers. This place gives promise for a good mission, with all the things necessary—people, water, timber, and some pasture land with much land suitable for ranchos. Its communications with this chain of missions is easy, for there is already a trail for pack animals, although there are hills between [the present missions and the proposed new ones].

At a distance of 16 to 18 leagues from this place, with a plain road through all the valley to the south-east, is found the place which we call Tejon.† It lies distant from San Fernando Mission 28 leagues, over a good road. This place is much more suitable than the other place of the Cajon. There is no advantage that it does not possess. It has a good climate, and both places promise, in addition to the large spiritual harvest, an abundance of vineyards, hemp and cotton fields, and different fruits.

I claim that these foundations would be easy to establish, because the missions parallel to them in the coast chain and the regions around them are well supplied, and can render aid. Although located on the other side of the mountain range, their crops can be brought to the ports in a few days. The military company of Santa Barbara furnished the guard for the old missions near it, and with some increase in the garrison I judge that the new missions can be founded [and guarded], and more advantageously if between the two is established a pueblo of white people. According to what I have been told the locations are ample for all this.

Since, as I said, it seems easy to found missions at these two places within the jurisdiction of Santa Barbara, it will be still easier, beyond dispute, in the case of the three missions under the jurisdiction of the Presidio of San Diego.

Speaking of the undertakings of the Reverend Fathers of the three missions under the Presidio of San Diego I said [in my report to the College] that San Gabriel had established a Rancho twenty leagues to the east with the name of San Bernardino; that the location is suitable for a mission, and that in it, according to the Reverend Fathers of the said Mis-

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\* Castaic, near southern end of the modern Ridge Route road.

† Tejon Rancho in San Joaquin Valley.



sion are to be found all the elements for a good establishment.<sup>5</sup>

The Memorial of Father Payéras, as we have noted, was issued on June 2. One week later, June 9, 1820, Fathers Zalvidéa and Nuez of Mission San Gabriel, responded to Fr. Payéras with the following information:

"In confirmation of what our Father Comisario intimated as to the rancho of this Mission, which is called San Bernardino, we have to say that with a simple invitation, which was extended to the pagans on the last day of May, to come and help in the planting which was being done at said rancho for the purpose of pleasing, attracting and winning the affection of the pagans for Christianity, in less than one month about one thousand souls have come together. They are helping to plant, and they perform other labors useful for their maintenance and subsistence."<sup>6</sup>

Quoting again from the Memorial, we find Fr. Payéras saying:

"The same I say of the Mission of San Luis Rey. Between Pala and Temecula, about 8 or 9 leagues from the Mission, to the north and northeast of it, at the foot of the mountains, it has the *Rancho* of San Antonio de Pala with 1300 neophytes, whose Christian docility and joyful aspect gladden and encourage the heart.

What I said of these two places, I say of Santa Ysabel, seventeen leagues to the north of the Mission San Diego.<sup>7</sup>

5. S. B. A., Vol. III, pp. 177-179.

6. S. B. A., Quoted in Engelhardt, San Gabriel, p. 112.

7. On February 2, 1818, the Comisario-Prefecto, Fr. Vicente de Sarría, after inspecting the missions reported the results of his observations to Fr. Payéras. In speaking of the missions of the south, and their exceptional development he said:

"In regard to San Diego I have to say that in the place now called Santa Ysabel, toward the mountains, there have already been counted a large number of baptized Indians, perhaps reaching two hundred, with a constant increase. A white man resides there, thus providing a shelter for the Padres who come every fifteen days. More than a year ago, these Padres requested that they be allowed to erect a chapel there. I did not decide the matter off hand, because obstacles were visible; but last year, seeing their earnest spirit, the number of their people, and that neither all, nor even many of them could come to the Mission, I told the Padres they might go there from time to time, and celebrate the Mass with a portable altar, even though their action should result in omission of the Mass on a Holy day at the Presidio. This they have done at other times, and I understood, with some fruit.

I also asked permission of the Governor for the formal erection of a chapel, although the previous year I myself advised, when the Padres requested it, that the matter should rest awhile. The Governor displayed some opposition to the petition; then he told me he would ask for information on the subject from the Comandante of San Diego. This was the situation when I left for San Francisco, expecting to talk with him about it on my arrival. Then

In these three mentioned points, [that is, Santa Ysabel, Pala and San Bernardino], the respective Fathers have informed me that there are a large number of tractable natives, who on account of their considerable distance from the missions, and their unwillingness to leave their dwelling places, desire and request a mission on their own lands. Already they have in these places a temporary chapel in which to pray, storehouses, planted fields, and a house for the Padres. What then is lacking? What will be the outcome? I am persuaded that with the same arrangements that I outlined for the Presidio of Santa Barbara, that of San Diego will found the three missions, since to the three places within the mountains a helping hand will be extended, and immediately, whenever founded, the three establishments will function. It seems as though foundations more easy to make, and more useful for the development of the Province in matters spiritual and temporal, cannot be proposed.

I repeat that the mother missions, with the consent of the Government and the Mission Superiors, will stand the greater part of the cost, and it will only be necessary that from the 'Pious Fund' shall be appropriated money for the things most indispensable for the churches, the house for the Padres, implements of tillage, and finally, that a sufficient number of Padres arrive."<sup>8</sup>

The interest of the missionaries in opening new fields in the South had been stimulated, doubtless, by the adoption in the Spanish Córtes of the famous Decree of Secularization of 1813. This decree required "that all new Reductions and Christian settlements in the provinces on the other side of the ocean, which were in charge of missionaries from Re-

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followed the period of the insurrection, [the Bouchard invasion]." S. B. A., Vol. III, pp. 113-114.

The Baptismal Record for Mission San Diego contains the following entry written by Fr. Martín:

"On September 20, 1818, in the Rancho Elcuinan, [Indian name for Santa Isabel], where a beginning is being made for a new foundation, [mission], the site having been blessed which will have to serve for a chapel in the future, after celebrating the Holy Sacrifice of Mass, I baptized solemnly, using water which I took from the font of this church of San Diego, and administering also the holy oils, the following children and adults, after they had been instructed as well as possible during a period of fourteen days." Engelhardt, San Diego, p. 169.

Commenting on the above Fr. Engelhardt says: "Sunday, September 20, 1818, may therefore be celebrated as the day on which Fr. Fernando Martín founded the Santa Isabel chapel and asistencia."

8. S. B. A., Vol. III, pp. 179-180.

ligious Orders, and which have been converted ten years, shall be immediately turned over to the respective Ordinaries." The decree also provided that "the missionaries from Religious Orders must immediately surrender the government and administration of the estates of those Indians . . the lands to be divided and reduced to individual ownership, . . ." It was further ordered that "The missionaries of Religious Orders, who are relieved of the convert pueblos . . . shall apply themselves to extending Religion in other heathen places for the benefit of their inhabitants."

This law was not proclaimed in Mexico until 1820. The lack of secular priests probably would have postponed its enforcement in California indefinitely, even if Spanish sovereignty had continued. Publication of the decree may have been the immediate cause of the last expedition in search of mission sites. As we have said earlier, Fr. Payéras, accompanied by Fr. José Sanchez, had, in September, 1821, inspected recent missionary advances made within the jurisdiction of the Presidio of San Diego, with a view to locating new missions. They went from San Diego through Santa Isabél, Pala, Temecula, San Jacinto and San Bernardino, ending their tour at San Gabriel. Father Payéras even visited the region later known as Warner's Ranch. He recommended four sites for missions: Pala, then a well developed asistencia of Mission San Luis Rey, where he reported that nothing was lacking for a mission save assignment of a missionary; Santa Isabél, where he found 450 Christian Indians, and where he planted and blessed a Cross in front of the chapel door; a site between Santa Isabél and Pala which he named Guadalupe; and San Bernardino, where two years before, as we have seen, Mission San Gabriel had established a rancho and had begun work among the natives. Father Payéras found about 200 Indians at San Bernardino who had been baptized in Mission San Gabriel, and who expressed a desire to have a mission in the valley, claiming that if one were established, many more Indians would join them. He recommended the site of the present City of San Bernardino as suitable for such a mission. He reported that Mission San Gabriel had cattle grazing in the San Bernardino Valley, and commented on the *old* houses



[at Jumuba], evidently the homes of the herdsmen, that he found a few miles west of the rancho headquarters.

A report issued in 1822 in connection with the transfer of California from Spain to Mexico is illuminating. In September, 1821, Mexico had attained her independence. General Iturbide had taken possession of the City of Mexico and Viceroy O'Donojú had resigned. Dispatches announcing the change in government reached Monterey in March, 1822, and a Council called by Governor Solá decided that allegiance should be sworn to the new government. This ceremony occurred April 11, 1822. The Supreme Government of Mexico sent Reverend Augustín Fernández de Vicente to California as a Commissioner, and he called at once for a full report on location, population, lands, products and live stock of each mission. As Comisario-Prefecto, Fr. Payéras furnished this information in a special report for 1822. It is our best source of information regarding the status of the movement for founding interior missions at the end of the Spanish period in California.<sup>9</sup>

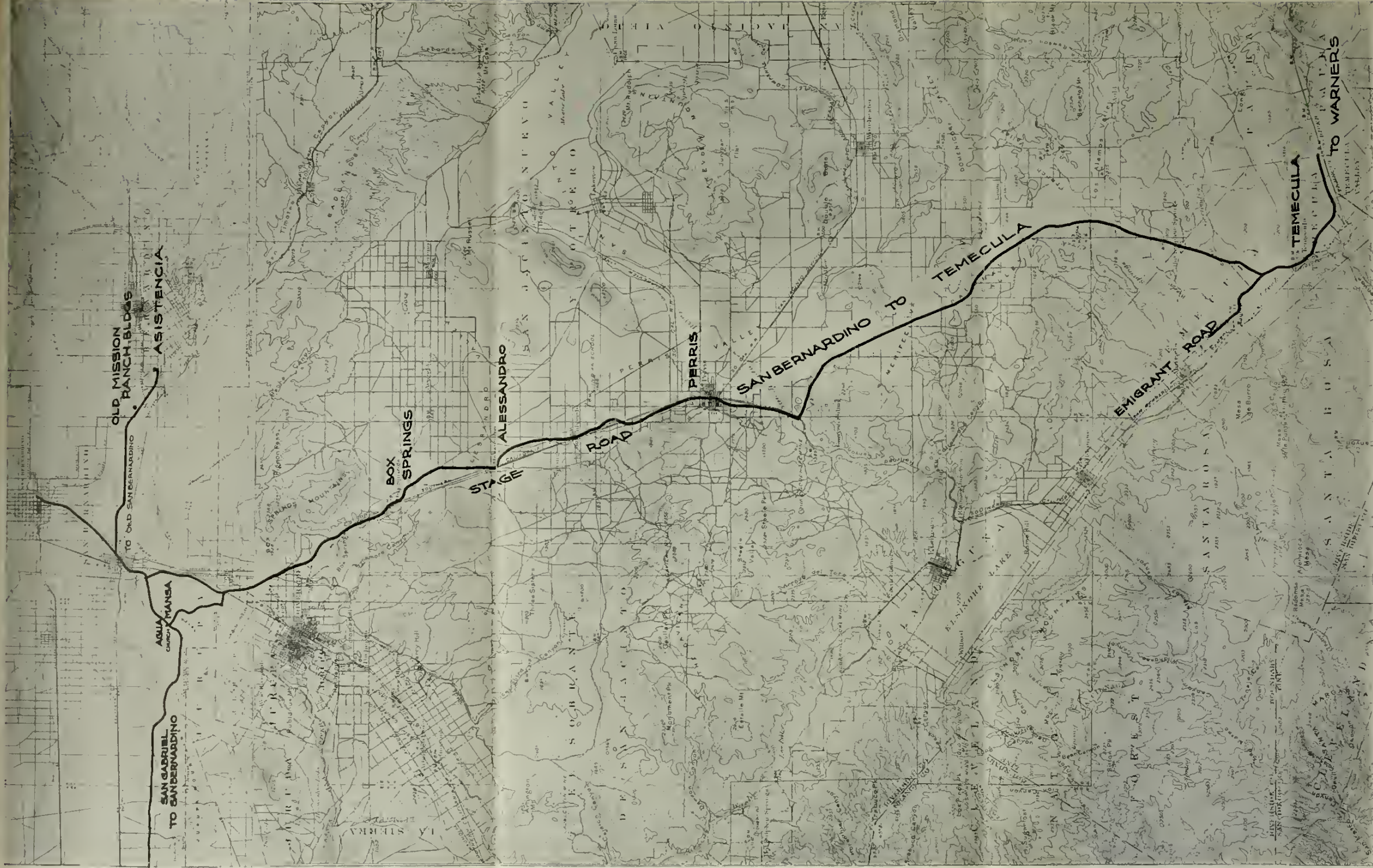
The report on Mission San Diego contains the following:

"To the east of the Mission, at a distance of nine leagues, is the Sierra Madre, on the summit of which, at a distance of seventeen leagues, is an establishment founded with permission of both authorities, State and Church, under the title of Santa Isabél, and comprising a chapel, a cemetery, and various habitations and granaries. At this establishment are 450 adults and children, instructed in the Christian Faith, baptized, domesticated as far as possible, and trained somewhat in agriculture and other suitable crafts. Within a circumference of 12 leagues in every direction are about 2000 gentiles, old and young, but quiet and peaceful—a fact I myself have witnessed. On the various occasions that I was among them, I have not observed the least excitement. Furthermore, since the said establishment was placed there, no hostile incursions have been experienced . . . From Santa Mónica, or El Cajon, to the new foundation of Santa Isabél is a distance of nine leagues. In this territory, wheat, barley, corn and beans are planted, the greater part

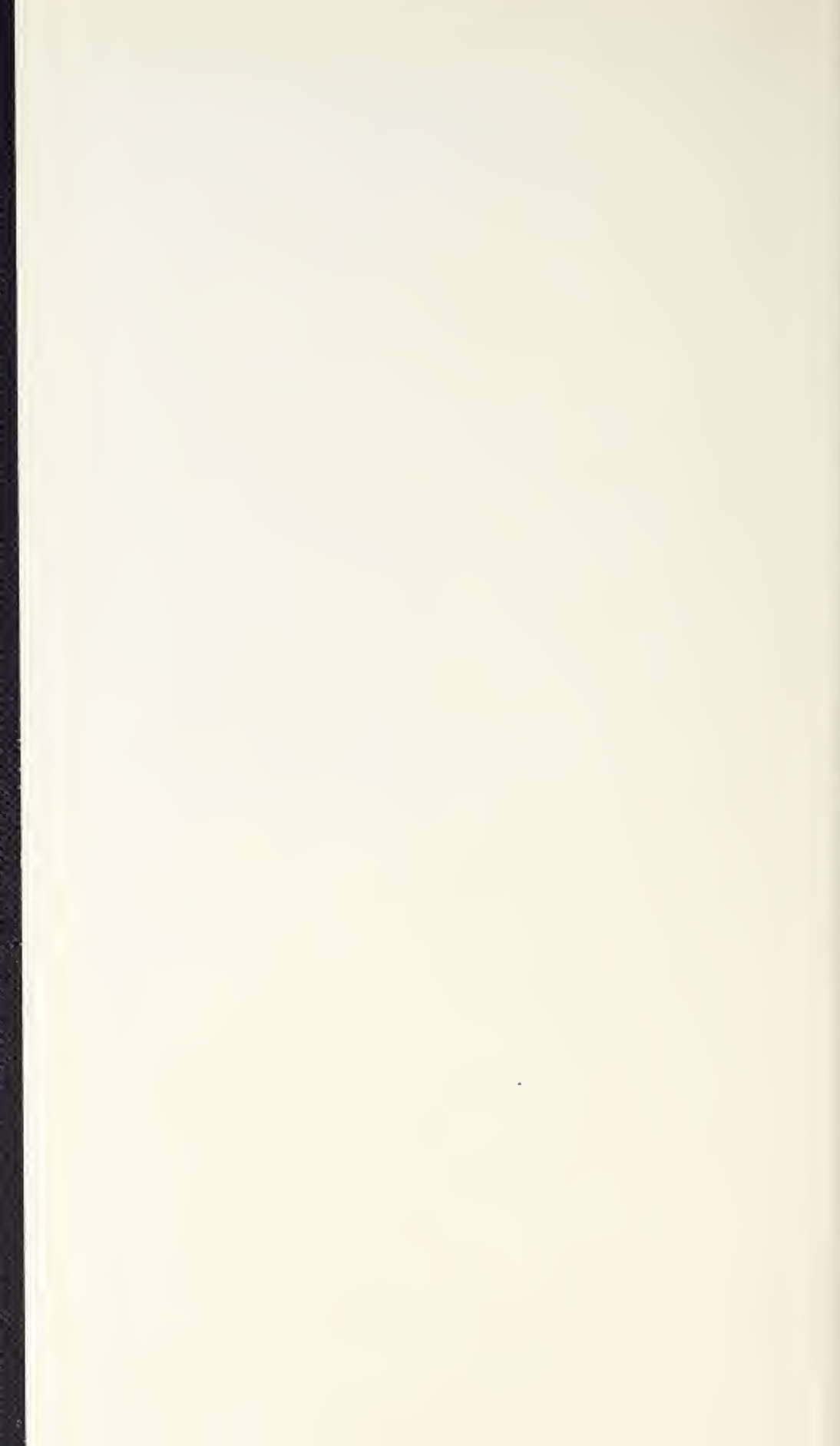
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9. S. B. A., Vol. III, pp. 227 et seq.





EARLY ROADS ENTERING THE SAN BERNARDINO VALLEY. The location of these roads was determined largely from the first township maps of the region made by the U. S. Government.





depending on the rains, and the rest on irrigation." The report on San Luis Rey said:

"The Mission of San Luis Rey . . . has to the east, distant eight leagues, the sierra with some pagan Indians. Of the rest of the Indians which the Mission has in that region, about 1300 souls are converted to Christianity. They are privileged to have at the foot of the sierra a chapel (by permission of the Government), and to arrange it like a mission, the title of which is San Antonio de Pala. The Christians there are well instructed in the Catholic Religion. They are disposed to obey without repugnance what the government may find expedient to command."

The report on Mission San Gabriel said:

"In the year 1819, at the request of the unchristianized Indians of the place they call Guachama and which we call San Bernardino, we began the introduction of cattle raising and farming, in order to induce the natives to become Christians . . . The project has been worth while, for it has succeeded quite well. If the natives would settle down in this region it would be much better for all concerned; for them, because they would have a fixed abode, and for us, because it would give us a means of approach to other more distant tribes, especially if we should desire later to establish a route to the Colorado. The place has an abundance of water. Of course in dry years the supply diminishes, but there is enough for irrigation . . ."

This report also informs us that Mission San Gabriel was ministering to sixteen tribes of Indians to the north and east of San Bernardino, some of them ten or twelve leagues distant. Points, therefore, as far away as Victorville and the Coachella Valley lay within their field of visitation.

The appreciation of private property as a civilizing agency, and the recognition of the strategic importance of San Bernardino is shown in the part of the report which says:

"These nations are very friendly now. It is certain that some ill feeling is concealed among them, but this is not to be wondered at—The fact that anyone of them who does not own his house or even his domestic animals is covetous at the present time,



proves to us the actual state of affairs to be thus among the sixteen [Nations]—a state of affairs which in my opinion would not have existed if a mission had been established in San Bernardino.”

Fr. Narciso Durán, who began service in 1825 as Presidente of the California missions, shows in his report for 1825-1826, that he was fully in sympathy with Fr. Payéras' ideas and plans for mission expansion. He reiterated what the late Comisario-Prefecto had stated—that there was no further work to do along the coast in introducing the Faith; he pointed to the field for work in the interior, and stressed the retarding effect on the country of neophytes mingling with pagan Indians; he urged the formation of a new chain of missions and presidios in the interior. He also sounded a new note in California mission writings when he dwelt on the advantages of colonization and the development of commerce. The restrictive policies in these matters that had prevailed during the Spanish regime were undergoing a change. He says:

“In the 228 leagues through which the missions extend, there does not remain one unconverted Indian on the western coast, but to the east, at a greater or less distance, the gentiles are innumerable. These lead irresponsible lives, not even obeying their own captains except in time of war . . . The pagans adjacent to the missions have considerable contact with some of them, but not with all, because most of the missions are distant from the abodes of the gentiles. This state of affairs calls strongly for the consideration of those concerned with the development of the Territory.

Upon this subject the Padre Presidente, [the writer], offers his opinion based on an experience of twenty years.

The first step to be taken for the future prosperity of the Territory should be the formation of a new chain of missions and presidios to the east of the present chain, in order that the neophytes of the first chain may not return to their roving and savage life. Whoever knows them will be aware of their inclination toward this kind of life, from which it follows that, although places may be shown them where they can form civilized pueblos, they easily

yield to the temptation to leave them and withdraw themselves from the control of the constituted authorities. Furthermore, the responsibilities of social life for several generations, perhaps, will be contrary to their natural character. If this new chain of missions and presidios is established, they will see themselves obliged to make a virtue of necessity.

With this advantage gained of not losing all the labor and funds already expended, another one of no less importance will follow—a rapid increase in the number of white settlers. Thus there would be formed numerous pueblos and manufacturing cities, and in course of time this Territory would become an emporium of general and extensive commerce.

For some years this development would necessitate increased expenditures from the National Treasury, but afterwards the Territory itself would be able to assume them. In my opinion if this plan be not adopted, this land will continue in the painful alternative of having to be maintained by the Supreme Government as it has been since its foundation—or of existing in misery and want, as it has since the year 1810.”<sup>10</sup>

In 1830, the President of Mexico called on Fr. Durán for information regarding conditions in California, asking several practical questions. In answer to the query, “What could be done to improve the natives materially and induce them to become private owners of land and cultivate the same,” Fr. Durán wrote:

“You will desire to know whether in the immense resources of the government there be not some way that overcomes these difficulties. With very much confidence I say that there is such a way, which in a short time will lead to prosperity not only for the neophytes, but for all the inhabitants of this Territory, as I have set forth in the biennial report for 1826. It is very plain and simple. Let twenty young men and exemplary missionaries come here, and let the troops of the four presidios receive their pay. Then let a new chain of missions and presidios be established to the east of the coast range of mountains. Then let the neophytes choose between joining the new missions, and receiving their share of the

10. S. B. A., Vol. X, pp. 308-310.

present mission property with all the rights of citizenship like the white people, and forming civilized towns or ranchos. Finally let the surplus land be divided among settlers in order to encourage colonization.

In this way the present neophytes or prospective citizens would be prevented from relapsing into savagery and paganism, because the missions to the east would gather in the rest of the pagans, and the neophytes would be constrained either to lead a civilized life in their pueblos or be returned to the tutelage of the new chain of missions, since there would be no room for a nomadic life."<sup>11</sup>

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Notwithstanding the efforts of the mission authorities just cited—efforts supported at times by government officials, no new missions were ever founded in the great interior—the Valleys of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin or in the mountain valleys to the South. Revolution in Mexico and the lukewarmness of the new government toward missions and missionaries thwarted all efforts. Mission San Francisco Solano was established in 1823 to be sure, and the remark made by its founder when criticized for irregularity in his procedure, "I came here to convert gentiles and to establish new missions" seems to indicate that he had been inspired by the ideas of Fr. Payéras; but the mission he founded is properly included in the coast chain.

There is left for consideration little more than the final attempt to provide for a mission at San Bernardino. At the end of 1827, Father Sanchez of San Gabriel said in a report,

"Rancho of San Bernardino—The house is of adobe. It consists of one long building. It has an enramada or structure of boughs which serves for a chapel. It has also a building with compartments for keeping grain. The walls of this structure are of adobe."<sup>12</sup>

This was written of the rancho headquarters on the flats west of Redlands, and reveals the extent of the building operations there up to that date. Later, an extensive and impressive structure was begun on a hill one and a half miles southeast of

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11. S. B. A., Quoted in Engelhardt, *Missions and Missionaries*, Vol. III, pp. 341-342.

12. California Archives, D. S. P., *Missions*, quoted in Engelhardt, *San Gabriel*, p. 143.



these rancho buildings. Nothing relating to the erection of this later building has been found in contemporary mission writings. No mention of it occurs until after the station was abandoned. In 1837, however, we find a reference to it that is of great significance. In September of that year Fr. Durán wrote to the Fr. Guardian of the College of San Fernando, saying:

"If the Mexican Republic had been bred in peace . . . California at this date might have a new chain of missions in the very heart of paganism with scarcely any expense to the Government, for the requisites to found them could have been obtained from the old establishments. With this project in view, San Diego, for instance, founded the *rancho* of Santa Isabél in the interior; San Luis Rey established San Jacinto and one other station [San Antonio de Pala]; San Gabriel founded the beautiful San Bernardino asistencia, which has lately been given to some private individual in spite of my protest in behalf of the rights of the Indians of San Gabriel, and whose entire restitution I demand to the Day of Judgment.

Thus all the missions would have done in their respective parallels if the times had assisted in building up instead of tearing down."<sup>13</sup>

This statement, of the highest mission official in California, shows conclusively that the establishment at San Bernardino with its new buildings had reached the rank of an asistencia, and was on the way to becoming a mission proper in the proposed inland chain.

Further information regarding the station at San Bernardino comes from civil records.

Francisco Alvarado, son of the last mayordomo that represented Mission San Gabriel at San Bernardino, testified in a water suit in 1876 that his father moved to San Bernardino about 1826, and with his family occupied the original adobe house on the flats; that a number of years after, a builder named Manuel came from Mexico, and began the second house of adobe on the hill; that before completing it the Indian war began, and the builder, frightened, left the country.

José del Carmen Lugo, who made his home for ten years in the uncompleted building Alvarado mentions, said to Ban-

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13. Quoted in Engelhardt, *Missions and Missionaries*, Vol. IV, p. 107.

croft's representative when dictating his statement concerning the mission rancho at San Bernardino:

"This rancho was almost like a mission. On it were grown large and various crops, and in the years from 1830 to 1832 a very large house, and also other buildings, were being constructed which were not completed because of the uprising of the Indians and the resultant difficulties in protecting them at so great a distance from the mission."<sup>14</sup>

The testimony of Alvarado and the statement by Lugo fix somewhere about 1830 as the time of the beginning of work upon the second building—the one that was to stand on what is now known as Barton Hill. Although left uncompleted by the builder the San Gabriel Fathers had employed, the walls were up and the roofs were on, for Alvarado stated that in 1842, when the Lugos secured the property, the roof on two sides of the building had fallen, but that the remainder was in good condition.

The Indian trouble that Alvarado mentions occurred in 1834. A military report to Governor Figueroa dated October 29 of that year states that,

"The marauding Indians stole the ornaments and sacred vessels from the chapel that Mission San Gabriel had at San Bernardino, and also stole the grain set aside for feeding the neophytes."<sup>15</sup>

Another report says that in December, in a second attack, fourteen neophytes were killed and others were made captives.

That the new building, though uncompleted, was being used by the Mission is evident from a statement by Louis F. Cram, a trustworthy American pioneer who lived in the structure in 1854-1855.

He states that Indians were still coming to the chapel to worship while he was there.

The magnitude of the development at San Bernardino is shown by the report of the appraisers appointed by Governor Alvarado to determine the value of the mission property at the time the Lugos applied for a grant. They said:

"Rev. Father Friar Tomás Esténaga gave us a person to show us the buildings pertaining to the establishment . . . and in it there were shown to us

14. Vida de Un Ranchero, José del Carmen Lugo, Mss., Bancroft Library.

15. D. S. P., Vol. III, pp. 758-761.

by the person sent, on a mesa, some walls which form fourteen rooms and a back corral, one tile kiln, and a lime kiln, and a ditch for irrigation, [The Zanja]."

The buildings here mentioned were those that Mission San Gabriel had begun on the hill. The inspection of these ruins ended, the appraisers say:

"After examining these, he showed us lower down than the first, three rooms and a grist mill in ruins. We observed that no room is roofed and all are somewhat dilapidated. This is everything belonging to the Mission which exists there . . . These buildings being abandoned cannot have at this time the value they would otherwise possess, and could only be repaired by the expenditure of much labor."<sup>16</sup>

The stations, Santa Isabél, San Antonio de Pala, and San Bernardino have all been referred to as *ranchos* in the documents I have been quoting. Ranchos of the missions were numerous. San Gabriel alone, according to Dufлот de Mofras, had thirty-one of them. They usually had nothing in the way of improvements beyond corrals to enclose the live stock and brush huts or *jacals* in which the Indian herdsmen lived; but Santa Isabél, Pala, and San Bernardino were very different from the other ranchos, inasmuch as on them schools for instruction in religion and the arts of civilization were maintained.

These three mission-stations have often been referred to mistakenly as missions, though they never attained higher status than that of *asistencias*. For example, in 1841, Manuel Jimeno, Acting Governor of California, replied to an applicant who as a private individual had petitioned for a grant of Yucaipa—a mission rancho adjoining San Bernardino—saying,

"The request of the petitioner has not been approved because this land is included in that of the *Mission San Bernardino*, and only as a colony can it be occupied."<sup>17</sup>

Commenting on an application for a grant of Santa Isabél, Fr. Vicente Pascuál Oliva in May, 1839, wrote to the Prefect of the South,

16. Transcript of Proceedings before California Land Commission in re. San Bernardino Rancho, Case No. 316. General Land Office, Washington, D. C.

17. Expediente in re. Application for Yucaipa, U. S. Public Survey Office, San Francisco, California.



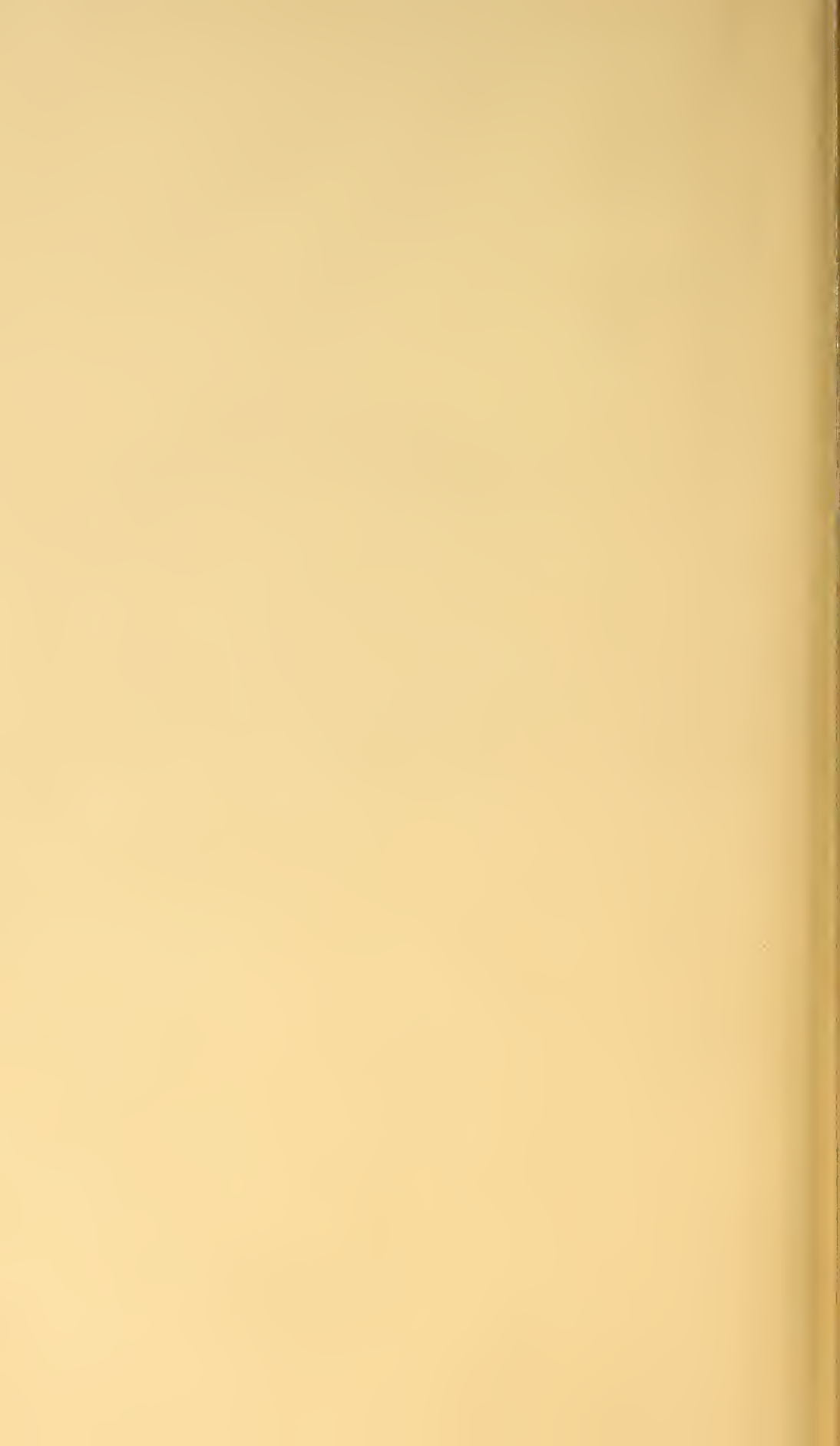
"The place Santa Isabél is not . . . vacant land, as the solicitor says in his petition. It is a *mission* with a church, a cemetery, and all the requisites of a civilized pueblo. If the Padre does not reside there, it is owing to the scarcity and lack of priests. The natives of said *mission* have their fields on which they cultivate wheat, barley, corn, beans, horsebeans, peas, and other seeds for their maintenance, besides keeping two vineyards and their horses. During the summer, the lands will be occupied by their sheep. In a settlement of that nature no private party may enter. If the Government should cede this land to the solicitor, whither would its inhabitants, 580 souls, be banished?"<sup>18</sup>

We have already seen from the diary of Fr. José Sanchez that San Antonio de Pala would have been made a regular mission in 1821, if a priest had been available. It is evident that San Bernardino and Santa Isabél were also in the way of becoming units of the inner chain, and their progress was halted only by the succession of events that stopped all mission activity in California.

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18. S. B. A., quoted in Engelhardt, San Diego, pp. 238-239.



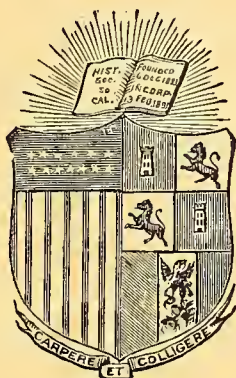




Organized November 1, 1883  
PART III

Incorporated February 13, 1891  
VOLUME XIV

## ANNUAL PUBLICATIONS



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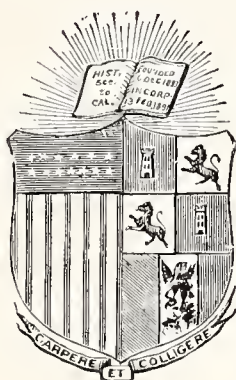
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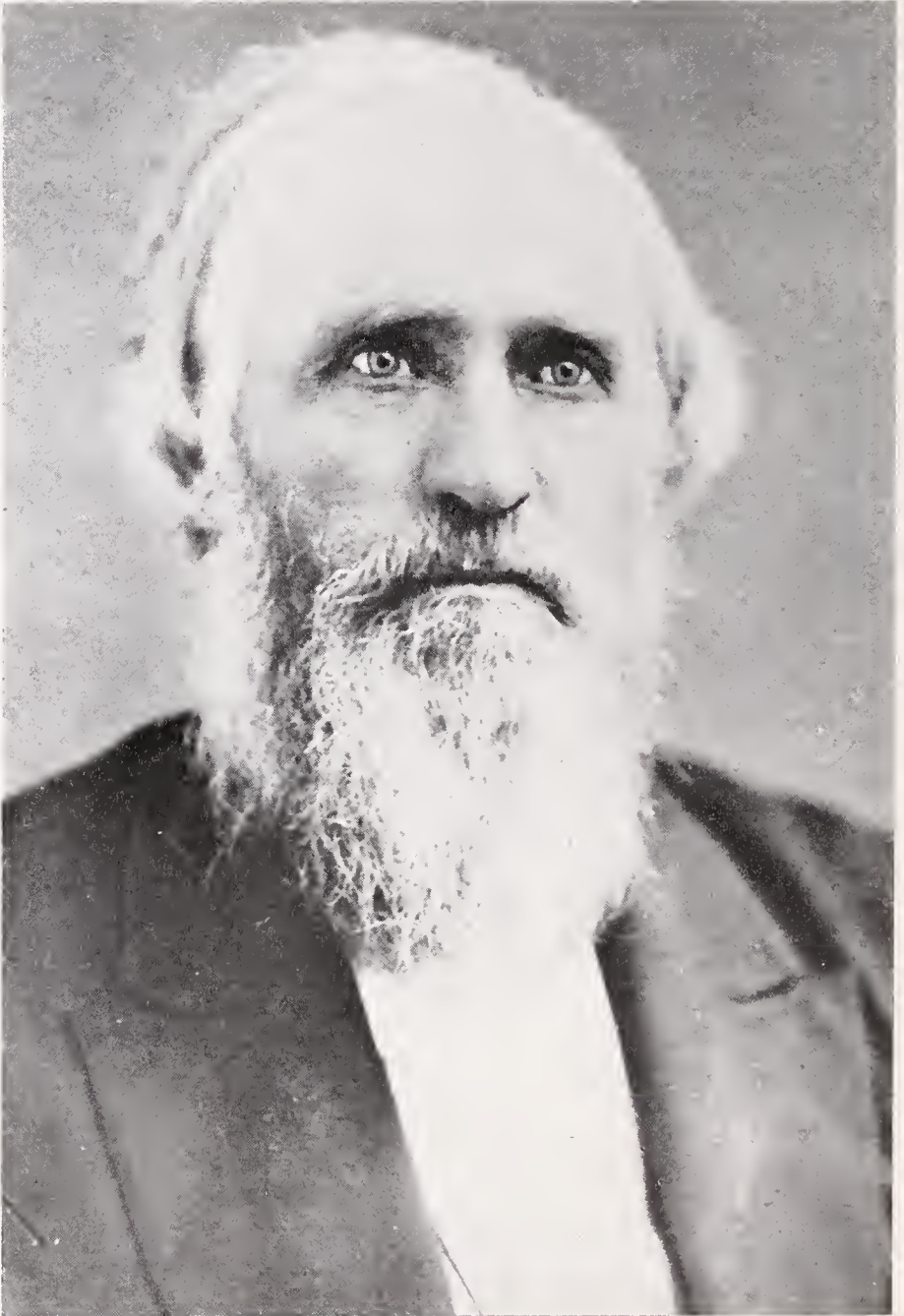




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David W. Cheesman, author of the narrative, was the first Republican National Committeeman for California.

# BY OX TEAM FROM SALT LAKE TO LOS ANGELES, 1850

A MEMOIR BY DAVID W. CHEESMAN  
EDITED BY MARY E. FOY

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## INTRODUCTION

*The following memoir by the late David W. Cheesman gives a detailed account of the overland trip from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles made in 1850 by the Dr. Obed Macy family and other families in a train of ninety wagons. This story is a distinct and valuable contribution to the source material now available to those interested in the identification of trails followed by those who came early into Southern California via overland routes.*

*The destination of the Macy family, according to the original plan was Sacramento from which point they expected to go into the mining regions but Dr. Macy found the prospects in Southern California so promising that he decided to remain while Mr. Cheesman went on as recounted in the memoir.*

*Mr. Cheesman was a son-in-law of the Macys, having married Urania, their eldest daughter, in Indiana. They joined the immigrant trains at what is now Kansas City, Missouri. The first part of the journey overland from that point to Salt Lake City was written by Oscar Macy, eldest son of Dr. Macy, and is to be found in the publications of the Pioneer Society of Los Angeles County. A Memoir by Mr. Cheesman of the same portion of the journey has disappeared.*

*Mr. Cheesman was born in Illinois, grew to manhood and was educated in that state and in Indiana. He studied law in the latter state and was early associated politically with those who later participated in founding the present Republican party. He took part early in political debate and activity and in California allied himself with those who supported Abraham Lincoln for the Presidency. He was a member of the convention that nominated Lincoln, going East via Panama and returning to California overland and as first Republican National Committeeman for this state, took a prominent part in the campaign. He again went East via Panama for the Inauguration and became well acquainted with the President, with Seward and all the prominent Republicans of the Cabinet and Congress. Later he received the appointment of Director of the United States mint at San Francisco. Some years later he moved with his family to Oregon where, as in California, he took an active part politically not only in national campaigns but in all local and state elections.*

*Only two of his children are now living. A son, Frank, has been for many years in Guatemala City, Guatemala, where he and his sons have*



been identified with engineering projects and railroad building. A daughter Lanra Giddings Ullman is in Seattle, Washington, with her family.

Mr. Cheesman was an honorable, sincere, intelligent and far-seeing man of the type whose broadminded and progressive principles aided in establishing the west coast states on a sure basis of fundamental Americanism. At his death in San Francisco he was deeply mourned by all who knew him.

MARY E. FOY.

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NOTE: This memoir seems to break off very suddenly. I think Mr. Cheesman wrote this and one on the trip from Indiana to Salt Lake City while in San Francisco just previous to his sudden death—Nov. 24, 1884.

I have never been able to find his story of the first half of the journey though I once saw the roll of manuscript similar to the one in which was the story of the second half of the journey, a copy of which we have made most carefully. After making my copy I went over the entire story with Mr. Frank Cheesman in January, 1929 on the occasion of a visit to California for his health after forty-three years in Guatemala. M. E. F.

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### Salt Lake and Brigham Young

We got through Emigrant Canyon late in the afternoon of the 14th of August and finding a suitable place camped. All were very tired for this had been the roughest day's trail since we left. We crossed the little creek running through the canyon ninety-four times. The banks were steep; for but little or no work had been done on the road, other than what the emigrants did and that was just as little as they possibly could do to pass along.

Salt Lake City and valley lay out in full view before us, presenting a most beautiful sight. I concluded I would take a walk down to the town as it seemed but a couple of miles or so and see what I could learn. I did so, arriving at the town at dusk. I met several persons who seemed quite sociable and answered my questions with civility. Harvesting was just on hand and loads of hay and grain were coming into the town from the meadows and fields south of the city.

The town was laid out on an extended plan and residences were dotted over an extent of two miles either direction. The streets I observed were very wide, 128 feet, so that teams could readily turn in the streets. Hay and grain were stacked on the lots, so that it looked like a farming country compressed within a small space.

About 9 o'clock I started to our camp at the mouth of the

canyon, going out of the street upon which I came in, but in going on the road there being so many cross roads and roads turning off that I became bewildered, returned to the town, and started out again and as before taking off to the left I got lost, so returned. This I did once more making the third effort, so being so tired I laid down on the ground and slept and remained 'till daylight, when I saw the tent and wagons in the distance, which I soon reached much to the relief of all.

This day, the 15th, we drove down to the town and camped near a cotton-wood and spring on the road leading in from the Red Buttes and passing by Brigham Young's residence and on past the Council House and so westerly through the city. Young's residence was not far from us on towards the Council House and on the opposite side of the street. This was I believe in the 9th ward and No. 51 or 53.

In view of the delicate condition of my wife it was thought advisable to remain here 'till after that event, if possible to rent or get a house to go into. I found a small adobe house, or rather the walls were up, which I bought for \$20.00. I fixed up so we were sheltered from the weather. It was quite small, about 9 feet square. I fixed up a temporary bed and fireplace and made it as comfortable as possible. Dr. Macy and family rented a small house so that they were also quite comfortable.

The name of the Bishop of this ward was Little. The city was divided into wards, presided over by Bishops who exercised a supervision over their respective wards in the settlement of difficulties and other matters coming before them.

A return of the first of those who had gone to California to mine and look after the interests of the church had just taken place. Brigham Young and quite a number of leading men went down the valley some distance and met them. They returned via the old Santa Fe trail a part of the way, leaving Southern California via the Cajon Pass, crossing the Mojave, Rio Virgin Santa Clara over the divide into Salt Lake Basin on to the city. Among these men was a Mr. Hudson whose family lived in this ward. He was kind and sociable and gave us much information not only about Salt Lake but also about the camps of the South route. In fact he gave me a

memorandum of the watering places and our camping places on that route which was the only guide we had, and this was very meager. Hudson told me to go across the Jordan to the West about 20 miles to the point of the mountain range, across the valley where the winter road passed around the mountain where I would find a spring of fresh water. That between that point and the lake was a fine meadow where I could cut all the hay I might find sale for and keep our cattle on good feed.

We found it quite difficult to keep the cattle in the town, for the fencing was so indifferent that they were likely to do damage and go to the pound. The boys, Willie and Obed, would drive them out towards the Red Buttes and up on the hill side and herd them through the day. There were also boys who followed herding stock but to pay them was somewhat expensive and it was equally necessary to keep them out of the pound. So Oscar and I arranged to move over with the stock and loose cattle to the point indicated which we did making a camp and proceeded to cut hay. He remained in the camp while I went to the city with hay. I drove two yoke of cattle, remaining over night at town, making a trip in two days. We sold the hay readily for \$10.00 to \$12.00 a ton. This we continued 'till we left for California. Before we did this I hauled adobes in the city from the yard where they were making them and did quite well. There was plenty of money and a great deal of all kinds of work to do.

There were a great many emigrants for California stopping at Salt Lake from one cause or another. They would usually meet at the Council House and discuss the situation. It was here that we met Hiram Mendenhall and son from Randolph County, Indiana, in company with whom we went to California.

The business at this place was wonderful. The immense emigration passing through Salt Lake en route to California made a demand for everything the Mormons had to sell. Money was plenty, prices good and every one on the go. So many of the emigrants had used up the supplies they started with. This place was the only chance for a refit. The Mormons were out of very many necessary articles. Coffee, tea, sugar and soap, especially, were not to be had for any price, but, as we could find some emigrants with a small surplus,



in passing back and forth across Jordan near the city, I obtained from emigrants I met camping there, soap. Some of the boys would spare me a bar, some smaller and others larger pieces so that I picked up in this way enough to do us through to California.

We could not purchase flour in any quantity until the mills had ground out some of the new wheat. The design of the Mormons seemed to be to keep as much of the emigration as possible at Salt Lake through the winter and hence refused to sell any large quantity of flour but we managed to pick up in one way or another what we required. There were teams on the way from Independence, Missouri, with goods and these were soon expected and they arrived before we left, and the greatest excitement ensued when the stores opened. Halliday & Company, Williams and other merchants gave notice when they would open. So that when the time came, people arrived from all the settlements so that the city was crowded with people.

Files of people stood waiting, taking their turns as at a post-office, so that days were spent in making their purchases. I had never before seen such crowding to obtain goods. Ballard & Clark, with whose trains we had traveled for some 200 miles, had opened stores at Salt Lake. They sold their goods at a fine profit and finally went on to California soon after the arrival of the trains of merchandise.

Brigham Young delivered one of his characteristic sermons prohibiting the sale of liquors. It was only through the personal friendship of Mr. Clark that I was enabled to obtain liquor for my wife in her sickness. No business man would incur the displeasure of Young.

A gentleman came along, who proposed to remain a few weeks at Salt Lake and give a series of lectures on astronomy. He received public endorsement of the Mormon authorities, who encouraged lectures of that kind, and in a short time had a large class organized and had partially gone through with a course of lectures when he was applied to for a small contribution to the "Emigrant Aid Fund," which was then being increased, with a view to the large emigration then en route to the city. He declined to contribute anything, when Young addressed the meeting and stated the fact and told



Urania Macy Cheesman, wife of the author, as she appeared in later life.

the Mormon members of the class to withdraw and give him no support, that he was not worthy of their encouragement, to let him slide on to California with the rest of the Devil's followers. So the lecturer set out for California.

I saw the arrival of the first threshing machine at Salt Lake. And as it was driven towards the Council House and not far from Young's house, Brigham stopped the man, ex-

pressed a desire to purchase it, offering \$10,000. The man declined, stating that he had bought it for his own use.

When the goods arrived there was such an unusual demand for them that the price of all articles was simply exorbitant. Young referred to it in one of his sermons, stating that it was his desire that the merchants should be well paid for the risk they ran not only in fording the streams and danger of the Indians, and the long time on the route; but they had marked their goods at too high a figure, that his duty to the community required him to take cognizance of all such matters, and that the merchants must remark their goods at a reasonable per cent advance over cost and until they did so, he desired no Mormon to purchase a dollars worth of goods of any kind. The Gentiles could do as they pleased for over them he had no control. That when the merchants had complied with his request he would announce it. This brought the price down at once. He allowed the sale of no liquors and at that time there was not a saloon in the Territory of Utah or Deseret, as they called it. I did not see an intoxicated man whilst I was there and seldom heard any profanity.

The policy of Young was to give encouragement to the artisans in the manufacture of all articles of home use. An Englishman, who was skilled in the manufacturing of pottery, Delft ware, etc., said that Young urged him to erect a pottery, investing whatever means he might have and if he ran short of funds, he, Young, would come to his aid with requisite funds. In this way a grist mill was erected on little Cottonwood, a few miles below the City. Stone was being hauled from the Red Buttes east of the City, a few miles, to build the temple. A great many Mormons who had teams paid their tithing in this way.

The most interesting discourse I heard whilst I was in the city was made by Young on the subject of Tithing. Some dissatisfaction had been manifested by the Mormons to the effect that the Church instead of taking a tenth was in reality taking a fifth. Young devoted a Sunday's discourse to the subject, explaining and defending the action of the Church. Said he, "When a man joins the Mormon Church, for instance Mr. A., the question is asked how much money or property have you, Mr. A?" "\$10,000, brother Brigham." "Brother



A, just deposit \$1,000 of that sum at the Tithing Office, that will leave you, Brother A, \$9,000 to serve the Lord with." Brother A, for instance, goes to California and returns after an indefinite time and calls. "Why Brother A is back again." "Yes, Brother B." Brother Brigham says, "Well, how has the Lord prospered you Bro. A?" "Brother Brigham, to the extent of \$20,000." "Indeed, well Brother A, deposit \$2,000 at the Tithing Office and take the certificate of the Clerk and may the Lord continue so to help you." I occasionally ride out and in passing some of our beautiful and flourishing homes, light off and go in. "Why, Brother B., I am so glad to meet you. Come go with me and see how the Lord has prospered us." "Sister C, what a fine home you have." "Ah! Bro. B, come with me and see the nice butter, cheese and other things we have in the pantry." I accompany Sister C, gratified to see such evidence of thrift and comfort. "Why Sister C, I do not see any such nice butter, cheese, at the tithing office." "Why Brother B, you don't tithe the butter and cheese do you?" "Yes, dear sister." "See the melons there, such delicious ones, do you tithe them also, Brother B?" "Sister C, don't you think the poor man at work on the temple would like a nice melon occasionally? Ah, yes, Sister C, the Lord has need of all these things. Of everything you raise, one-tenth of the increase belongs to the Lord. I see some brothers working out their tithing by hauling stone for the temple, and some loads hauled by two horses, which I will bet any man in this audience \$50,000 that I can wheel in a wheelbarrow through any street in this city, either east or west, north or south. This cannot be allowed. I do not wish to overload your teams, but you must haul good honest loads; for I am determined the Lord shall not be cheated whilst I am his Vice-Regent here, one-tenth of your capital, one-tenth of your increase, one-tenth of your time, if a laborer. If you complain of this then I shall take one-fifth, then if you growl, one-half, and if that does not please you, then the whole of it; for it all belongs to the Lord with you all thrown in for good measurement. You ask what is done with all? I answer, look at your prosperity, the immense immigration of saints from all the civilized world, brought here by this fruit, and the building up of the Church of Zion; all of it applied to the

Glory of the Lord." This address was delivered in an easy, offhand, colloquial style, with excellent effect. No complaint after that.

The next address was in reference to the very large emigration then on the way across the plains to Salt Lake. Word had arrived that many of the teams had perished and that women and children were afoot. Some pulling hand carts, all enduring a great deal of suffering, that they were some 200 miles back. Young at once made a requisition which he announced from the platform upon the Bishops of the different Wards for oxen to be at once sent out for relief. He made a requisition on a Ward, of which Bishop Crosby was Bishop. The Bishop at once arose and said: "Bro. Brigham, that takes all the oxen in my herd for there are none in the Ward but what I own." "I am glad of it, Brother Crosby, for I know you are able to send them, and I want you also to send a good driver along with them. If you cannot find one, you must go, for I know that you are a good driver." The Bishop dropped into his seat as though he had been shot. There was considerable merriment over this episode and the irreverent gentiles even clapped their hands. No other objections were made.

The Sunday previous to the emigrant's arriving in the City, Brigham addressed the saints on their duty on the occasion of their arrival. Said he, "As they drive by you, wending the way wearily to their camping place on the Jordan, covered with dust, ragged, foot-sore and sunburnt, don't stand and gape at them, but rush out, take them by the hand, give them a cordial shake, with a welcome 'God bless you, Brother and Sister to the City of the Lord.' If they ask you whose house it is, don't say 'It is my house,' but say 'It is our house.' Some of you go with them and assist them to camp for you know how weary they must be, while others take sacks of vegetables down to them and give them for they have had none for months in their long and weary march. When you give them the vegetables, don't step off without saying a word, but ask them to come up and help themselves to all they want; for we are all one in the Lord and thus teach these Gentiles a lesson in brotherly love which they have never learned before."

On another occasion he referred to a prophecy he had made when they left Nawvoo. "Poor and persecuted, that in less than three years, they would be *prosperous*, happy and as well dressed a people as could be found in the world. Now look at our sisters—did you ever see any prettier or better dressed ladies than they are or more happy? I now invite you to attend a ball at Brother Snow's on Thursday evening next. I want the young people to attend and the old people also. I expect to be there and I want to see you all there so that we shall have a great time."

I took the deed or bill of sale of the lot down to the recorder, a Mr. Bullock, an Englishman, who when he saw the *grant*, asked me if the *grantor* sold me the land or only the improvements. I replied "the improvements only." "That is right for the land, you know, belongs to the Lord." He mistook me for a Mormon.

The Valley and City of Salt Lake looked most beautiful to us. We had seen no such improvements in 1,000 miles of our journey, and only the posts at Kearney and Laramie, distant respectively three and six hundred miles from Kansas City, then Rubideaux Post, 700 miles and Fort Bridger, two houses, 1,800 miles in that long journey. The valley of Salt Lake is picturesque. On entering the valley through Emigration Cañon, the city lay immediately in front, but a short distance from the mouth of the Cañon. The Wasatch range of mountains swing around to the north in a semi-circle. Where abreast of the city the mountains turn in a northerly direction while south they incline in a direct line as far as the eye can see, with a short cropping in a westerly direction to the Jordan, some 20 miles below, while north and south are a mountain range about 25 miles from base of the Wasatch range ending at the south end of the great Salt Lake and dividing Salt Lake from Tuille valley. The great Salt Lake lay off to the northwest of the city but a few miles from the city and in full view.

In the Wasatch Range and in full view of the city were two very high mountain peaks known as the Twin Sisters. They were snowcapped in summer. Out of this range of mountains a number of beautiful streams issued to the right

of the city. To the northeast came City Creek and City Cañon, a splendid stream of cold, pure water, leaping and bounding down out of the mountain, shaded all the way with wild underground alder and other small timber. This creek supplied the city with water. Young forbade the cutting of any timber of the margin of this stream, keeping it in all its wild loveliness.

The water by ditches coursing along the streets on either side through the city supplied it with the best water. Almost at any point in the city a person could drop on his knees and enjoy a drink of pure, cool water. No rubbish or filth of any kind was allowed to run in these ditches.

To the north of the City some forty miles was Captain Brown's settlement, near the Webber River. The River Jordan coming from the south runs north into the great Salt Lake on the west side of the city, some two miles. Near the point of the mountain, in the west some 20 miles distant on the margin of the lake was a primitive salt works where a good quantity of white salt was manufactured. Common salt for ordinary use was obtained at the lake with but little difficulty. A person would wade out into the lake, shovel up from the bottom sand and salt into the basket and then with a few souses up and down in the water the sand and dirt would wash off leaving the salt. This would be emptied into a wagon and so a load would soon be had. This salt while good for ordinary purposes would not save meat.

In the lake was an island used by Young as a pasturage for the church stock, all of which had the church brand and was turned on to this island.

The old fort occupied by the Mormons, the first year, on their arrival was in the southwestern portion of the City. At this time John D. Lee was living there at or near the Fort. Another road leading into the valley known as Platt's Cañon or road was opened for travel during the summer of 1850. It was located south of Emigration Cañon and was opened by Parley P. Pratt, afterwards killed by McLean in Arkansas. Pratt's death doubtless was the primal cause of the Mountain Meadow massacre, as it was an Arkansas train that met with that terrible fate.

For wood, I took the team and drove out north of the





Dr. Obed Macy and his wife, Lucinda Polk Macy, from a daguerreotype taken shortly before they left Indiana for the overland trip to California. The child is Mollie Macy, afterwards Mrs. Taliesin Evans.

city to Emigration Cañon, followed the road up the Cañon some miles and found plenty of maple, injured by fire but most excellent wood. I put on a big load, fastened the living

timber to the hind axle, which by dragging, I made a most admirable brake, enabling me to go down the Cañon in safety. It was a long day's drive. I reached the city about midnight. As I crossed the little rivulet from the warm sulphur spring near the city, I stopped and took a good bath.

We had gradually secured additional supplies, bought another light wagon, made all the inquiries possible as to the South Route to California as it was now too late to enter California by the Carson Route. At a meeting of Gentiles held at the Council House, it was decided to take the South Route and not remain in the city until spring.

A Committee was appointed to wait on Brigham and obtain a copy of the report of the returning Missionaries who had arrived from California by that route in August and who, it was said had made a detailed report of the route, grass, water, passes, deserts, and such information as would be of use to an emigration over that route. Brigham received the Committee kindly, but advised them not to undertake the journey so late in the season, but promised a copy of the report. We all decided finally to go. Under one pretext or another we never got a copy.

We arranged with Barney Ward, an old mountaineer familiar with this route to pilot us through to California, giving him \$10.00 per wagon. There were 90 wagons. It was thought that this was ample compensation. Just as we were on the eve of departure, a Mormon by the name of Campbell was murdered by an Indian (Snake) up at Captain Brown's settlement forty miles distant. Word was brought by a fleet horseman and within two hours a company of cavalry Mormons with our pilot Ward as interpreter left for the scene of difficulty. Ward was a reliable man in such an emergency as he had as a wife a Snake Indian Squaw and beside had lived with that formidable tribe and was well known to them. On arriving at Brown's settlement the difficulty with the Indians was allayed without bloodshed. On the return of the troops Brigham and many prominent citizens went out to meet the returning troops. Brigham made them a speech extolling their bravery and their efficiency remarking that the Mormons would make the best troops in the world

for their cause was just and that they need have no fear of death as their salvation was sure.

In the meantime, we had got under way, deciding not to wait Ward's return but to go on without him. We left Salt Lake City on the 8th day of October for a journey of 900 miles through an uninhabited, trackless and measureably unknown country. The extreme Mormon settlements to the south were San Pete, 150 miles, but supposed to be to the left of our route, and Hobbie Creek, 90 miles south adjoining Salt Lake near what was known as the Big Fields. They had outside enclosures and then subdivided into blocks with streets corresponding with those of the city so that on increase of the city, these blocks could be subdivided and would correspond with the city plot. At this time for use these fields were set out in five-acre lots so that residents of the city could have a chance to raise grain or herd their cows and horses in these large enclosures. This was an admirable arrangement.

The last time I saw Brigham I had been down a few miles south of the city and was returning through these fields. He came driving a span of horses to a carriage with three ladies in it. I met him just as he was approaching a large gate. I opened the gate for him for which he thanked me and passed on through, visiting some settlement I supposed on Cottonwood. The road south to the Cottonwood and all settlements below passed through these fields.

At the Annual Election of Officers of the Church, Mormons came in from all the settlements, an occasion of unusual interest. This meeting was held in the Bowery as it was called, a rude structure capable of seating 1,500 or 2,000 persons and where church service was then held.

George A. Smith was re-elected by *viva voce* vote, church historian. He placed in nomination Brigham Young for first President and did so in the following words: "I nominate Brother Young as President of the Church of Latter-Day Saints, Vice-Regent of the Lord on Earth, and everything else that a good man ought to be." The vote was unanimous. At all meetings on the Sabbath, after the service, the clerk would arise, and read off the Estray list, enquiring for some brother or sister whose address was not known or any other



information of general interest desired, a sort of business meeting. This was necessary at that time, for mail facilities were confined wholly to Salt Lake City, possibly to one other, "Provo" (40 miles south of Salt Lake).

It was believed by all the Gentiles at Salt Lake, that the Mormons were aware of gold and silver deposits, in the adjacent mountains, but it was the policy of the Church to conceal their existence and to discountenance any development in that direction. It was reported that Young had said that he could stand in his door and see richer diggings than any yet found in California. It was also reported that Parley P. Pratt, when making his road down Cottonwood into Salt Lake, found gold, one piece of the value of \$5.00.

The arrival of a party of Mormons from California with the Tithings belonging to the Church, under the guidance of Capt. Hunt, was an event duly appreciated by Brigham, who, in company with some leading men, went below the city and met them. The party came through the South Route from Los Angeles up the Spanish trail to Santa Fe and Fremont trail. This was the first arrival through from California of Church Treasure. It was reported and believed to be the fact, that they brought through \$700,000, in gold dust. The Mormons coined money and \$5.00 and \$10.00 gold pieces of their coinage were in general circulation. There was no alloy in the coin, but the color of native gold. The inscription on one side of the coin was "Holiness to the Lord."

We arrived at Salt Lake, just in wheat harvest. I was gratified, and much surprised, to see such fine wheat. It must certainly have yielded as high as 35 to 40 bushels per acre. There we saw the first irrigation we had ever witnessed. The fields of wheat were irrigated and so with all vegetables. The soil, under irrigation was very productive. There was also timber in the valley, but in the Wasatch Range of mountains, there seemed to be much timber.

In the southwestern portion of the city plot, adobes were made, about as large again as ordinary brick. They were cast in molds and dried in yards prepared for that purpose. Building was going on in all directions and nearly all built of adobes.



At that time Young's policy was to have no house built directly opposite of another so as to look across into each others house. I saw Young frequently, and in all intercourse with the people, he was extremely affable and on all occasions he was treated with the utmost deference and cordiality. It was Brother Brigham and Brother Brigham on all sides, when on the street, before and after service.

A carpenter, a Mr. Harrison, a grandson of General Harrison, was offered \$50.00 a day to remain and take charge of workmen on some of their public buildings, but he declined to remain.

### **Nine Hundred Miles to Los Angeles**

I sold my little adobe house to a Mormon emigrant by the name of ———— for \$40.00. I think our lot was 51 or 53 in Ward 11, situated in the street running east and west by Young's house. My wife was not recovered sufficiently to walk, so we put a bed in the wagon and placed her in it. The babe was fretful and with a gathered breast her situation was painful and uncomfortable indeed. By this time we had all become quite rested, our stock improved in flesh and with another wagon and additional supplies, we renewed our long journey with considerable courage, the only drawback being the lateness of the season and the apprehension arising from the long stretch of unknown country, over which our route lay. The distance through to Los Angeles was supposed to be 900 miles. We did not leave the city in a body, but all within two or three days. There were 90 wagons in all. The design was to be within reaching distance for protection and at the same time not to be in each other's way on the road, and especially at camping places, but to travel in detached parties.

Among those that I now remember with whom we were much in company on the route, were Hiram Mendenhall and his son, Amos, from Randolph County, Indiana; Mr. Pepper, who had his slaves with him and considerable stock from Missouri. Mr. Peck and family, who since resided in the vicinity of Grass Valley or Nevada City, California (inserted by L. M. Foy, April 24, 1909); Mr. Samuel Heath who settled in El Monte, Los Angeles County and four young men, one a

sleight-of-hand performer, a violinist by the name of Burke, James Knight, a young man by the name of Borse, from Memphis, James Glover, a young man, and Jimmy Cyrus Adams. Mr. and Mrs. Mellett (and two children, a boy baby and a girl eight or nine years old) (inserted by Urania Cheesman on April 24, 1909). The Melletts were English people, and man named Mosley, pronounced *Moseley*. Borse was murdered at Angels Camp in 1851 or 1852. There was a raid on the camp at night time, as was said, by the Mexicans and five men were murdered, Borse and his companions of the number. This information William Macy got of Mosley, who called to see me soon after I was Treasurer of the Mint in San Francisco. We were much attached to Borse, as a good part of the way he was a Mess-Mate with us.

Hiram Mendenhall and son came in company with us, through to the mines on the south fork of the American River at Salmon Falls. He was noted as the "Abolitionist" who presented the petition to Henry Clay in 1842 at Richmond, Indiana, praying the freedom of his slaves and which gave Clay the occasion of the Richmond speech.

The first day's drive brought us to Cottonwood, some twelve or fifteen miles from the city. Our cattle gave us some trouble during the night, as it rained slightly and was exceedingly dark. The roads were good as there was considerable travel to and from the settlements south of Salt Lake City. We crossed the Provo River, which was a fine mountain stream. The water was over hub deep. On the south side of the stream was the town of Provo, forty-five miles south of Salt Lake, the second town of size in the Territory.

On the way we passed a number of small farms, with some land enclosed in cultivation. We would occasionally help ourselves to turnips, to which no objection was made by the Mormons.

Ninety miles south of Salt Lake City, we came to Hobble Creek Settlement, consisting of three or four log houses. We arrived at night time and camped on this creek. This was the last Mormon settlement on our route to California. The San Pete Settlement, further on, was off of our line of travel,

to the left. Hobble Creek was a small, dashing, swift mountain stream, running through a good body of land. The traveling on this part of our journey was very pleasant, though monotonous.

We passed over a really good country, crossing a number of nice streams of water, though none of them large. The weather was very good and with little or no dust, and no sickness.

### **Chief Walker's Utes**

On Willow Creek, some 250 miles from Salt Lake, we came to the camp of Walker, the celebrated war chief, of a branch of Utes. His band of warriors numbered some 200 braves. They were encamped here for the hunting season. The most of the men were up in the mountains, hunting deer. Walker was absent hunting, but as some of the Company camped near by, he was sent for. When we came along, he was at camp. He came to our wagon. It was their desire we should remain over night, but as the greater part of the company had passed on, we thought it best to keep on also. We spent perhaps an hour in looking at their camp, dressing of their skins, which was done by the women. In Walker's tent, was quite a number of scalps, taken from Snake Indians, with whom they had quite recently had a fight. It was said Walker could talk English quite well, but he did not, and our conversation was had through Como, his son, who could speak English tolerably well. He had lived with Young quite a while at Salt Lake. Young showed Walker a great deal of attention. It was said, and believed by many, that Walker had been baptized into the church. He was a medium-sized Indian, perhaps forty years old. The braves of his band were large men and expert horsemen. The finest body of Indians we had seen on the plains, aside from the Sioux. These Indians wished to trade for guns, ammunition, flour. They offered to trade horses, which we afterward learned, they had stolen from the Spanish in California, for some of the company in advance of us traded for horses, which were claimed and ownership established by the Spanish on our arrival at San Gabriel Mission.

After we passed Walker's camp, we met on two occasions, members of his band. One day we saw the dust arising in the

distance and finally saw a band of mounted Indians making for us on the full run. We all felt considerably alarmed, stopped our teams and kept on the alert, with our guns at hand. The band came dashing up on the full jump, and when near us, stopped and "How," "How," greeted our ears, and "Walker's Indians." We then felt relieved though still on our guard. They asked "Mormon or American?" and let us answer either way, the American was "Heap good" and the other "No good," showing that they had been taught to look upon the Mormons as a different people from the Americans. They alighted seeming very friendly. Burke played them some tunes on the violin; they danced around us in a circle. "Mormon mehala heap dance." They also wanted to trade for flour and ammunition. They soon, however, sprang on their horses, and left us as rapidly as they came. The leader of this band was Amman, a half brother of Walker, a large well-built, powerful looking man. One peculiarity of these Indians was that they wore their hair cut short American fashion and wore clothes. It was said that Walker would make long trips into Southern California and even Sonora, steal children from the Mexicans and, as well as stampede their horses, retreat to a safe distance, and then treat for a ransom for the children. After we passed Walker's band, we occasionally saw a few Indians. We were telegraphed through as we passed through the different valleys, by fires built on mountain points and answered by others in the distance. At night we were especially watchful lest they might raid our camp, and if no more, run off with our stock, so all through this country, we kept a guard over the stock and camp at night.

At Antelope Springs, we were apprehensive of trouble from the Indians. This was one of the places we were cautioned to watch closely by Mr. Hudson at Salt Lake. On all this portion of the journey, we had grass in abundance and also wood. At evening we would often take a couple of yoke of cattle and make up some dry juniper or cotton wood as the case might be, and make a rousing camp fire around which we would gather and spend the evening in social chat. After discussing the feasibility of a railroad, finally predicting it would be built, but not likely "in our time." And al-





Urania Macy Cheesman, as she appeared just before beginning the journey to California.

most the certainty of rich mines in the high range of mountains to our left (Wasatch Range). Below Antelope Springs we camped one night near a high and immense body of black rock. As some one remarked it looked like the chimney of the infernal regions. I took a hammer and broke off a piece

after considerable pounding. It was very heavy and firm. There was no doubt, that it was iron ore. I brought a piece through to California, and then lost it in the mines. The pole or face of the hammer was badly nicked by the operation.

We crossed Sevier River which was tolerably deep, though not a wide stream. After that we came to a beautiful small round valley, where were some Indians. The young men of the company made quite free with them and induced two young Indians to accompany us. While the others strutted off. The boys had a good deal of fun with these young bucks who entered into the sport also. We passed out of the Valley up a canyon and soon after camped at a spring which I suppose was Mountain Meadow. We made our camp and turned the stock down the valley on a good feed. The boys stacked their guns at one of the wagons, and when night came took the Indians into their tents, making a good deal over them. We put out a guard as usual over the cattle. In the night time these young Indian rascals got up, selected out of the guns stacked, the guns belonging to two or three of the boys who had been skylarking with them, and made off. When morning came, to the surprise of the boys, their guns were gone and other guns, guns equally good, belonging to others of this company, left. It was a strange proceeding, for the Indians could just as well as not, have taken the others as well. It was deemed useless to hunt for them, so after that there was no more joshing with Indians, and but little or no sympathy with those who lost their guns.

We were now nearing the rim of the great Salt Lake Basin. We had one storm, the snow falling about a foot deep. For the first time on the journey, I was taken with rheumatism in the ankles and feet. This gave me great anxiety for the management of the train devolved mainly on me. Our desire was to get across the Basin and not get snowed in. I lay in the wagon in considerable pain and distress of mind. I had had rheumatism before and knew what it was. Mr. Mendenhall, who believed in Mesmerism came to the wagon and manipulated my ankles and feet by rubbing them downwards with the tips of his fingers. The result was that I became relieved so that I could travel.

A few miles from Mountain Meadows we came to Mud Springs. The next drive, we expected would take us over the divide into the waters of the Santa Clara. We started out in the morning, which was a pleasant day, wending our way to the summit up a rather good grade. As we were nearing the summit some of the loose men there who had no teams to drive and were off duty came in from the mountain side to the left of the road and one of them gave me a pretty specimen of marble. He was a New England man, from Maine I think. He said the ledge was extensive. He had whittled out a piece 6 inches in length by  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in width. It was variegated with bluish veins. I finally sent it home to my mother by Amos Mendenhall. Once on the summit the descent was gradual and road good. It seemed a very long way to camp.

One of the boys, Willie I think, walking behind the wagon, asked me what was the matter with the wheel that it ran so wobbling. I stopped the team, made an examination, and to my dismay found the arm of the left hind axle broken. I had to drive very carefully and we did not arrive in camp till near midnight. The skeins and splinters held till we got into camp. I could not conceive when nor how it became broken for the load was not heavy and I suppose I must have cracked it at Salt Lake. My fear now was that I should be compelled to turn it into a cart. In the morning however, to our great relief we found an axle left by some one of our company who had camped here a day or so before, which with Mr. Mendenhall's assistance, we substituted for the broken one. This detained us here over the day but as there was good water and feed, we suffered no inconvenience. I cut off the hind end of the wagon box or bed and dispensed with all surplus weight possible. We cut off the end of the provision chest also. We also dispensed with any article not absolutely essential. So far on our journey we had with but an occasional exception, plenty of good feed, water and fuel, but we were now approaching that portion of our journey where feed and water were scarce. A region of country described by Mr. Hudson as desert.

Before this time we had passed the point where the trail from Santa Fe passed to Los Angeles. Fremont's journal



gave a description of this route as he had been along here in one of his expeditions. We had no journal with us.

A band of six or seven thousand head of sheep was just ahead of us some ten days. We occasionally saw a carcass and shreds of wool on bushes. These sheep were from Santa Fe, being driven to California.

All in readiness, the next day we left early for the Rio Virgin. The road down the Santa Clara was good. Early in the day we passed along the side of a bluff of rocks or building stone, the best I think that we had seen on the route. Sections of stone were lying near the right of the road, smooth surface 18 to 20 inches thick and in length from 2 to 6 or 8 feet. It was a very noticeable formation. We arrived at the Rio Virgin, down which we traveled over a sandy road.

### **On the Santa Fe Trail**

Our next departure was to the right leaving the Virgin and going up an arroyo to a point where we made the ascent to gain the table land which would lead us to the Muddy. To ascend this point was a very difficult job. The summit was several hundred feet in height. The upper bench or portion was very steep, too steep for cattle to get a foot-hold to pull. We, therefore, doubled teams and in some instances thribbled them and took each wagon up the first bench which was the longer of the two, locked the wheels. We thus got all the wagons from out of the ravine, up on to this bench and then turned the oxen loose and drove them to the table land above or summit. It was with much difficulty that they managed to scramble up to the top. We then joined our chains together passing them over the rim back down to a wagon making the connection very secure and when all was ready hitched the oxen to the end of the chain on the summit. We had on as high as 20 yokes and thus when everything was in readiness took a wagon up without stopping. We met with but one accident. In taking up Dr. Macy's wagon in which were his medicine chests and the most valuable of all we had, the hook of one of the chains broke and to our consternation the wagon shot down the mountain like an arrow, but cramped and upset and fortunately went no further. We righted it up, gathered up all we could find of the boxes and



other articles which by some good luck sustained but little injury and tried it again, successfully this time. It was 2 A. M. when we got the last wagon up. We were all worn out. We pitched our tent and some of the men had found some grass about one mile distant to where the cattle were driven.

We had taken on water in the afternoon to last us through to the Muddy when leaving the Rio Virgin and had of course watered our oxen also. Early in the morning the cattle were driven up for there was no time to lose as we had but little water—a hasty breakfast and we were off for the Muddy which we reached late in the day.

Here we had been cautioned to look out for Indians. Here was water in abundance and some good feed. We rested here until 4 o'clock P. M. of the second day, to give our cattle a good rest, as we had now a waterless trip of 55 miles before us. We had a ten gallon keg and some smaller vessels which we filled with water, cooked our supper and some surplus victuals, so as not to have to cook until we came to water again and started out on this much dreaded drive. We traveled all night 'till about 9 o'clock A. M., when we took a short rest 'till the heat of the day was over and then started and drove 'till late in the afternoon when we stopped and ate our supper. We let the cattle rest, gave the poor brutes some water out of a wash basin and then drove all night again, stopping occasionally through the next day and about sunset reached Vegas Springs. From Muddy to this point was over a plain. The road with but little exception was firm and free from sand. At this Spring there was an abundance of water and feed. The country was level with soil apparently good for agricultural purposes. Here we saw a lone grave, when made or who filled it no one knew. It seemed lonely and sad.

We left Vegas late in the day and traveled all night and the next night brought us to Cottonwood. The road was heavy, being sandy. Here was good feed and water. We camped in a grass patch and came near being burned up. The fire caught from our cooking and spread out into the grass but by good active work we got it suppressed, several of the men being about the camp, though some of them had gone out to see a magnificent bluff mountain, the grandest

sight of the kind since Echo Canyon. When they saw the fire, they hastened back, too late though to assist in its extinguishment. From Cottonwood Springs to Mountain Springs a distance of 12 miles. The road to this Spring was good. We passed to the summit up a gravelly canyon of excellent grade. It was a remarkably smooth road. Our design was to stop at Mountain Springs but by some oversight those wagons in front passed the Spring without observing it and we did the same. It was dark and chilly and before we knew that we passed the Spring we had got 4 or 5 miles beyond it. Some were for returning to it and I believe did so.

We had, however, taken on water at Cottonwood Springs and concluded we would go on to Hernandez Springs. We passed the summit and continued on 'till after midnight when all of us became so tired we stopped 'till morning. The night was cold and the wind was sharp. There was not a particle of feed to be found, so I tied the work cattle up to the wheels without taking their yokes off and for food emptied a tick we slept on which I had filled with grass on the Spanish fork and divided this among the poor cattle.

This had been a very hard day's travel. For 100 miles past all of the family had walked, riding only when going down some long incline. My wife had become so recovered that she was afoot also. Owing to the long stretches of travel with but limited feed and water, it was beginning to tell on our work cattle. Coming up the summit to Mountain Spring there was a little scud of snow. The children's feet were sore and cold and some of the younger ones crying so that as soon as the summit was reached they were put in the wagons. But the women continued on foot, so that all were worn out and overcome with fatigue. The next day towards evening we arrived at Hernandez Springs.

Here was good water and good bunch grass, east of the Springs some miles distant. We remained there until the next day. This is the Spring mentioned by Fremont where the Indians killed a Mexican man and wife but his party came up in time to save the boy, who ran meeting them exclaiming "Oh my Padre, my Madre." This boy Fremont took with him and I believe left him with Col. Benton (?) to raise. There was

a cottonwood tree standing here. From this Spring, we drove on to Salt Creek, or Alkali Creek, where we camped for the night.

### Heavy Roads and Faithful Oxen

Here we found some of the heaviest roads we had yet pulled through, the sand was so loose and deep it seemed almost impossible to move the wagons through it, the cattle were so weak. The water here was so alkaline that the stock would not drink it. They would make the effort but give it up. We started early in the morning for Mud Lake, 35 miles from Hernandez Spring, perhaps 20 miles from this camping place.

About 8 o'clock A. M. we passed a point or spur of a low range of mountains to our left when we saw 2 or 3 men at work at a quartz ledge a short distance from the road, perhaps  $\frac{1}{3}$  of a mile. Several of our company went up to the mine and got some specimens of the quartz showing gold. We learned that this was owned by a Company from California, San Jose. A Sheriff of San Jose and a Mr. Yount were of the party.

They were sinking a shaft in a sag of the bench which was only a few feet in depth. They said that they were expecting a load of provisions soon and had no doubt but that we would meet them on the road. From them we learned more definitely of the route into California. Our aim was to reach Mud Lake.

Soon after we left them we passed where a pack train had mired down and all the animals perished at some former period. This train was destined for Santa Fe.

In the west was an immense range of desolate looking mountains bearing a burnt volcanic appearance, not a tree to be seen. The whole appearance of all this country was one of utter desolation. The stream where we camped was red with alkali, not a bird nor animal of any kind to be seen. The sun came down with tropical heat. We were journeying along slowly all on foot about 10 A. M., when all at once a wheel ox dropped dead. This to us was a sad affair. I had regarded this as one of the best oxen in the team, one most likely to stand the journey through. We all collected around

him almost with tears in our eyes and saw him breathe his last. Poor Bright was gone. We had a consultation and decided to leave one wagon and, if possible take the other through.

We had to back the wagons so as to pass the poor faithful ox without running on to him. As we had several oxen nearly worn out, Dr. Macy proposed to remain back and endeavor to work the poor animals on to Mud Springs, giving them their time while the rest of us should push on with the team, for we were short of water and no time to lose. We, therefore, left him with the understanding that we were to leave a cup full of water now and then in the road with a little provision, so that he would not suffer. We did this, putting up a little brush or other mark to call his attention to the water. It was now nearly mid-day and the sun intolerably hot. We continued our weary way saddened by the loss of our faithful ox, who had come with us all the way, leaving Dr. Macy back with the invalids.

In journeying along the route it was nothing unusual for the girls to travel ahead of the team for miles then sit down and await the arrival of the team and so repeat. The slow movement of the cattle made it very tiresome to keep up with the team. After supper, Oscar walked on with a view of making Mud Springs and then return and let us know the prospect of water and the distance. The women also traveled on some five miles and awaited our arrival. We kept on till after midnight when Oscar returned and met us, stating that the Springs were not many miles distant. We finally came to the point where the teams turned off to go to the Springs. We traveled over a perfectly smooth and level road, the ground was firm, the wagon wheels scarcely making a track. This was a lake during the rainy season, all overflowed with water, but the sun had dried the water up and left the ground smooth and level. We finally came to the Springs, turned our poor cattle loose, but the little water there was so mixed with mud that it was impossible for the cattle to get any. We drove them out to the edge where they got some little feed but as they would return and try for water, we concluded to hitch up and drive on to Bitter Springs, distant 10 miles. We reached the Springs about 10 o'clock A. M. and to our inexpressible joy found water. The feed though was not so good.



We camped and did some cooking and let the cattle rest. While we were resting here about the middle of the day we saw a man riding toward us, when within a hundred yards, he alighted from his mule, turned it loose to get water and rest, sat down in the shade of a mesquite bush, commenced reading a paper. I went up and in conversation learned that he was connected with the mine out at Salt Springs. His name was Burr, a nephew of Aaron Burr. He gave us a description of the route before us. I got a look at his paper, a New York Herald, the only copy I had seen since leaving the States. He said it was eighteen miles to the Summit and seventeen miles from there to the Mojave, that out on the route three miles, we would find plenty of bunch grass, a patch also over the divide, a short distance, but no water till we arrived at the Mojave, 35 miles, where we would have plenty of wood, water and grass. (This man was murdered in Butte County, California, near Mooretown in 1858. The man arrested for and no doubt his murderer, committed suicide in the Oroville jail.) We concluded to go on and about four o'clock P. M. drove up to the patch of bunch grass, three or four miles, stopped to get supper, and turned our cattle out to feed. After nightfall, we started on, hopeful of reaching the Summit by morning. The women, mother, my wife, Lou and Nancy, in the meantime, turned up their dresses, and filled them with dry bunch grass, which they carried out and fed to the poor oxen as they would drop down in the team. We found the road the hardest of all to a very tired out team, a sandy one. We had as usual filled the keg and vessels that hold water; for it was thirty-five miles to water. The poor oxen, all but one yoke, were so worn out that they would scarcely go one-half mile, till some of them would tumble down. We would let them rest a few minutes, when some one of the women would hold out in front of the down ox or oxen a bunch of grass, just far enough, so he would have to struggle to his feet to get it, in this way we would get them up again, and so move on a little distance further, when the same process would be repeated, with the addition of a little water measured out to them in a wash bowl. I frequently unyoked the weakest and yoked up some loose ox that had got a little rest and in that way kept moving, though



Lucinda Macy Foy, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Obed Macy, who as a child of five, was a member of this covered wagon expedition.

slowly indeed. Mr. Heath with his family and team were with us. Some of the time, he was ahead when his team would lie down and I would drive around for a little distance, and mine would lie down and Mr. Heath would drive around. We kept on this way, till two o'clock A. M., when as the children especially were so tired out and no Summit yet, that we stopped and turned our cattle loose. They were too much exhausted to leave the wagon, but lay down. Since

starting on the journey, this had been the most tiresome and disheartening night's travel we had had. It seemed as though the cattle would fail to even reach the Mojave. The sand was so deep our progress was very slow and we had no one to relay on. Other teams were equally worn out, still no one had so large a family of small children to care for. When morning came, we resumed our journey, making exceedingly slow progress. Cattle down, unyoking and yoking up and resting those in the team, that it was four o'clock P. M., when we reached the sharp hill at the summit. It was doubtful if we could make it but by resting the cattle and all the men and women pushing at the hind end of the wagon, by resting and pulling the cattle short distances, we reached the Summit at four o'clock P. M. A more thankful party of worn out emigrants never crossed the plains, tears of joy filled our eyes. We had reached the Summit and now a down grade to the Mojave, where was plenty of wood, water and feed. We drove a mile perhaps from the Summit and stopped for supper and to feed the cattle, as we had arrived at a patch of grass, on the right of the road. We were now very anxious about Dr. Macy, who had not yet overtaken us. Before night, however, to the relief of us all, the Doctor came into camp. He could not get the cattle along, they were so weak they failed to make the long stretches from water to water and perished. We sent him word by Mr. Burr who met him. We then started for the Mojave and traveled nearly all night, but a light shower came up when we camped. Early next morning, we started and arrived at the Mojave at nine o'clock A. M. Here we camped for several days. We felt so relieved now that we had reached the Mojave, feeling that we should be able to get through without difficulty. We had now to travel up the Mojave sixty miles when we would leave it. So after several days' rest, we started on when we found, owing to the heavy sands, our progress was slow, our teams also were so reduced, that a few days' rest seemed to have benefited them but little. The bottoms of the Mojave were sandy, with occasional patches of cane, the grass was tolerably good, water excellent. This stream would rise and sink, at some of the crossings the water would be hub deep and perhaps the next would be dry, no water to be seen. At



the Mojave camp when we got ready to start, I had two nice cows that I bought in Kansas. They were so weak they could not travel, one I shot, the other I turned away and left. I had not the heart to shoot her. We made but slow progress up the Mojave. On the way up we met Mr. Sanford from Los Angeles with a party and teams on their way out to the Salt Spring mines. They had an engine on taking out. We camped with them. Sixty miles up the Mojave, at a point of rock, we left the Mojave, and struck out for the Summit, twenty miles. We camped before reaching the divide. Just before we camped with Mr. Sanford one of our best oxen got into a quagmire so that we were compelled to leave him, though we had him out, still he was too weak to travel. This was another set back. This steer was one we had brought with us from Missouri. He was a mate to a small black, bob-tail ox, who stood it clear through. About the middle of the afternoon, we came to the Summit. There was a sharp rise at the Summit. All hands, women and all, pushed, so we reached the long desired Summit. Once on the Summit, the ridge was so narrow that the fore and hind weels were on either side. I locked tight both hind wheels of the wagon, took off all but the wheel oxen and started down. For a distance of fifty or sixty feet it was so steep that the cattle and all slid down. After that the descent was gradual. We drove down the canyon some few miles and camped for the night. As we were now in the mountains, where grizzlies were supposed to be numerous, a very general desire was manifested by the young men and myself to come across a grizzly; but with an imperfect knowledge of them, it was fortunate for us that we did not meet any. With our small-bored rifles, a conflict would doubtless have been fun for the grizzly and, perhaps, death to us. The route from this canyon was not a bad one, though exceedingly tortuous and with an occasional big rock. Sanford's teams that we had met on the Mojave had rendered the Canyon passable. We came to Willow Grove, nine miles from the divide, a good camping place. From this point to Sycamore Grove, two miles from the entrance of Cajon Pass, was down a narrow and rocky gorge to the entrance of the canyon. We arrived at Sycamore Grove in the afternoon and camped. This was a most



beautiful spot; a small valley dotted with large sycamores and clover nearly waist high. The only drawback was a strong current of wind which set in toward the Canyon. We remained here two or three days. While camping here much to our surprise Mr. Sanford's party came in on their way to Los Angeles. They feared the rainy season would set in before they could reach the mine and return, so cached the engine and some other articles and returned. Fortunately for us they brought in our ox "Bill." He had rested so that on their return he was able to travel and thus kindly was restored to us. Mother Macy bought of Mr. Sanford some bacon which he let her have, tho they had none to spare and only charged twenty-five cents a pound. We saw here, for the first time, large bands of wild cattle as they seemed to us. I went out one day and did my best to kill one. I could not get near enough to them and it was well I could not kill one. My rifle carried about eighty. I shot several times but with no other effect than to cause a stampede. I was not aware of the danger I was in. We left this paradise of a camping spot reluctantly for Cucumonga Ranch where we arrived a little before sunset. Michael Snee, an Irishman, Major Domo of Prudhomme, the owner of the Ranch, came down to our camp, which was made under a wide spreading oak, with a nice and most welcome present of fresh beef. They had just killed one. None but the half famished can tell of the joy this gave us for we had had but little fresh meat since we left Salt Lake and none for the last four hundred miles of travel. Some chickens came to the camp and the crowing of the cock was music to our ears,—the most welcome and home-like sound we had heard for months. This was the 31st day of December. It is impossible to describe our feelings. We had now arrived in the Valley of California. The mountains, dreary wastes and deserts were behind us. Here opened up the most lovely country we had ever beheld. The grass was up and seemingly all over the valley, some four inches in height, the climate soft and exhilarating. The next day, the first of January, we drove across to Williams Ranch just across the valley twenty miles to Chino. At this ranch was a Government Post, a Company of Infantry was stationed here under the command of Captain (short name) "Lue".

As we were out of provisions, the Captain under the representation of Dr. Macy, Mr. Mendenhall and others of the company, issued us rations for several days. The next day we left and drove down the valley towards Rowland's Ranch.

**Camping at a Mexican Ranch.** Here we saw much to interest us in the dairying process. Our cattle found good grazing, tho the grass was so tender that it was not strengthening, but they ate it with avidity. The cows were brought into the corral which was made of posts set in the ground and extending upwards five or six feet and rawhide thongs interwoven towards the top. The men and boys began the process of milking late in the morning. When wanted, a lasso was thrown around the horns of a cow and she was drawn up to a post and secured. The boys in the meantime having caught her calf, which with others was in a small pen in one corner of the main corral, it was allowed to suck a few moments when it was pulled away and held so that the men could milk, which they did one on either side of the cow. One held the bucket or gourd and the other did the milking. The cow's hind legs, to keep her from kicking, were secured together by means of a lasso being passed around them both above the hock joints and drawn so that she could not kick. The tail also was secured in the same environment so that her hind part was as well secured as her head, then the milking began in earnest. It was not an unusual occurrence for them to breakfast while milking. With some pop-corn and a gourd of milk they would sit on their haunches and eat for a few minutes and then milk awhile. This was all new and very interesting to us. The accuracy with which they used the lasso was to us astonishing, on the other hand, they watched our operations with equal interest. We camped at old Mr. Rowland's, which seemed somewhat homelike. He had a small grist mill, a band of sheep and cattle innumerable. We continued on the next day and reached the Mission of San Gabriel, where we pitched our tent with a view of remaining several days and recruiting up for the balance of our journey. It was with a feeling of great relief that we pitched our tent in this most beautiful land. The sandy deserts and barren alkali plains with the air of desolation abroad in all the land for a distance of four hundred miles, was behind us. The cactus,

mesquite with an occasional cottonwood, the stunted growth of rye grass, the little stretches of bunch grass, the alkali water, the absence of all living things, the death-like silence reigning supreme everywhere, the tall ranges of burnt-up volcanic mountains would live only in recollection. We could not refrain in our hour of joyful deliverance from such a journey, giving a regretful and tender thought for the poor animals left behind who uncomplaining dropped dead in our service, poor faithful servants and companions in the wearisome march. We had now arrived not to the end of the journey but to a land equal in loveliness to any on earth. We left Salt Lake City on the 8th of October and arrived in San Gabriel Mission the 5th of January, nearly three months of continuous travel. The health of all the company was remarkably good. I believe there was not a death in the company of ninety wagons. There were twelve of us and all in good health. The women who for the last four hundred miles had walked nearly every step of the way, as well as all of us men, sunburnt and presenting the appearance of Indians, clothes nearly worn out, ragged and haggard in appearance. We camped in a lovely spot under the shade of the wide-spreading oaks. Others of the party were camped in the vicinity. In such a journey as this all the traits of character come to the surface. There is not one latent defect nor virtue that is not fully disclosed. I had but little personal acquaintance with my wife's parents, brothers and sisters but this wearisome journey since the 14th of May cemented our affections in enduring memory. In all the essentials of true womanhood I never met the superior of my mother-in-law. Hers was an amiable and lovely character. It mattered not what daily vicissitudes met us, how very tired and fretful and despondent we might be, she was cheerful and hopeful with a word of encouragement and never an unkind word or ill-tempered remark. Her buoyancy of spirit seemed unbounded. She was a remarkably good conversationalist, especially conversant with the Scriptures. I never knew her to have an enemy; she was universally esteemed by every member of the company. The two girls, Louisa and Nancy, were worthy girls of such a mother. Louisa was of a business turn of





"Hers was an amiable and lovely character"—Lucinda Polk Macy, from a photograph taken shortly before her death in Los Angeles in 1872.

mind. Nancy had one trait developed in a remarkable degree,—that was the knowledge of stock. Soon after we crossed the Kaw River where there were hundreds of oxen at camping places she seemed to know every ox that belonged to our train. When we were at all left in doubt we would appeal to her, so when the cattle left camp for feed, if out



of sight we would ask her which way they went and would get a correct answer. Without apparently taking any notice of the cattle she seemed to be ever on the watch. I thot it very remarkable. Dr. Macy was of Quaker parentage. An ingenious man and a most excellent physician. He had a vein of dry humor which would crop out often when least expected and was always acceptable. He was a kind father and a friend of the distressed on all occasions. He was called upon frequently to attend the sick, especially up the Platte River and never charged for his services, unless the parties were well able to pay. He was a Mason and many a brother received assistance from him. He was slow and thoughtful in forming an opinion. I remember an instance when one of the oxen became alkalied. We were all alarmed and anxious for something to be done and got vexed at the Doctor's slowness in diagnosing the case. There was no pulse that he could get hold of and he was watching the symptoms while we were all for doing something, splitting the tail, rubbing turpentine at the root of the horns and feeling all the time that by the time the Doctor had diagnosed the case the ox would be dead. Finally he decided that lard or fat bacon would be the remedy which we at once gave and the ox recovered. At our camp fire the Doctor, Mr. Mendenhall and others of the company would spend hours discussing the probability of a railroad, the mines and kindred subjects. When the cooking was done and our frugal meals had, the ox yokes would be brought up and placed around the camp-fire for seats and a few chairs, when Burke, the violinist, would be called for. He was a fine performer and willingly played for us every night when we were in camp and the night suitable. He played one tune a universal favorite known as "The Philadelphia Fireman's March." There was a sweetness mixed with a degree of sadness in this piece that made it suitable for the closing piece; so after operatic airs and familiar tunes when the bright fire had burned down to big live coals and the sharp night air and a late bedtime had come, the jokes and incidents of the day had been talked over and the visitors from other camps were ready to return, and silent with all eyes watching the dying smoldering embers, Dr. Macy would say "Now, Burke, the 'Philadelphia Firemen's March'." He

would play it most tenderly and as the sweet mellow tones died away we would arise with often a sigh and quietly retire to our tents. Occasionally little incidents would occur, varying the monotony of the journey. One I will relate. Mr. and Mrs. Heath had a good outfit and a young man, James, as driver and handy man. Among the luxuries Mr. Heath had provided was a demijohn of good brandy, which he kept for the use of himself and his wife. None was ever offered to the young fellow, so he concluded to get even. He found where it was usually hid in the wagon near to the side of the body, getting the exact position he bored a gimlet hole through the bed and with a nail inserted in the hole he could reach the demijohn, so by hitting the head of the nail on end with a hammer he knocked a hole in the vessel. Much to the surprise of Mr. Heath the demijohn was broken and the liquor was all run out nor could he account for the accident. It was a source of much amusement to all of us in the secret. Mr. Heath was not liberal with his hired man or the "accident" might not have happened. I do not know that Mr. Heath ever found out how it occurred.

### **The Valley of California**

The Spanish and Mexican population were very kind to us all. Some little trouble arose in reference to the horses which some of the emigrants had bought or traded for with Walker and his Indians, which had been stolen. The Mexicans showed their brands and agreed to leave the matter with others of the company relying upon the justice of their claims. A jury was selected, cases argued and decisions in favor of the Mexicans. Walker had raided the valley some months before and these horses were a portion of those taken. We set about jerking beef, which was done by cutting the beef into long thin slices, hanging some up and laying others across thin slats so that the sun and smoke from our fires might dry them. We thot of continuing our journey by land and were making preparations for the journey. Mr. Mendenhall and I bought some corn and took it to Rowland's Mill and fortunately for us the water wheel needed some repairing, which we did, and thus got quite a quantity of meal. The water wheel was not properly balanced, one half was much

heavier than the other half. The consequence was that the wheel ran rapidly down and very slowly up. We equalized it so that the motion was regular. The mill was a very primitive affair, nevertheless made good corn meal. Whilst in camp Mr. Mendenhall, his son and myself did considerable work for the Mexicans, principally stocking plows, putting in the beams and handles. The primitive mode and generally in use was a forked limb of a tree, the long prong went forward as beam or tongue, and the shorter one sharpened at the point entered the ground and a piece was fastened in which served as a handle. Some of them looked as tho they had been used in the time of Aaron and Joshua. Some few had got American mould boards and irons but needed the wood work. Here and there an American plow was seen. The work was almost all done by the Mission Indians who were partially civilized. They seemed civil and industrious. In working their cattle they invariably lassoed them and brought them up to a post. Then they took a piece of timber which had been prepared for the purpose, some six feet in length and placed an end in front of the head at the root of the horns and secured it by the means of a riata passed transversely around the stick and horns so that the oxen pushed by carrying their necks stiffly. They had no free use of their heads,—could get them neither right nor left. It gave them a stiff movement but I could not see but that they drew as heavy a load as oxen yoked by the neck. Their carts were heavy, unwieldy vehicles, the wheels were of blocks sawed off large logs. The axles from four to six spindles, the body of the carts were similar in shape to our drays, only all of wood and raw hide and exceedingly clumsy. The weather was so soft and mild but little fuel was required. The Mexicans would throw their lassos over dead limbs and pull them off and in that way get a few sticks and then gallop off home. Nothing could exceed the primitive happiness of these people. They seemed to have no cares beyond the present day. The Indians did all the work and the Spaniards rode around during the day, visiting one another, leading a life of perfect ease, and, to all appearances, indolence. It was a common occurrence to see groups on horseback, ladies riding astride,

all well dressed, the gentlemen with swords, carried under the left thigh, on horses well caparisoned, silver plated bridles, silver mounted saddles,—but nothing was so noticeable as the ease and grace with which they rode and guided their horses. The gait was invariably a gallop or lope. I never saw one ride a horse in a trot and but seldom in a walk. As they galloped past us in groups of eight and ten, chatting familiarly, apparently with no care upon their minds, I thot them the happiest people I ever met and I still think so. They had but little aside from the land, cattle and horses but what they did have was of the best. Theirs was such a primitive mode of doing everything that we were constantly meeting with surprises. We were in want of a few articles and I went to Los Angeles, a distance of nine miles with the wagon and one yoke of cattle. I started quite early and had got near the town when my cattle picked up their heads increasing their gait, which movement for the moment surprised me, but on looking back I saw a Mexican nearing me with something dragging in the road behind him. As he overtook me and put off at a brisk walk, when to my astonishment I saw the Mexican had a half of beef on a rawhide, with the corners turned up and secured over the meat, with the lasso secured to the hide and the other end around the horn of the saddle. The drag some twenty feet behind as he galloped along would slide along across the track with a “swish, swishy” sound that my oxen had not the courage to withstand. He was on his way to market, certainly a primitive mode of conveyance. I drove into the town and stopped my team in front of the Bella Union. This was the hotel at that time. I fortunately saw a gentleman sitting in front of the hotel, leaning back in his chair. He had on a boiled shirt, was in his shirt sleeves, he looked like an American. I walked up to within about six feet of him and stopped, saluting him at the same time, which he politely answered. He evidently saw that I was an emigrant, just the “plains across.” My appearance would create a laugh in almost any community so that when a smile flitted across his rather kindly face I understood it. I had no coat, nor vest on, a pretty much worn-out





" . . . stopped my team in front of the Bella Union."

pair of pants, kept in place by a pair of checked suspenders made by my wife, my shoes were in holes and the big toe of my right foot had no covering and lay there, quite exposed, like a good-sized toad. My hat was a black slouch with the rim well broken down, quite a large hole in the top, through which my hair would, invariably, crawl through. It was in that attitude that I stood before Mr. Foster. I could see his eyes cast toward my exposed big toe and then gradually pass up my person, and finally rest on that independent lock of hair. I was badly sunburnt, a smile would also unbidden come. I stated in brief our arrival in the valley, of our purpose to continue on to the mines. And he informed me that he had been to the mines, had done quite well, and was now located in Los Angeles. He spoke well of the extent of the mines and facilities for things there. When I told him I was a married man, my wife with me, he said I need have no fear for the future that I would find plenty to do and good pay, should I even not wish to work at mining. I felt much encouraged. He further advised me to go to San Francisco by water and not by land, as it was some four hundred



"... stood before Mr. Foster." Stephen C. Foster, first mayor of Los Angeles as an American city.

miles into the mines by land, while I could now go to San Francisco by water as the Steamer *Constitution* had just gone down to San Diego and would return to San Pedro in a few days on her way back to San Francisco, that as we would be only two days up, we could go in the steerage at but little expense. I felt very grateful for the information, thanked him and withdrew, got the few articles needed, took a glance at this Spanish town and left for the Mission. I met Mr. Foster several years after, we had a good hearty laugh over

our first meeting. He said I was the most laughable looking object he had ever seen. The prospect of being able to terminate our journey so soon and the further fact that it was said that a portion of the route was rough and difficult to get over, especially the San Fernando Pass, induced us to seriously consider going up by water. Dr. Macy was so delighted with the country that he decided to remain and not go on to the mines. Quite a number of our company decided to go up by steamer. Some, however, went by land. We immediately set about arrangements for the trip by sea, sold our wagon and oxen, reserving their use to take us to San Pedro. Made such arrangements as we could for Dr. Macy and family. With my wife and child, Mr. Mendenhall and son, Mr. and Mrs. Mellett, Cyrus Adams, Jimmy (?), bid all good-bye and started for San Pedro. We camped two-thirds of the way to San Pedro, some fifteen miles from Los Angeles. That night the oxen put back and Oscar Macy and Jimmy started after them and just about daybreak they came across them entering a narrow street in Los Angeles, making their way back to the Mission. They returned with them in time for us to reach the roadstead at San Pedro that evening. The *Constitution* ran on a sand bar barely in sight and lay there quite a while before she got off. She came up and anchored. All was excitement, especially as to the fare. Captain Snell came on shore, when Mr. Mendenhall, the oldest member of the company, negotiated the passage for us all on most reasonable terms. We were such a dilapidated looking crowd that the Captain took pity on us. We looked at the ship with some interest and dreaded sea-sickness of which we had heard so much, but we looked out upon the great ocean with the deepest interest, with a feeling of awe. This was the first ocean steamer and the first ocean we had ever seen. We bid our friends a sad farewell, went aboard the steamer and at ten o'clock the next morning started out to sea. The weather was delightful. The sea smooth and unruffled. We steamed up past Santa Barbara, running thru miles of petroleum floating on the water. Below Monterey a thick fog set in and the steamer slowed down to a walk. The Captain was not quite sure of his position. Some thot that he was below Monterey,



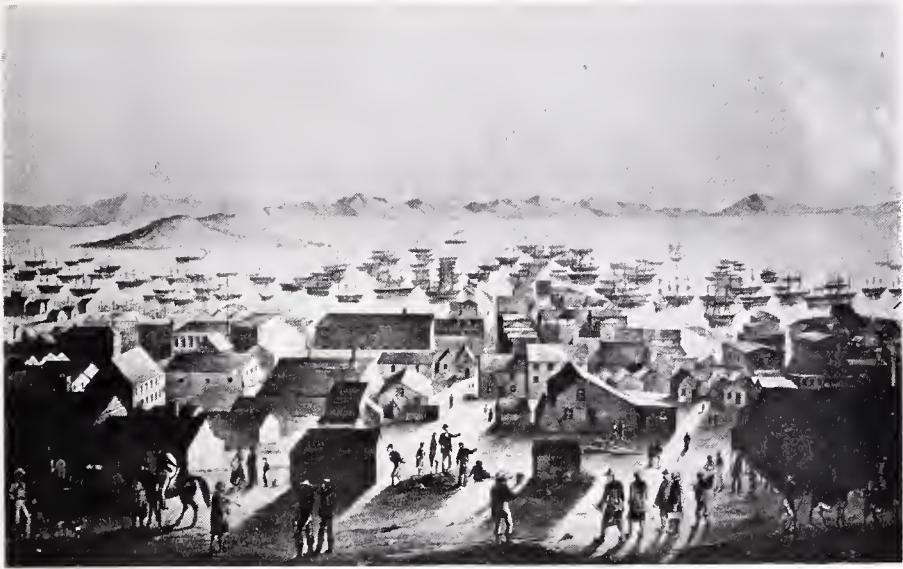


The roadstead at San Pedro as the American pioneers saw it.

when we drifted and steamed close to some sunken black rocks only a few feet from them, when it was decided that we were just below Monterey. One Spaniard was so frightened that he came near jumping overboard. He lost his wits. We stopped off Monterey a short time giving us a view of the bay. We finally arrived at the Golden Gate, steamed into the channel, and were greeted by a forest of masts, so much shipping then lying in the harbor of San Francisco. Here was the great little City, ensconced behind Telegraph Hill. We landed at the wharf at the junction of Jackson and Battery. As soon as possible we got our traps ashore for all was bustle and confusion. We hired a cart, put our things into it and started to the suburbs taking the advice of the driver of the cart as



to the locality. We went up Jackson to Stockton to a vacant lot on the southeast corner of Stockton and California streets just opposite a new frame building in process of erection, being built by Col. Stevenson. As this lot was wholly out of the city and convenient to both grub and blocks and shavings to make fire, we invaded and pitched our tents. It is where Grace Church now stands. Mr. and Mrs. Mellett found a small galvanized house between Clay and California Street below Stockton into which they moved. Mr. Mendenhall and his son Jimmy camped with us. We arrived I think on the 28th of January. A couple of days after our arrival Mr. Mendenhall and myself went to Sacramento to get our letters which we had requested when we left home to be sent there. As yet we had had no word from our relatives since we left nearly a year before. We took steerage passage in the steamer which was loaded down with passengers, miners and others. At night time we crowded in on to some packages of rice which left just room to fit in under the floor of the upper deck where we put in the night turning over from time to time to rest our tired limbs. We spent a very uncomfortable night but as many did not go to sleep but kept on the tramp, we did not complain. The Sacramento River was a beautiful stream, the banks fringed with willows and cottonwood and the water so transparent that we could often see gravel at the bottom. The low hills on either side were covered with green and the lofty mountains in the distance inspired us with a singular feeling. It was there that we expected to realize the fruition of our long-cherished hopes. On all sides of us were men who had been to the mines and told most fabulous stories of the richness of some of the diggings. We drank in all we heard. Arriving at Sacramento, we repaired at once to the Post Office and fortunately found several letters from home which as all were well, afforded us great relief. The landing at Sacramento at the foot of Jay Street, the river presented a pretty sight, the water was deep and clear, the bank dotted over with large oaks and sycamores. So much business rush on the landing. The streets lined with pack mules and wagons, all life and business activity. It was all such a contrast with the arid, treeless and waterless plains.



"Here was the great little City . . ."

We at once returned to San Francisco with an intention of putting out to the mines without delay. We went around town to see what might be seen and learn all possible as to the best mining locality. Some of us remained at the tent with my wife while the others were free to see the novelties that presented themselves on all sides. The city presented an irregular and indifferent appearance. A few brick buildings but the great majority frame structures and galvanized iron, zinc and a few sheet iron and tents. Water was carted and sold from house to house. The Post Office and the Recorder's Office were in a low frame building on the upper side of the plaza next to or near Clay Street on the corner of Kearney and Washington. Southeast was the El Dorado, a brick building, the ground floor occupied for gambling. The city with but here and there a small house was embraced between Jackson, California, Stockton and Montgomery. There was also a brick store on California, south side, I think, above Kearney. California Street was graded thru to Stockton. In going down to the town I would follow a path and where they were carting the sand away and steps were made in the bank would step down in that way and would pass this brick store on my way down. There was no way out from Stockton on the south, teams would turn and go down Jackson which

was the best grade and I think the only one for teams and carts. Long Wharf was an attraction. Thousands would go out on that wharf until it was black with people on the arrival of steamers, such an intense desire to see the arrivals whether any of your acquaintances would be of the number. There was so much shipping anchored in the bay. Forests of masts stood before you as you looked to the distant shore of Contra Costa. We climbed Telegraph Hill with hundreds of others and lay on the green grass looking over the beautiful expanse of water and our eyes finally resting upon the blue expanse, the mountains of the Sierra Nevada, our thots filled with golden visions. It was a wonderful country. We had at last arrived at San Francisco. My wife and myself on several occasions started to the summit, only a few rods from our tent and where we could see far in the distance the Mission buildings, nothing intervening. A desert of drifting sand. There was not a house to be seen in the distance but the Mission buildings in that direction. A high, long sand ridge ran in a southeasterly direction about where the Masonic Temple now stands. There was but a footpath leading up and over it and down to the few tents and shanties of the Sydneyites in the plot beyond. The Plaza bounded by Clay, Kearney and Washington, was the center of attraction. Here it was that a man by the name of Grant sold at auction on the arrival of the steamers the various papers. A person wanting a paper would call out for the one he wanted which, if he had it, would be offered for sale or handed to the party for a dollar. The papers generally sought after told almost universally the localities from which the parties came. The New Orleans Picayune and Delta, the St. Louis Republican, the Louisville Journal, Cincinnati Gazette, National Intelligencer, Washington Globe, New York Tribune and Herald, Pittsburgh Dispatch, Boston (name of papers not given), Philadelphia (names of papers not given), were the papers sought after, \$1.00 a copy was a reasonable price. At the mail delivery window crowds would assemble and stand in rows of two abreast nearly if not quite across the Plaza and patiently approach the window. There was but little violence, a crime reported on several occasions. I went down at night to the El Dorado to witness the gambling. It was reduced





"The Plaza . . . was the center of attraction." As it appeared 10 years after Cheesman's first visit to San Francisco.

to a science here. At one side of the hall on a raised platform were musicians who played incessantly day and night. A violinist by the name of Simonson led on the violin. He was an accomplished musician, receiving, as I was informed, \$50.00 per night. There were several tables in the room at which sat the gamblers, dealers of the game and a negro porter. The gamblers were armed with revolvers and knives. Gold dust, for there was really no coin, was staked upon the turn of the cards. Long buck-skin bags of gold dust were placed upon the table by the miners and lost as was generally the case. The negro porter took charge of it, in fact, he was really the cashier. All was silent, not a word was uttered by the gambler aside from the routine of the deal. The loser would utter no word of complaint and if a miner, generally with a side remark to a friend, perhaps that he could soon make as much again in the gold diggings, treat the loss almost as a matter of indifference. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were lost and won in a night at this place. The crowd at times would be so dense that you could with difficulty edge

your way thru the hall. I had never before seen such a sight. The miners were armed also. Every one in those days went heeled. It was scarcely a word and a blow but the blow without the word.

### To the Mines

The shipment of goods of all kinds was simply immense. Boxes, barrels and all kinds of mining machinery was to be seen stored on vacant lots, sides of streets, or any available place. There was no society other than the acquaintance of a few personal friends. Men were here today, off to the mines tomorrow, no one knowing whither. A few parties had commenced enclosing some lots or rather tracts of land by driving slender posts in the sand and nailing on a single narrow board from post to post and so enclosing it in that temporary way. Judge Hastings had just decided that a person could hold whatever land he had enclosed. Boats and steamers were advertised for the different mining camps;—Stockton, to Mokelumne Hill, Angels Camp and the southern mines. Sacramento—to Hangtown (Placerville), Coloma, Georgetown, Kelsey's Diggings, Murderer's Bar, Auburn, Grass Valley, Nevada, Salmon Falls, Mormon Island. Marysville—to Bidwell's Bar, Goodyear Bar, Downeyville. Red Bluffs—to Newville (?), Trinity Bar and all northern mines were the shipping points of great interest. "Bull Baker & Co." was a very prominent firm at Red Bluffs. The tide of mining emigration seemed strongest to the city of Sacramento. From there to the three forks of the American River. By the wonderful display of gold dust in the "El Dorado" and the almost fabulous reports of miners just from the Diggings, we had a renewed attack of the gold fever and hastened our departure. There was one cool, sagacious and far-seeing head in our little company. It was that of a woman, my wife. She had heard all the gilt edged reports that I brought up to camp, as well as others of our company, saw our feverish desire to be off to the mines, yet was not infused with any enthusiasm in that direction but from her daily duties in and around that little tent, standing on a sloping sand bank, with the mouth of the tent opening to the east, with her half dozen cooking utensils perched on the three or four stones consti-



"... looked down upon the growing city and out upon the magnificent bay ... with the vision of a prophet." Photo. 1865.

tuting the fire place, seated on our provision chest, nursing her babe, she had looked down upon the growing city and out upon the magnificent bay before her, with the shore lines tinged with green in the distance, and read the future with the vision of a prophet. "No," she answered, "my dear, give up an idea of the mines, stay here, open a law office and practice your profession. Now is your time, you are fresh in your readings, and will get business at once; for this is destined to be a great city, *the* city of the Pacific Coast. You go to the mines and all is uncertainty." When I suggested I feared the unsettled condition of property rights, I might not be able to make a living, having no library nor money to get books, she replied, "So far as a living is concerned, have no fear, for if necessary, I will take in washing and make us a good living." The mining fever had me completely under control. I suggested, "Let us go to the mines. I know how to work and if at all fortunate I can soon make a few thousand dollars, will send home and get me a good



library and return to San Francisco and carry out your wishes." "Ah, I fear if we do go to the mines, we will never return. Still if you think it best we will go." We at once struck our tent, packed up our few cooking utensils, rolled up our little old feather bed and blankets, got a cart, and footed our way to the wharf, to the landing of the Sacramento steamers. The *Senator* was firing up. We got our things on board (this was Monday the 5th of February). Took a steerage passage for Sacramento, Mr. Mendenhall and Amos, his son, accompanying us. Here an incident occurred that wounded my pride (feelings perhaps I should say) deeply. As my wife, carrying her babe in her arms, was going on board of the steamer, I accompanying her, we, not being familiar with the arrangements of steamers, having been accustomed so long to an ox wagon, started down the stairway leading to the "ladies cabin," when we were met by the colored stewardess who remarked to us and my wife especially "your place is on deck, this cabin is for ladies." My wife was poorly clad, in an old sun bonnet, a well worn and faded dress; with skin tanned by exposure, a heavy tired expression of face, a babe in her arms, she was not I admit, quite the kind of woman I afterwards found out to be a fit associate for the "ladies" of the cabin. We retraced our steps and entered the upper cabin. In one corner where there was barely room, for the steamer was literally packed with passengers, I unrolled our little feather bed, my wife sat upon it with the babe by her side. Here we were at once at home and welcome. There were no "ladies" up here. My wife at once became the center of attraction. She held a levee here in her unkempt condition, that a princess might envy. The utmost respect and deference were shown to her. "Hush, Jim, damn it, don't swear, there is a woman with a babe." A virtuous woman was sacred in the eyes of that motley crowd. The babe opened the fountains of the heart and tears unbidden flowed. "How old is he? I left a little fellow like him." The voice would choke down, a tear would be wiped from the stern and manly cheek, a sad glance and he would turn and be lost in the busy crowd. Incidents of this kind were common. A young man who was returning to the mines from a visit to "Frisco" to see a friend off was especially kind. He introduced

himself. His name was Carleton from Georgia. In the course of the trip he enquired to what portion of the mines we intended going. We replied we had no point especially in view. He then suggested we go up with him, that it was only about thirty-five miles above Sacramento, at Salmon Falls on the south fork of the American River. That while it might not be as rich a locality as some, still he had done well and he thought we might also. That there was a good road to the place. Then suspecting from our appearance that we had but little, if any, money, suggested that we could have all we wanted and we could repay him when we were able. We thanked him, said we might require some assistance from Sacramento up, which he could advance as occasion required. We arrived at Sacramento on the morning of the 6th of February.

During the forenoon, we found a two-horse team going up to the Falls, who would take us and our little plunder for \$60.00. We arranged to go with him. My wife and I bought a loaf of bread and some cheese and sat on the sidewalk near 8th Street and ate our dinner. The babe, as on the steamer was the attraction. The eye of a father would see it in a minute. Our company being all ready, my wife seated up by the side of the driver, we started for the mines. The afternoon we passed Sutter's old Fort and drove out as far as the Blue Tent, near Patterson's, some ten miles from the city where we camped for the night. The American river was only a few rods from us. I went to it for water and could not but admire it. Clear cold water and gravelly bottom. It was a pretty stream. Large oaks lined its banks on either side and stood as grand old sentinels dotted over the valley. With what peculiar sensations I looked upon the vast mountain chain in the distance. The road up from Sacramento was lined with pack animals, wagons, miners on foot packing their roll of blankets, so that the Blue Tent was crowded, especially the bar. I saw at once that there would be no safety for any one in this country who would drink. I made a resolution that night that I would not drink a drop of liquor whilst I remained in the State. Stating to my wife the resolution I had made, she smiled and said, "Will you stick to it?" I said "Yes." I have kept the resolution and have

never regretted that I made it, but have so often had occasion to thank God for the decision I then made. The next day we journeyed on, passing Alder Creek, where there was considerable mining. The miners seeing a woman and babe jumped up from their rockers and came out to the wagon with so many kind words. The babe was passed down to them and around from one to another, with all the tender affection possible. The tears would invariably come—and the remark “Oh could I only see my ——,” choke up and turn with a “God bless you” and return to their work. Some would say to me “You are a happy man,” with generally an inquiry of “what state are you from?” About sunset, we arrived at the top of the hill overlooking the town Salmon Falls. Mr. Mendenhall, as well perhaps as myself, had expressed some doubts about finding ready employment on our arrival. And everything cost so much, but an amusing incident occurred removing all doubts. Whilst we were locking the wheels of the wagon preparatory to starting down hill we heard a rattle-bang-bang and a long roll sounding in the distance like the filing of a saw. Then Mr. Mendenhall turned to me with a relieved and joyful expression that he knew he could make a living now, for “don’t you hear the filing of the saw? There is a steam mill here and I know I can get work.” When we got down to the town we found it was the ringing of the gong at six o’clock, at the American Hotel. Mr. Mendenhall’s saw mill turned out to be a gong. He was quite a machinist, mill wright, and hence, his confidence in getting work at a mill. We arrived in the evening of the 7th of February. We were soon at the mines. Our long, tiresome journey ended at last. 1st day of April 1850 to 7th of February, ’51 in camp and on the tramp for the mines, ten months and 7 days. We camped for the night. Our good young friend, Mr. Carleton, said he would go up to his camp, which was only three miles up the river at Kanaka Bar and if I did not see an opportunity to get a claim or find work to come up to him. There was a slight shower that afternoon and some rain through the night. We were allowed to sleep in a house belonging to Frank Lightfoot. The house was frame, had been shipped around the Horn and put up here and used as a store room and boarding house. Lightfoot had laid in a good stock of liquors, flour



and other necessary articles for the winter of '50. He had got them in the fall so that should the winter be severe as that of '49 he would be prepared for it. The winter, however, proved to be a remarkably open one, the roads in excellent condition. Teams with provisions were enabled to reach the mining towns without difficulty. The consequence was that he closed up his house, liquors, flour and other articles still on hand. He had also an excellent lot of bedding. We remained a few days, when an opportunity offered us, which we accepted. My wife was offered \$150.00 a month by Craig and Berry, who kept a public house, just across the ravine in town, a comfortable room, with our board, with no work to do, other than a general supervision of the kitchen and table. We at once moved to the hotel. We had a comfortable room though running across the end of the dining hall.

### **Life at the Diggings**

To go back to our arrival. This town was an active mining camp or center. It was on the south side of the south Fork of the American River, one mile down the falls of the same name, and on the direct road to Pilot Hill, Hatling's Dry Diggings, Greenwood Valley, Georgetown, to Murderer's Bar, on the Middle Fork and other less prominent mining localities. South of Coloma by trail twelve miles and thirty or thirty-five from Placerville. Above Mormon Island, nine miles in the County of El Dorado. There were two public houses in the town, the American Hotel kept at that time by Mr. Larkin, afterward Sheriff of the County, owned by Thos. Orr, and Craig & Berry. There were several saloons and a small house kept by Scruggs.

Like nearly all mining towns of that period, there was but one street and this a crooked one. There were several stores and groceries, all of which kept liquor. Tom Brown, afterwards Hanks & Brown were prominent. Afterwards the Humphrey Bros. opened a grocery store, — David and James Humphrey. Higgins also had a store and did an immense business. It was after him that the point at the Falls was named, where he had mined with wonderful success. His claim was reputed the richest in that mining locality. He had taken out with the assistance of one man as high as

\$1,400.00 a day. It was thought he had got as high as \$200,000.00 of dust from the claim. He was an Irishman with an Irish wife. His father-in-law Flanagan and his mother-in-law lived with them. His success proved his ruin. He took to drink. Though a good business man, his habits of intemperance, infidelity to his wife brought his downfall. His claim lay just at the upper edge of the bend embracing a series of ledges of rock dipping to the east or towards the current at less than 45 degrees. These ledges continued across the channel of the river into the mountain beyond and back into the sloping hill side on the south and covered from the water's edge with a thin layer or deposit of red earth, which deepened as they worked into the hill. By some hocus pocus he held a wide strip of ground up and down the river from the water's edge back into the hill. They informed us the crevices in richness were almost incredible. All washed out by the pan and rocker process. As an evidence of the honesty of the people at the mine, Higgins had left at different times as much as \$1,000.00 in his rocker, and had never missed anything.

There was a Justice of the Peace, Joel G. Donner (?) living at the American Hotel and a Mr. Sanderson, who had also served as a Justice ———. There were four physicians engaged more or less in practice, though also engaged in mining operations. Dr. Bates, quite a young man, Dr. Hurd, Dr. Dixon, a young man from Mississippi, afterwards killed in a duel with Phil Thomas, District Attorney of Placer County, and Dr. Selden A. McMeans (?) the most prominent and skillful of all, afterwards Treasurer of State, during Johnson's Administration.

The families were ——— and wife, Ebenezer Hanks and wife, Reuben Allred (?) and wife, Moses Thatcher, wife and several sons. Mr. ———, wife and family who afterward settled in Sonoma County, near Petaluma. These families were mining. ——— Higgins and wife, Flanagan and wife, were Irish. During the summer R. K. Bery, who located here in 1849 and who had located a wonderfully rich river claim, two miles above town, a man of first rate business qualifications, a man of spirit and enterprise, who had the year just ended, returned to the States with a handsome sum of money



"... such an intense desire to see the arrivals . . ." From an old sketch.

returned with his wife and child in May (?), also a sister-in-law, Miss Phillips, afterwards married to Mr. Raven, a well known citizen of Coloma and who subsequently came to San Francisco. \_\_\_\_\_ at \_\_\_\_\_

some two or three miles distant. They subsequently moved into the American (?) hotel and kept the house for years. There were three sons, John, James and Thomas. There were two daughters, Bell (?) and May. One of the daughters married Mr. Whitney of Whitney's Express, Oakland. The father and mother were Scotch people. Mr. Charles Ramsay, wife and family were here at our arrival. The day after our arrival, I went up the river a mile or two to witness mining and see how it was done. I passed up above the claim and as far as Stoney Bar, returning late in the afternoon. On my return, my wife remarked that a gentleman by the name of Ramsay had called, having learned that a family had just arrived, and in the course of conversation learned that we were from Eastern Indiana and knew some of his relatives



living in Henry (?) County, by the name of Hollands, that he had also once lived there. That he had moved to Missouri, married there and crossed the plains in '49, with his family, that he had been very successful in business and mining, that now he was engaged in buying and selling stock. He remarked that perhaps we were as so many others in coming such a long journey without means, if so, he would like to aid us as he had plenty and for us to come over and see them, remarking that he lived in the log cabin out there, pointing in the direction of his own camp, four or five rods distant. My wife thanked him; that on my return she would have me call on him. So she suggested that I at once go over and thank him for his kind offer, remarking that he was so frank and gentlemanly in his manner. I did so; was met by him as though I had been a brother. In our conversation he referred to what he had said to my wife, when I thanked him and said all I wanted was a place to work and a pick, shovel and a rocker. He said for me to come in the morning and he would go with me and get the articles; that his Uncle O'Neil was blacksmithing there and he could make the pick.

I went over in good time in the morning. Mr. O'Neil made a

pick .....	\$ 5.50
a shovel .....	16.00
rocker .....	22.00
and a gold pan .....	1.00

Now said he I will go with you down to Higgin's Point, where I think you can locate a claim; that several Indianians were at work there, and he thought had good claims; that they were steady men, seldom up at town and he believed were doing well. We went down to the Point. He went and spoke to them, stating my situation; and then they remarked that there was some good ground above them, that they thought equally as good as where they were working, not claimed, which they intended to work in time if no one took it. And if one of them came up with him, Jacob See, the rules of the Bar allowed a single claim of 15 feet across the channel and any distance from the river into the hill or mountain. So Mr. Ramsay stepped off five long strides, being a

tall man they could not be less than eighteen feet, stuck a stake down for my claim, another off for himself—that is intended for me ultimately. I immediately took off my coat and proceeded to sink a shaft on the claim. Visiting my Indiana friends in the interim as I tired at the work, they informed me that a strip of gravel and clay ranging from  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 ft. deep over the bed rock would average 75c to the bucketfull. To get at this dirt, they stripped off the red dirt to the depth of 8 or 9 feet to this pay dirt and threw it back of them and some of it they wheeled off in wheel barrows. I was shown the process of washing in the rockers, which were set at the river's edge just above the falls. As I proceeded with my shaft I prospected the dirt in my pan, which gave as they said 10c to the pan. I was very tired when night came and sore with blistered hands. The next day, however, I went at it in good earnest and before night time was down to the gravel and got as high as 50c to the bucket. I cleaned the stone away and fixed my rocker in position in which I was aided by a gentleman by the name of Campbell. He was washing up near me. This gentleman was ever after a firm friend of mine. Was afterward a member of the Assembly from El Dorado County in 1864 at the time I delivered my Greenback speech in the Assembly Chamber and it was to him that I wrote my letter, asking him to secure the hall for me. He was a true friend and a man of irreproachable character.

My claim did not prove as rich as my friends expected, but I did well and soon had money enough to pay Mr. Ramsay. And on the return of Mr. Carleton, some two weeks after our arrival to the Falls, I returned to him what he had so kindly advanced on our way from Sacramento up to the Falls. My wife was at the Lightfoot home and I through the day working my claim at the Point. I was compelled to work it under some disadvantages. I had no ladder to climb up or down, so cut a pine limb and trimmed the limbs off, so that I could step down and climb out by catching hold of these stubs. I had got a couple of potato sacks which I would toss into the claim, partially fill them, climb out with them, tie them together and with them across my back would climb over the boulders to my rocker at the river's edge, and so repeat. I

had no wheel barrow nor could I well have used one; for the boulders were too large for me to move out of the way. In time I stripped off the top dirt also as the others had done. Mr. Powell and his two little boys worked a claim near me. They did a good deal of crevicing along the river and made a good deal in this way. The little fellows would crawl into crevices where men could not go. They would scrape long handled ladles or strips of iron the thin layer of dirt that would be found between the rocks often not over  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch thickness and thus got very rich dirt. Often would pan out 4 and 5 ounces a day. The Indianians would also do a good deal of this kind of mining. There was extensive mining carried on the opposite side of the river and in '49 very rich diggings had been worked there. Back of the bar as then worked running into the sloping hill was found an old channel of the river, where men drifted in leaving pillars of earth to support the bank, honeycomb the claim, making as high as \$100.00 a day to the hand. The dirt to use an expressive term of the time was perfectly lousy with gold. These claims were cut down to 15 feet square.

A Mr. Reamer (?), who afterwards owned rich mines at Forest Hill and was interested in the Auburn ditch owned and worked one of the claims. He was at the time an exceptionally well behaved young man. I was tempted at times to change my location but as we were doing passably well and becoming acquainted and treated with the utmost respect, felt disinclined to go elsewhere. Still men were shouldering their blankets and going north, seeking richer locations. Manna Lake Hill (?) at Georgetown was very rich, so also were Kelsey's Diggings, Murderer's Bar. On the Middle Fork was another place attracting great attention. One of the richest dry gulches yet discovered was Hastings Ravine above Pilot Hill on the way to Greenwood Valley. Parties threw up dirt during the summer of '50 with a view of washing it out when the rainy season should set in; but as the winter of 1850-51 was a very dry one, the dirt remained in great piles. In throwing this dirt up, however, the miners picked up enough coarse gold and in many instances much more than was necessary to pay all expenses. Prices all the way from 25c to



an ounce and even more were picked out of the dirt. In the dry diggings throughout the mining regions a great deal of work was done through the summer of 1850, in throwing up dirt to be washed the coming winter. A great many abandoned their claims, some gave the dirt away and struck out for other locations where water could be had. There was a bridge across the river at the falls south of the ravine, known as Berey's (?) Creek. The road to and from it passing in front of the Lightfoot house and not crossing the creek but at the time we came the bridge was not thought safe and the travel passed through the town which is mostly north of Berey's (?) Creek and crossed at a ferry; one-half a mile above. This ferry was owned by Jack Smith and A. Richards. Afterwards a bridge was built at the crossing. There was a great deal of travel over this road; for it was the only road to and from the mines in between the Middle and South Forks of the American River. On week days there were not many persons to be seen in the town. At night time the streets would be crowded; for the miners in the vicinity would come to town. Very many of them to try their luck at the gaming table. Besides, a large number boarded in town; but when Saturday evening came and on Sunday especially, the streets would be literally thronged and jammed with miners. Sunday was the business day of the week. Picks and drills were brought to the shops for sharpening. The gold dust brought in and disbursed, account bills paid up, orders for the week made in the shape of provisions, meats, etc., and a general tear around with kindred spirits. The richness of the various camps and new localities commented upon. Often on such occasions sales of claims were made and teams up from Sacramento loaded with provisions would sell out. It was the only day of the week when there was a general attendance from all the river bars and claims for miles around would take place. It was feast day for the gamblers and saloons and the demi-monde, who flaunted themselves in the street with brazen impudence. Pack animals were being loaded and driven off on the various trails to the camps on the river, loaded with potatoes, bacon, beans, picks and shovels. The Saloons would be full almost to suffocation. The bar would

have an increased corps of assistants for the day and night; all was bustle and excitement. Buckskin sacks of gold dust would stand upon the tables of the monte dealers. A miner in luck would come out of the saloon, meet Bill, Jim, Tom or Sandy as the case might be. "How much dust have you got with you? I want it, I am in luck." Out would come the purse with probably 8 or 10 ounces. "There, Shorty, take it, and luck be with you." There was no weighing it, no witness called, no receipt, all in confidence. If Shorty's luck continued, the dust was honestly returned. If he lost, then the next Saturday night found him the needful and the obligation canceled. Such was the free and unrestrained intercourse with these reckless, hardy miners. If one became sick or disabled so that he could not work, a fund was at once raised for his relief. As much as \$300.00 to \$500.00 would be contributed in a few hours. Everything in the way of charity was done with a liberal and generous hand. On one occasion a Mr. Boyd from Missouri was badly injured by the caving of a bank, so much so that it was not believed that he could ever recover sufficiently to work. We concluded to send him home. On Sunday morning it was arranged that two of us should camp on the river for assistance. I went below and another started up the river. We met in the afternoon at three with over \$500.00 in dust. I went some three miles down the river. The boys were cleaning their dust rockers out, the earnings of the week. All I had to do was to state the case and out would come the slug or piece often weighing from \$12.00 to \$15.00. "If that is not enough, here is more." Their offers generally were more than enough. "Has he a family, poor fellow, if so let's double it." We sent a friend with him to San Francisco to see him off in good shape.

Instances of this kind were of frequent occurrence, and to their credit, let it be said, the gamblers were equally generous.

During the summer a Methodist preacher put in an appearance and was requested to preach. We selected a large and wide spreading oak at the upper part of town. Hired the darky bell-ringer to make the announcement through the crowded streets; visited the saloons and verbally announced the meeting with invitation to all to attend—when some of

the miners would say: "Bid him wait for a few minutes for I am in a h—l of a streak of luck just now,"—but would drop the cards, order a drink and attend. After the sermon Mr. R. V. Berry assisted in passing the hat around. An excellent contribution was made by the gamblers, who immediately returned to their tables, so that on our return with the Rev. gentleman we could hear them dealing out the cards. Such was the remarkable condition of society at that time in the mines. Nearly every man carried a revolver, or weapon of some sort, and shots especially at night were of frequent occurrence—the general remark sure to be made: "There's another gambler shot." There were many men who conducted themselves with propriety, but a large proportion spoke of this as "only California" as though being here absolved them from the habits and customs in which they were educated and gave them license in conduct not tolerated at home. Honesty with all classes seemed proverbial—while harum-scarum recklessness was observable everywhere. The prompt and efficient administration of the rope, the certainty of punishment for crime, was no doubt the conservator of order. This punishment was meted out by the people in their respective localities. A noted instance occurred in the summer at Green Bend Valley. A man had enclosed a small lot in which there was a spring, the resort of the miners of that flat for water. He had thrown around it a temporary fence. The miners would occasionally leave the gate or gap open which exasperated him and he remarked that he would shoot the first man that came for water as he notified all persons to keep out of his enclosure. At noon an old man took his bucket, went to the spring, filled it and was in the act of leaving when he was shot down by the occupant. Immediately on report of the pistol the miners began to flock to the spot as all had knocked off work to get dinner, seized the man, sent runners to all the camp to assemble at once, which was done. Hundreds of excited men came, a court was instituted, an attorney for the prosecution stated the case. The defendant selected his attorney and was allowed to go through the crowd and select his jury—who were sworn to render a verdict according to the evidence. Witnesses were examined,



arguments made by the attorneys—a charge by the judge to the jury—who retired for consultation and in a short time returned with a verdict of guilty of murder in the 1st degree, with a sentence to be hung in fifteen minutes. The sentence was carried publicly into execution so that within two hours of the commission of the act he expiated the offense by hanging from the limb of one of the wide spreading oaks in that beautiful mountain valley. I believe this was the last murder committed in that locality. It was the swift and prompt punishment meted out to the criminals that doubtless deterred so many from the commission of crime.

We were provided with a comfortable room, though small, across the north end of the dining hall. I continued at work on my claim. I became well acquainted with several of the boarders—Doctors Hurd and Bates, Ketchum now and for years past keeper of the Bidwell Bar Bridge in Butte Co., James Dubois and many others.

The only really serious difficulty I ever had in the state occurred here. James Dubois was clerking for Craig & Berry who had sent him to Coloma to bring suit by attachment against a noted gambler by the name of Travers who had been owing the firm for some time for liquors as Travers also kept a saloon. As soon as Travers became aware of what Dubois had done, he hunted for him and entered the dining room supposing Dubois might be in there at supper. It seems Dubois had just left the table. I came in not being aware of any difficulty just at the moment that Travers was making for the door to our room. I quickly stepped before him and asked what he wanted. He replied with an oath that Dubois had gone in there and that he was after him. I thought it possible Dubois had for some cause of which I was still unaware, sought to escape out through a north window, so I parleyed a moment to give Dubois time to effect his escape, stating to Travers that there was no one in there but my wife and a sick child, my child being very sick under the doctor's care at the time, but he seemed bent on going in. I told him decidedly he could not go in. I opened the door to go in and was just closing it behind me when he struck a blow at me with a bowie knife which entered a board of

the door instead of my back—the knife went nearly through the board, the door being what is known as a batten door. I had no weapon. He shot out of the room as quickly as possible. Dr. Bates gave me a revolver. I sought Travers for some time with the intention of shooting him on sight. He kept out of the way for several days and I think never entered Berry's saloon afterwards. That is the only instance I ever had where I sought after a man to kill him on sight. Dubois had not entered our room but had escaped out through the kitchen.

We had some serious and some very laughable events come under our observation. Employed in the kitchen were two men—one a German, a coarse looking, rather overbearing fellow but a good baker; the other a Frenchman advanced in years, he was a dishwasher. My wife was quite attached to him, partly on account of his age and the further fact that he had evidently seen better days. He was so courteous and gentlemanly whilst the German was the reverse. The Frenchman's name was Mattete. The German had treated him rather roughly and when my wife came into the kitchen the old gentleman could restrain himself no longer but broke forth in indignant strains nearly as follows: "Sacre mon Dieu! Me member of the Royal Academy of Science, Paris—dishwasher—dishwasher—Sacre mon Dieu." My wife pitied him very much and consoled him as best she could. The old gentleman had a fine son with him who made some money and with his father returned to France.

On another occasion a Kanaka prince who became afterwards King of the Islands was mining above the town four or five miles at a point known as Kanaka Bar, assisted by some three hundred Kanakas. He arranged with Messrs. Craig & Berry to prepare a dinner for them on a certain Sunday. They had cultivated a fine garden and had an abundance of vegetables which they served on their table besides selling a great deal to the miners. The tables were arranged to seat probably one hundred persons. Aside from the ordinary articles of food—vegetables graced the table in abundance and the first of the season. These uncouth semi-barbarians were pretty civil and well behaved. They became

seated and went to work in real earnest using knives, forks and spoons to the best of their ability, but with most laughable awkwardness and finally they began to discard the implements of civilization and dashed into the various dishes with their fingers and so piled in the vegetables with both hands. It was a most amusing scene. When all got through the Prince paid the bill which was three dollars per head. All satisfied with the feast. The Kanakas were kind-hearted, simple-minded people, good workers, especially in water. A number of men who followed the sea and had some acquaintance with these islanders got Kanaka women to live with them and had them in the mines. There were several at the Falls.

Soloman Henry kept one. He lived years after in San Francisco. At this time there was no mail in this place. Some one having business to take him to Frisco would stick up notices to the effect that he would bring up letters or would enquire for letters for any who would leave his name at "Higgins Store" which was a kind of recipient headquarters. In this way a party would probably get 2 or 3 hundred names. At the bay on arrival of steamer he would employ men to stand in line at the window and as they approached change places and thus by repeating this operation would in 2 or 3 days obtain whatever mail matter there might be covering his list of names, securing also a lot of papers (some of them orders) and periodicals would return, when notice would be given of his arrival crowds would gather in front of Higgin's saloon, which by the way, was just across the street from Craig and Berry's, and receive their mail. The charge was \$1 for each letter, papers and periodicals \$2 to \$3 each. My wife and myself took much interest in watching from our window the actions of the various men as they applied for letters. Some of course failed to receive any when perhaps they would make some petulant, hasty expression of disappointment, while the next party would receive a letter, step aside and rest on a very large stump which stood just aside from the window in full view, open it and commence reading when the hand would fall lifelessly to his side, his bronzed hand go up and wipe the gathering tears from his eyes. Sadly walk away.



While another would read his letter smiles lighting up his face, eyes beaming with joy—look slyly around and then re-read, and smile and carefully fold the letter, slipping it cautiously where it would not be seen and walk away. She was still true to him. His every action told this in unmistakable terms.

Others would get none and then the short impulsive step and look and action of the lips plainly said “Damn it”—a toss of the head spoke of independence and away he went to the saloon. He didn’t care for her, no not he, not a “damn bit” but his manner belied his innermost thoughts.

These instances were of frequent occurrence. There was great scarcity of books, as well as coin, in fact coin was not to be had. All our change was made by various sized “scads” as they were generally called, pieces of gold ranging from 4 bits to \$5.00. For convenience a miner generally carried some of these in his pocket, aside from his buckskin purse of 6 or 8 ounces of dust. One peculiarity at this time was the large proportion of black sand left in the dust. I am quite sure I have seen as high as 30 or 40 percent of black sand. No one objected—took and put it in with other parcels, shook it up and paid it out. The miners had poor facilities at that for cleaning it well and as it passed currently no one cared. This continued a year or two longer when scales came in use and gold dust buyers objected to purchasing it unless it was cleaned. The first lot that I saw cleaned was in Sacramento in ’53. Grant who at one time sold papers, periodicals, etc., on the Plaza had come up to Sacramento and was engaged in a banking house, Barton Lees, I think. When a courtizan came in with several thousand dollars of dust for sale, Grant emptied the dust into a large brass bowl with a short handle in the shape of a miner’s dipper, the bottom of fine wire web. He gave it a few shakes over a receiver into which the black sand and fine gold dust was caught, then turned the balance into the bowl of the scales and was about to announce the weight when, she, comprehending the situation began a volley of oaths that I never heard surpassed. She ordered him to put it back as she had it, which he did and she left muttering that she would submit to no such d——d swind-

ling. However, this in time became the universal custom. Almost every miner had provided himself with a pair of small scales often with lead weights as well as the brass ones, but with the scales a brass or tin blower and a horse-shoe shaped magnet together with his pan was all he required at this time to clean his dust, and arrive at its weight. In payments dust counted at the value of \$16 to the ounce.

The fact that Craig & Berry had a woman, my wife, to oversee their table, gave a largely increased patronage to the house. So many miners wanted to see and talk to a woman and the babe was an especial attraction. On Sundays when there would be a jam at the house as well as on the streets I would, to relieve my wife, take the child in my arms and step out on to the street when I would be at once surrounded by miners, all anxious to have the little fellow in their arms. They would pass him from one to another, when some parent would beg the favor to take him awhile, start off up the street with crowds around him all overjoyed to see the child with all the varied comments, "My God, the father of that child should be a happy man." "If I just had my little fellow!" ("Damn it—how weak a man can be," as he would brush a tear from his eye), "I would give all the gold, if I had it, in Berry's claim" (this was a very rich claim and sort of standby to point an expression). I would let him go and return to the house when my wife would say, "My dear, where is the child?" "Oh, I let some father take him who wished to carry him up town." She would look with some uneasiness when I would remark, "Oh, he will be taken care of. No harm will come to him." "Well, you had better go and see after him." So I would stroll off up town and there I would find the crowd half in tears. It brought home so near to them. This showed the better side of human nature, men who had not shaved nor cut their hair since they left home—some in '49—with clothes patched or fixed with flour sacks covering great, true, honest hearts.

Mr. Lightfoot desired very much that we should return and open his house. He preferred our being in possession of the house as safety to his property. We did so and opened a public house. He was very desirous we should take his

stock of liquors and so were some if not all of our boarders, but this we declined to do. I was unwilling to keep a bar and make my living from selling liquors. We were well patronized. The building was excellent and the house quite suitable for the business. I took the Sacramento Union and bought some of the leading papers for the use of the house. My wife attended to the house. We hired a cook and had the house kept in the best of order and the table supplied with substantial food prepared in good shape, and as a novelty had good linen table cloths spread upon the table with linen towels at the stands. To keep such a house and board at \$8.00 a week, which was the current rate at houses not so well kept, we found there was but little money in it. Single meals, 'tis true was at \$1.00. The best quality of steak was 25c a pound and a great deal of meat was used. I had in the meantime made a mining claim on Higgin's Point 1 mile.



Los Angeles as it was when David W. Cheesman and the Macy family first saw it.





Fort Moore, on the hill overlooking the Plaza, Los Angeles, was erected by the Mormon Battalion.

## THE MORMON BATTALION

By FLORA BELLE HOUSTON

The Mormon Battalion came into being as a result of the overland migration of the Saints, a direct outcome of the mission of Elder Jessie C. Little of Washington.

That they could be of service to the government in carrying freight around the Horn or in the event of President Polk's recommendation to build forts on the route to Oregon becoming a law, had been mentioned by the council of the church in their circular issued when the decision was made to leave for the west. This work they could do as cheaply as anyone, and the compensation would make possible the migration for many who would otherwise be unable to go.<sup>1</sup> Brigham Young, writing to Little, said: "If our government shall offer any facilities for emigrating to the Western coast, embrace those facilities, if possible, as a wise and faithful man."<sup>2</sup>

Little had secured letters of introduction to several prominent men in Washington through Colonel Thomas Kane, a former friend of the Mormons, and with their aid was admitted to audience with the President. John Steel, Governor of New Hampshire and an old-time friend of Mr. Little, wrote a letter of introduction for the Elder stating that he understood that he was in Washington to procure any freight the government might wish to send to Oregon, in order that the expense of chartering vessels to take him and his followers to California where they intended to go to settle, might be lessened.<sup>3</sup>

In a petition to the President, Elder Little had told of the many thousands of the Saints, from the British Isles and the Sandwich Islands, as well as from the United States, who were determined to gather in California as soon as possible. He stated that many were poor and unable to pay their passage either by sea or by land, and added;

If you will assist us at this crisis, I hereby pledge my honor, my life, my property and all I possess as the representative of this people, to stand ready at

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1. *Times and Seasons*, Vol. VI, No. 21, 1896, (Jan. 20, 1846).

2. Stenhouse, T. B. H., *Rocky Mountain Saints*, 237. Letter of Brigham Young to Elder Little, dated Temple of God, Nauvoo. January 20, 1846.

3. Roberts, B. H., *The Mormon Battalion*, 6. Little's Report to Brigham Young.



your call, and that the whole body of the people will act as one man in the land to which we are going, and should our territory be invaded we hold ourselves ready to enter the field of battle, and then like our patriot fathers—make the battlefield our grave or gain our liberty.<sup>4</sup>

The President replied that he had no prejudice against the Saints, that he had confidence in the Mormons as true American citizens, and was willing to do them all the good in his power.<sup>5</sup>

The United States had for some time felt that California was a most desirable province, not likely to remain long under Mexican control, and that the rapid increase of American population would bring about the desired result, unless it were prevented by European interference, (England's desire for the territory was well known) although it was hoped that acquisition could be accomplished by purchase rather than by filibustering.<sup>6</sup>

Trouble had been brewing with Mexico since the independence of Texas had been secured in 1836 by the American colonists there, the Mexicans feeling that independence was but a starting point for annexation to the United States. When the question of annexation did come up, Mexico declared officially that it would be forcibly resisted, and would be made a cause of war.<sup>7</sup> In the spring of Forty-six, the trouble had come to a focus, and during April blood had been shed. On May thirteenth, President Polk proclaimed that a state of war existed between the two countries. The war once begun, the government did not hesitate to occupy California temporarily as a military measure.

As the news of the break with Mexico came while the negotiations with Elder Little were in progress, it is not surprising that the President thought to make use of these Mormons in a military way, making them a part of the "Army of the West." Little makes the claim that the President first

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4. Ibid, 10. It was the general belief at that time that the Mormons were moving west to throw off their allegiance to the United States, and but for the acquisition of the Mexican territory by the United States, the Mormons would have set up an independent government in the Rocky Mountains or have been forced to recognize Mexican authority. "With the latter Brigham would doubtless have made very short work." Stenhouse, 239, op. cit.

5. Stenhouse, 239, op. cit.

6. Article by H. J. Raymond, *American Review*, January, 1846, 99.

7. Bancroft, H. H. *History of California*, Vol. V, 192.



arranged to send one thousand Mormons by land, and an equal number by sea. His report said further:

I visited President Polk; he informed me that we should be protected in California, and that five hundred or one thousand of our people should be taken into the service, officered by our own men; said that I should have letters from him, and from the Secretary of the Navy to the squadron. I waived the President's proposal until evening, when I wrote a letter of acceptance.<sup>8</sup>

Bancroft reminds us that the details of this negotiation rest almost entirely on Mormon authority, and that possibly the elder in his enthusiasm, was disposed to exaggerate the President's promises; while, on the other hand, Polk, after further consideration may have felt that he had promised too much.<sup>9</sup> His diary, under date of June second (1846) says:

Colonel Kearny was also authorized to receive into service as volunteers a few hundred of the Mormons on their way to California, with a view to conciliate them, attach them to our country and prevent them from taking part against us.<sup>10</sup>

Polk's biographer says that Little offered to overtake the Mormons and muster five hundred of them into service, but Polk, fearing they would reach there before Kearny did, declined, as he did not want the province to be at the mercy of the Mormon soldiers. He did not want Kearny to enlist them until they arrived in California.<sup>11</sup>

The Mormon churchmen believe that Thomas H. Benton, congressman from Missouri, did much to turn the President against them, arguing that they were disloyal, and urging that the President make a demand upon them to prove their good faith.<sup>12</sup> The President did ask the advice of Benton, who thought that the regiment should be sent, but felt they should go as emigrants and be discharged in California at the end of their service.<sup>13</sup> An interview with Mrs. General John C. Fremont, daughter of Senator Benton, convinced Stenhouse that

8. Roberts, 10, from *Little's Report*, 23, op. cit.

9. Bancroft, *California*, Vol. V, 472, op. cit.

10. Quaife, M. M., *Diary of President Polk*, Vol. I, 444. Apparently the Mormons were powerful enough at that time to oblige the President to take them into consideration. Golder, F. A., *The March of the Mormon Battalion*, 32.

11. McCormac, E. J., *J. R. Polk, a Political Biography*, p. 422. Quoting Polk's *Diary*, Vol. I, p. 449-50.

12. Golder, p. 104, from *Journal History*, 1848, p. 67, op. cit. Tyler, Daniel, *The Mormon Battalion*, p. 117. Copying G. Q. Cannon.

13. McCormac, p. 422, op. cit.

the Senator had no evil intent toward the Mormons, in fact he found much to the contrary.<sup>14</sup>

Tullidge makes the charge that many saw in this an attempt to destroy or cripple the Mormons by taking from them their best men at a perilous time, though some thought the government designed only their good. The truth is, he says, that a few honorable men did so design, while others wished for their extinction, and some felt it a good way to wrest California from Mexico, not caring what became of the Mormons afterward.<sup>15</sup>

Stenhouse states that Brigham Young's charge that the government called the battalion, at the instigation of Benton, hoping they would rebel rather than leave their families in the Indian country without protection, thus giving the government a chance to break them up, is unjust. The story was made up, he thinks, to increase their endearment to the "Kingdom" and to cultivate their dislike for the republic, and has done more than any other thing in all Mormon history to shape the sentiment of the Mormon people against the government. Feeling this charge should be investigated, Stenhouse corresponded with governmental officials, and with Colonel Cooke who commanded their battalion, and has established beyond question, he thinks, that the government had no such thought in mind.<sup>16</sup> The appearance of Captain Allen at the Mormon camps to enlist the men, was unheralded, and as Stenhouse writes, "much patriotism could not be expected in fleeing, homeless exiles," and Brigham and his followers might be forgiven for any thoughts they may have had at the time. But, in full possession of the facts, his after utterances have been most unjust to the government.<sup>17</sup>

Regardless of what may have been promised by the President, or what may have motivated those in power, the result was a call for a battalion of five hundred Mormon men, to be mustered into the service of the United States for twelve months, to march, via Santa Fe, to California, where they were to be discharged at the expiration of their term, retain-

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14. Stenhouse, p. 249, op. cit.

15. Tullidge, E. W., *History of Salt Lake City*, p. 24.

16. Stenhouse, p. 241, op. cit.

17. *Ibid.*, p. 244. Bancroft also speaks of this, saying that so ingrafted in their minds was the thought of persecution, that many believed the call for the battalion an act of tyranny on the part of the United States. Bancroft, H. H., *History of Utah*, p. 242, (footnote).

ing the arms and accoutrements furnished to them. Secretary of war, Marcy, in his report to Kearny (Commander of the "Army of the West") said:

It is known that a large body of Mormon emigrants are en route to California, for the purpose of settling in that country. You are desired to use all possible means to have a good understanding with them, to the end that the United States army may have their co-operation in taking possession of, and holding that country. It has been suggested here that many of these Mormons would willingly enter into the service of the United States, and aid us in our expedition against California. You are hereby authorized to muster into service such as can be induced to volunteer; not, however, to a number exceeding one-third of your entire force. Should they enter the service they will be paid as other volunteers, and you can allow them to designate, so far as it can be properly done, the persons to act as officers thereof.<sup>18</sup>

These instructions were forwarded to Captain Allen of the First Regular Dragoons and he was told to proceed to the Mormon camps and endeavor to raise four or five companies. He was sent by the Mormons to the camp of Brigham Young at Council Bluffs, the winter quarters of the Saints, where, after a council with the leaders, the matter was presented to the people at a public meeting.

There was some reluctance on the part of the Mormons to respond to this unexpected call. It was of mutual advantage, the Mormons had asked for aid in moving their people to California; while the government needed a volunteer force which in no other way could be raised so promptly. The Saints, however, regarded it as a mere requisition for troops, and in numbers all out of proportion to the population that was to furnish them. It was not from lack of courage, Tyler tells us, that they hesitated, but they had been deceived so many times by those who held authority in the nation, that they looked upon this new requisition with distrust,<sup>19</sup> and as a test of loyalty to the nation which, according to their view, had virtually thrust them from its borders and permitted mobs to plunder them and murder their prophets.<sup>20</sup> Assistance in emi-

18. Marcy, Sec. of War. Letter to General Kearny. 1846. Executive Document No. 60, 1st Session, 30th Congress, Serial No. 520, p. 153.

19. Tyler, p. 115, op. cit.

20. Whitney, O. F., *History of Utah*, Vol. 1, p. 260.



grating with their families, or work of any kind on the route of their journey by which they could earn a subsistence, would have been hailed with delight. But joining the army and leaving their families in a desperate condition, was a different matter. Regarding it, as many did, as a device to weaken them and hasten their destruction, although Captain Allen represented the call as an act of benevolence on the part of the government, it is doubtful if he would have got one of the Saints to join him if it had been left to his own influence.<sup>21</sup>

Linn feels that there was nothing of a "demand" on the Mormons in this matter, and that the advantage of acceptance was largely on their side. Had it not been, it would have been rejected.<sup>22</sup> John Taylor, writing to the British Saints said, "The President of the United States is favorably disposed to us." He tells of the enlistment, then, "it amounts to the same as paying them for going to the place where they were destined to go without."<sup>23</sup> Golder is of the opinion that Brigham Young, better than anyone else, knew what a God-send to the Mormons this was and grasped at the opportunity.<sup>24</sup>

Ignoring the feelings of the men who would have to leave their destitute families, the leaders, headed by Brigham Young, set about the work of recruiting at once. Stress was laid on the advantages of being the first settlers, of the chance to refute the charge of disloyalty, and of the free outfits and pay to be received, for the pecuniary assistance was badly needed. Young told them that if they wanted the privilege of going where they could worship God as they pleased, the battalion must be raised.

"We have lived near so many old settlers who would always say 'get out', that we should be thankful for the privilege of going to settle a new country," he said and reminded them that should the country ultimately come under the government of the United States, that they would be the old settlers who could say "get out."<sup>25</sup>

Urging that they could not ask for anything more accept-

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21. Tyler, p. 116, op. cit.

22. Linn, W. A., *The Story of the Mormons*, p. 371.

23. *Millennial Star*, Vol. 8, No. 8, p. 248, op. cit.

24. Golder, p. 34, op. cit.

25. *Historical Record*, Vol. 8, p. 908, from *Journal History*. One diary records, "Friday, 3, (46). We met President Young, Heber Kimball and Dr. Richards going back to raise volunteers. They feel that this is a good prospect for our deliverance and if we do not do it we are downed." Clayton, Wm., *Journal of William Clayton*, p. 53.

able than this mission, the requisite number was secured. Enrollment began at a public meeting, July thirteenth, under an American flag hoisted to a tree mast. On the sixteenth, Captain Allen took command of the battalion which numbered about five hundred men.<sup>26</sup>

Much sacrifice was necessarily involved; families were left behind, wagons were left without teamsters, and for the men themselves, a long hard march over the almost unknown desert ahead.

The call could not have been more inconveniently timed. The young and those who could best have been spared, were then away from the main body, either with pioneer companies in the van, or, their faith unannounced, seeking work and food about the northwestern settlements. - - - The force was therefore to be recruited from among the fathers of families, and others whose presence it was most desirable to retain.<sup>27</sup>

Obedying the call of their leaders, the men prepared to leave, however, regardless of their personal convictions.

One of the last acts of the soldiers before their departure was to subscribe a large part of their pay for their families and the Mormon poor. The captains and some of the men were accompanied by their families, about eighty women and children in all. They arrived at Fort Leavenworth on August first, where they received their equipment. Here Colonel Allen died, and Lieutenant A. J. Smith was given temporary command. After some difficulty, the Mormons charging that the command belonged to the senior Captain Hunt, one of their own men, according to arrangement with Colonel Allen, Smith was finally accepted. He was very unpopular, all the diaries confirming his cruelty, weakness and want of skill.<sup>28</sup>

More serious trouble occurred with the physician, a Doctor Sanderson from Missouri, who had been sent out with Smith. Asserting that he was a quack, and that he had been heard to say that he would send as many of them to hell as he could,<sup>29</sup> the soldiers refused to take his medicine. All accounts and

26. Roberts, p. 18, op. cit.

27. Kane, Thomas, *Address to the Mormons*, in Tyler, p. 79, op. cit. Kane expected to go west with the Mormons but got no farther than the Mississippi, due to illness.

28. Bancroft, *California*, Vol. 5, p. 480, (F. N.) *Standage Diary*. Brown, J. S., *Life of a Pioneer*, p. 36.

29. Golder, p. 163, from *Journal History*, p. 228, op. cit., from Wm. Hyde's *Diary* Brown complains of him also, p. 31 and 35, op. cit.

diaries tell of the resulting difficulties. The Mormons believed in healing by laying on of hands, and mention is frequently made of such cases as when Tyler records being healed by the anointing with oil and the laying on of hands, whereat he went on his way rejoicing. He also quotes a letter of Young's to the soldiers, dated August 19, '46.

If you are sick, live by faith, and let surgeon's medicine alone if you want to live, using only such herbs and mild food as are at your disposal. If you heed this counsel, you will prosper; but if not, we cannot be responsible for the consequences. A hint to the wise is sufficient.<sup>30</sup>

Aside from the question of "calomel," the medicine most frequently administered, there was little trouble between men and officers.

Many hardships and much suffering were endured; the country was unknown to the guides and overmarching was frequent. Short rations, excessive toil in roadmaking and well digging, lack of water and much illness with a few deaths were experienced. At the last crossing of the Arkansas river in September, it was felt advisable to detach most of the families who were sent on to Pueblo, a Mexican town located farther up the river, now in Colorado, where they could meet their friends. There was much complaint at this, but, says Roberts, it unquestionably was for the best interests of all.<sup>31</sup> Again at Santa Fe more of the sick were detached and sent to Pueblo and the sufferings of the battalion were less severe from that time.

At Santa Fe, Colonel P. S. Cooke took command. He writes that their condition was deplorable.

Everything conspired to discourage the extraordinary undertaking of marching the Battalion eleven hundred miles, for the much greater part through an unknown wilderness; without road or trail, and with a wagon train.<sup>32</sup>

Both Cooke and Tyler complain of the equipment furnished, especially the mules.<sup>33</sup>

Further discussion of their journey is unnecessary here.

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30. Tyler, p. 132 and 146, op. cit.

31. Roberts, p. 30, op. cit.

32. Cooke, Col. P. S., *Conquest of New Mexico and California*, p. 91.

33. Cooke, p. 93, op. cit. Tyler, p. 175, op. cit. Their most exciting experience was a battle with some wild bulls which attacked them. Tyler, p. 219. op. cit.



Good accounts may be found in Tyler, Roberts and Golder. On January twenty-first, they camped at Warner's ranch, (San Diego County) where they were not inhospitably received, according to Bancroft, in spite of statements to the contrary.<sup>34</sup>

Cooke proposed to go first to Los Angeles, having had information that the enemy were concentrating there, but he later received orders to proceed to San Diego according to his original instructions. So turning southward, they passed the deserted mission of San Luis Rey and soon came within sight of the ocean near where the town of Oceanside now lies. Tyler wrote:

One mile below the mission we ascended a bluff, when the long-long-looked for Pacific Ocean appeared plain to our view, only about three miles distant. The joy, the cheer that filled our souls, none but the worn-out pilgrims nearing a haven of rest can imagine. Prior to leaving Nauvoo, we had talked about and sung of "the great Pacific sea," and we were now upon its very borders, and its beauty far exceeded our most sanguine expectations.<sup>35</sup>

Proceeding down the coast, they arrived at the San Diego Mission on the twenty-ninth, 1847. There were but a few Indians left, says Henry Standage in his diary, and they seemed to be glad the Spaniards had gone.<sup>36</sup> Captain Cooke has left an interesting description of the mission.

The building being delapidated, and in use by some dirty Indians, I camped the Battalion on the flat below. There are around us extensive gardens and vineyards, wells and cisterns, more or less fallen into decay and disorder; but also olive and picturesque date trees, flourishing and ornamental. There is no fuel for miles around, and the dependence for water is some rather distant pools in the Sandy San Diego, which runs, (some times) down to the ocean.<sup>37</sup>

On the thirteenth, Colonel Cooke issued a congratulatory order, commending the battalion for their achievements, saying: "History may be searched in vain for an equal march of

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34. Bancroft, *California*, Vol. 5, p. 486, op. cit. Bancroft says that Cooke has no complaint of Warner, but calls him quite a study. Ibid, p. 486.

35. Tyler, p. 252, op. cit.

36. Golder, p. 206. Quoting *Diary of Henry Standage*, op. cit.

37. Cooke, p. 196, op. cit., Description written January 29, 1847.

infantry."<sup>38</sup> This was received with cheers by the men, unaccustomed as they were to being complimented.

The war in California was over when the Battalion arrived. However a garrison was needed during the period of military occupation, and in this the Mormons did faithful service, and, says Roberts, they assisted in making secure the conquest achieved.<sup>39</sup> Bancroft, however, feels that the Mormons themselves have always been disposed to overestimate the value of their services at this period, attaching undue importance to the rumors of reconquest by the Mexicans and of revolt of the Californians. They also claim credit for helping Kearny maintain his authority against the revolutionary pretensions of Fremont.<sup>40</sup> Tullidge writes:

What a difference if Little had arrived (at Washington) six months earlier or later—General Kearny would not have had at his back the Mormon Battalion as his chief force when he made himself master of the land of precious metals and put his rival, Fremont, under arrest.<sup>41</sup>

An enmity developed between the Mormons and the men of Fremont's Battalion, possibly due to prejudice, as Fremont was the son-in-law of Senator Benton of Missouri, whom the Mormons had previously accused of discrediting them. The Californians had formed an unfavorable opinion of the Mormons before they arrived, but they succeeded in almost entirely removing this feeling by their splendid conduct. One reports that their bad name had preceded them, saying:

The arrival of the Mormon Battalion was dreaded, and had the whole company attempted to settle in the valley of the Franciscan Bay and waters, there is good reason to believe that it would have caused a fresh revolt of the Californians.<sup>42</sup>

Lieutenant Minor testified in the court martial trial of Fremont:

"Report had preceded them (the Mormons) to California that they were a lawless and abandoned set. I allude to the

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38. Ibid., p. 197, "Order No. 1" from Headquarters Mormon Battalion, Mission San Diego, January 30, 1847. In his Journal of their march, Cooke says the men were undrilled and undisciplined, though obedient, but showed heedlessness and ignorance and some obstinacy. Senate Document, No. 2, 31st Congress, Special Session, p. 3.

39. Roberts, 58, op. cit.

40. Bancroft, *California*, Vol. 5, p. 487, op. cit.

41. Tullidge, E. W., *History of Utah*, p. 51.

42. Williard, Emma, *Last Leaves of American History*, p. 178.

whole tribe of Mormons, not to Colonel Cooke's command."<sup>43</sup> Other writers made similar references to the reports which had preceded the Mormons.

That they succeeded in removing this prejudice is quite evident from the records that have been left. Hittell speaks well of their conduct.

Notwithstanding the prejudices felt against them on account of their religious professions, and notwithstanding Stevenson who was in command at Los Angeles imagined them to be engaged in a diabolical conspiracy to get military control of California—Mason spoke of them in terms of high praise.<sup>44</sup> So high an opinion in fact did he entertain of the battalion in general and of their especial fitness for the duties of garrisoning the country, that he made strenuous effort to engage their services for another year.<sup>45</sup>

Captain Jefferson Hunt, writing to Brigham Young, said that Fremont and the Missourians had given them a bad name, but he adds:

The inhabitants, however, are joyfully disappointed. They find that we are a much superior race to the "Americans." Everywhere we have been we have left a good impression upon the minds of the people.<sup>46</sup>

Golder, writing in 1923, says that some of the Indians of the Southwest still make a distinction between "Americans" and "Mormons."<sup>47</sup> In morals and general behavior, says Bancroft, they were much superior to the other troops, due probably to the influence of their religious leaders.<sup>48</sup>

A complaint comes from one quarter, however. Smythe, in his history of San Diego writes:

One thing they did which the present historian regrets, as those of the future are likely to. They were quartered in an old building in which public

43. Minor, Lt. Testimony of, as witness for the defense in Court Martial trial of Lt. Colonel Fremont. Senate Document, No. 33, 30th Congress, 1st Session, p. 243, Serial No. 507.

44. "Of the services of this battalion, of their patience, subordination, and general good conduct, you have already heard; and I take great pleasure in adding that, as a body of men, they have religiously respected the rights and feelings of these conquered people; and not a syllable of complaint has reached my ear of a single insult offered or an outrage done by a Mormon volunteer." Executive Document No. 17, H. R. 1st session, 31st Congress, Report of Gov. Mason to Adg. General, p. 336, serial No. 573, (R. B.) Col. U. S. Dragoons.

45. Hittell, T. H., *History of California*, Vol. 2, p. 662.

46. Golder, p. 251, op. cit. Letter of Capt. Hunt to Pres. Young.

47. *Ibid.*, 251, (footnote).

48. Bancroft, *California*, Vol. 5, p. 488, op. cit.



documents were stored and they used some of these documents for fuel and thereby destroyed the records of the past.<sup>49</sup>

A few of the men were stationed at San Luis Rey for a time. Father Engelhardt speaks well of their conduct while there, saying that it is unlikely that they destroyed anything of the Mission, rather, on the contrary, "they appear to have let everything alone, even made repairs."<sup>50</sup>

Some were sent to Los Angeles where they were occupied with building a fort, due to a report of the approach of a Mexican force. The diary of Henry Standage gives us an interesting description of Los Angeles as seen through the eyes of a Mormon in 1847.

They are the most degraded set of beings I ever was among, professing to be civilized and taught in the Roman Catholic religion. There are almost as many grog shops and gambling houses in this city as there are private houses. Only five or six stores and no mechanics shop. A tolerable sized Catholic church, built of unburnt brick and houses of same material. Roofs made of reeds and pitched on the outside—Roofs flat. There are some three or four roofs built American fashion and covered with tiles burnt English fashion. The Spaniards in general own large farms in the country and keep from one to twenty thousand head of cattle. Horses in abundance, mules, sheep, goats, etc. Also the Indians do all the labor and the Mexicans are generally on horse back from morning till night. They are perhaps the greatest horsemen in the known world, and very expert with the lance and lasso. They are in general a very idle, profligate, drunken, swearing set of wretches, with but very few exceptions. The Spaniards conduct in the grog shops is really filthy and disgusting even in the day time. Gambling is carried to the highest pitch, men often losing five hundred dollars in cash in one night, or a thousand head of cattle. All kinds of clothing is very cheap and cattle and horses very cheap. Horses from five to twenty-five dollars and the very best mares from one dollar fifty to ten

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49. Smythe, Wm. E., *History of San Diego*, Vol. 1, p. 228.

50. Engelhardt, Fr. Z., *The Missions and Missionaries of California*, Vol. 4, p. 590. Tyler speaks of the work and repairs necessary at San Luis Rey and describes the mission, p. 263-64. He says, also, that Co. "C" was sent to guard Cajon pass, p. 277, op. cit.

dollars; mules very cheap. Cattle from five to six dollars.<sup>51</sup>

While in San Diego letters were received by the Battalion men telling of the safe arrival in San Francisco of Sam Brannan with his brethern in the ship *Brooklyn*.<sup>52</sup>

Upon his arrival, General Kearny tried to promote a re-enlistment, but was unsuccessful—their spiritual leader, Father Pettigrew said “No” and his word was accepted. Kearny departed with Cooke, who took twelve of the Mormons with him as a body guard. These men were discharged at Fort Leavenworth and joined their families at Salt Lake.<sup>53</sup> The remainder of the battalion were mustered out on July fifteenth.

The question of re-enlistment again arose. It was favored by the Mormon officers of the battalion as the best means of aiding the work of the Lord and their absent families. A proposition was made by the War Department, for Captain Jefferson Hunt to take command of a second battalion of Mormons. Governor Mason was anxious to have them re-enlist and sent Stevenson a copy of a letter he had written Hunt, adding, “I beg of you to use your best efforts to accomplish the object I have therein proposed.”<sup>54</sup> Stevenson tried to persuade Brigham Young to sanction the enlistment, and told him that the old prejudice against the Mormons had entirely disappeared, that there was a strong feeling of respect for them and a general desire for them to remain in the service.<sup>55</sup> Hunt went to Young about it, but he felt that the original enlistment had been sufficient sacrifice, and further service was not favored by the men themselves.

It is probable that Young would gladly have furnished another battalion, thinks Bancroft, had they still intended to establish their home in California, but the decision to settle in Salt Lake made it undesirable to part with the bone and

51. Golder, p. 220-221, *Standage Diary*, op. cit. He mentions also the small number of graves in the cemetery due to the climate being so pure and free from febrile diseases. Brown mentions such vices as horseracing, etc., saying that the Sabbath seemed the best time for it. Brown, p. 84, op. cit.

52. Bigler, Henry, *Personal Letters to Bancroft*, p. 40.

53. Tyler, p. 283, op. cit.

54. Mason in report says offered Hunt command. Col. Mess and Doc., Report 17, p. 357. Engelhardt, p. 590, op. cit. From *Halleck's Report*, p. 326. Halleck was a government engineer, here for a Coast survey.

55. Golder, p. 251-52, op. cit.

sinew of the Saints.<sup>56</sup> Undoubtedly he is right, for Brigham Young was far-sighted enough to realize that he must keep his Saints near at hand in order to keep them under his control, besides they were needed to help develop and maintain the "empire" he hoped to create.

One company, however, did re-enlist for a term of six months. Captain Jessie Hunter also remained, and was made Indian Agent at San Luis Rey, (at the suggestion of Colonel Stevenson), at a salary of seven hundred and fifty dollars a year. In six months he was able to report that they had raised a small crop of wheat on the mission farm at Pala, and had induced the Indians to do the same on their own account.<sup>57</sup> A child born to Mrs. Hunter while they were in San Diego was the first child whose parents were both Americans to be born in Old San Diego.<sup>58</sup>

Those who re-enlisted were occupied with mechanical work rather than with regular army duties. The diary of Henry Boyle states:

I think I whitewashed all San Diego. We did their blacksmithing, put up a bakery, made and repaired carts, and in fine, did all we could to benefit ourselves as well as citizens. We never had any trouble with Californians or Indians, nor they with us. The citizens became so attached to us, that before our term of service expired they got up a petition to the governor to use his influence to keep us in the service. This petition was signed by every citizen in town.<sup>59</sup>

The first brick made in San Diego was made by these men.<sup>60</sup>

In March, 1848, this company was mustered out. More than half of them remained for a time, some permanently, going north to the mines, towns and farms. Twenty-five were outfitted for their journey at William's ranch, and left April twelfth, piloted by James Shaw and Orrin P. Rockwell, who had traveled the route the previous winter. They had one wagon and one hundred and thirty-five mules. They arrived

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56. Bancroft, *California*, Vol. 5, p. 497, op. cit. "The enlistment of the Mormon Battalion - - - has proved a great blessing. - - - It was indeed the temporal salvation of our camp." Golder, p. 247, op. cit. Letter of Brigham Young, *Journal Hist.*

57. Engelhardt, p. 596, op. cit. From California Archives. Unbound Document, Bancroft Collection.

58. Smythe, p. 228, op. cit.

59. Tyler, p. 330, op. cit. From *Diary of Henry Boyle*.

60. Ibid, 287. "Those Mormons taught the indolent Californians a good lesson." Engelhardt, p. 592, op. cit.



at Salt Lake on June fifth, theirs being the first wagon to traverse the Southern route across the Mojave Desert between Salt Lake and Southern California.

“Thus another great national road for wagons was pioneered by the enterprise of a portion of the indomitable Battalion of Mormons or Latter Day Saints.”<sup>61</sup>

The men of the original Battalion, after an unsuccessful effort to find Walker's pass, started for Sutter's Fort, where they arrived August twenty-sixth. A few were given permission to stay during the winter for the much needed wages. The rest started to follow Kearny's trail over the Sierras. On the way they came upon the scene of the Donner disaster, stopping to bury many of the bodies. The next day they met Sam Brannan, returning from a visit to the Saints in the east. Brannan had met Young and his followers on their way west and learned of their intention to settle in the Great Basin, as has been related. After a futile attempt to persuade them to go on to the coast, he left in disgust, to return to San Francisco. He advised the Battalion men to turn back and work until spring, when, very likely the Church leaders would realize their mistake in settling at Salt Lake and would come on to California. The men were not persuaded, however, until the following day when they met Captain James Brown, who had had command of the group which had been sent back to Pueblo from Santa Fe. He had letters for many of the men and a dispatch from the twelve elders advising those who had no means to remain in California for work during the winter.<sup>62</sup> Many went on to Salt Lake, but about half returned to New Helvetia and were hired by Sutter. In his *Personal Reminiscences*, Sutter speaks of their arrival.<sup>63</sup>

Having passed the winter there and participated in the discovery of gold, they answered the call of duty in the spring and made their way to Salt Lake to their families and friends, their return a striking tribute to the power of Young over his Saints. The trip, made at the expense of much labor, for they made a new roadway over the mountains, around the

61. Tyler, p. 331, op. cit.

62. Bancroft, *California*, Vol. 5, p. 495, op. cit.

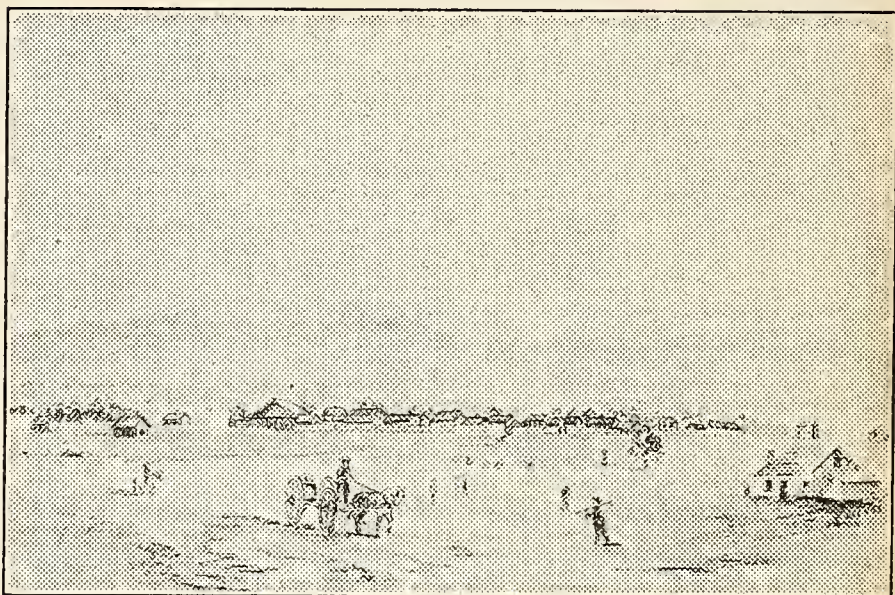
63. About eighty of them were hired by men at the Fort. “They were very good people. In settling accounts I had not one word of difficulty with any of them.” Sutter, *Personal Reminiscences*, p. 162.

southern end of Lake Tahoe and into Carson Valley, opened a new route over the mountains.<sup>64</sup> Thus to the Mormons are the Californians indebted for pioneering roads in several parts of the State.

They arrived at Salt Lake on October first, feeling glad that they had exchanged the land of gold for families and friends. The money they had earned bought the land where Ogden now is, and the seeds which they had secured in California, with the methods of irrigation and cultivation they had learned, turned the desert-like valley into a Garden of Eden.

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64. Tyler, p. 336, op. cit. Brooks speaks of seeing this fresh made trail, saying it was made by the Mormons. Brooks, T. T., *Four Months Among the Gold Finders*, p. 64.



San Bernardino was founded by Mormon colonists. This is the earliest sketch of the desert city, drawn about 1852.

## NEW HEROES FOR OLD

BY PHIL TOWNSEND HANNA

"Worship of a hero is transcendent admiration of a Great Man . . . No nobler feeling than this of admiration for one higher than himself dwells in the breast of man."<sup>1</sup> Thus does Thomas Carlyle, an expert in such popular institutions, justify hero-worship. None can challenge the individual's right to bow in homage before a great man. Those attributes that compose great men—truth, honesty, perseverance and capacity—are qualities deficient in the majority and hero-worship thus becomes the contrivance the inferior adopt to safeguard themselves from the superior. But one may be excused for raising a skeptical eyebrow at Carlyle's inference that every hero is a great man. The facts too frequently are otherwise.

Circumstances of momentary duration may elevate a hero, but only the impartial and sober judgment of time will make him a great man. And, contrarily, a great man may pass the short arc of his life unhonored, and, perhaps, unknown. Think of the Caesar who carried Rome to the zenith of its glory, became the god of the hour, was assassinated, and whose name became anathema within little more than half a century. And then remember the Carpenter of Nazareth, whose exploits and teachings were forgotten after His crucifixion and only after years ago were resurrected in the Four Gospels as the foundation of the world's most formidable faith. The herd, left to its own devices, deprived of sage guidance, and without the powers of discernment and appraisal, bestows its plaudits with a fickleness and a foolishness both incomprehensible and ludicrous. The number of mean and little men who through some transitory caprice have won the acclaim of the multitude and almost as rapidly sunk into oblivion, is legion.

Periodically, as fresh evidence appears and the accumulated wisdom of the years renders man more competent to review his fellows and the events that have passed, re-evaluations become essential. The stature of certain figures shrinks

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1. On Heroes, Hero-worship and the Heroic in History. Thomas Carlyle.



in the process; others bulk larger through the years. The task of the forthright iconoclast is a simple one. He merely knocks one ass from his pedestal and sets up another. To substitute a worthy and neglected man for an over-rated one, however, ceases to be iconoclasm and becomes a distinct service to that broad justice which we regard as one of the main tenets in the ethics of man.

The annals of the Southwest furnish us with a number of situations sufficiently complicated to warrant a re-examination of the facts and a re-evaluation of the principal figures involved. Frémont long ago was deflated to his proper girth, and Murietta raised a degree or two in the public's estimation. Even Carson may not remain secure as scout supreme when we know more about Old Bill Williams.

But one most important event has escaped critical examination, and that is the conquest of Alta California. The literature on the subject is voluminous, but it seems to be confined to sentimental rhapsodies and dreary chronicles. Nowhere has the scalpel of the clinician appeared to separate truth from half-truth and establish the calibre of the *conquistadores*. Prevailing opinion consequently awards to Father Junípero Serra and Don Gaspar de Portolá the credit for this epochal undertaking.

One cannot cavil at Serra's exploits, for the record is too clear. He was zealous to a point just this side of fanaticism, but he never stepped over. Courageous he was, wise withal, and as devout a man of God as ever walked in Christendom. Palóu, with his *Relación Histórica de la Vida y Apostólicas Tareas del Venerable Padre Fray Junípero Serra*, set the stage for his canonization, but Rome has failed to crown him with the nimbus that his votaries, less enlightened in the requirements for sainthood long since have hung above him.

But the eminence which Portolá has attained is open to question. Precedence seems to belong to that other soldier of the crown, Don Juan Bautista de Anza. Cast into the shadow, apparently, because of the priority of Portolá's achievements, Anza's name is an unfamiliar one to ears other than those of the professional historians.

The one common objective of Portolá and Anza was the

conquest and colonization of Alta California. The fundamental necessities for so ambitious a project are an abiding faith in the righteousness of the undertaking, and a superhuman devotion to its conduct. The successful conqueror, like the great genius, moves in the mystic light of dementia. Portolá possessed neither of the cited requisites; Anza both.

Portolá was a soldier—an obedient and faithful soldier—plucked from the verdant mountains of Catalonia and set down upon the wild, virgin soil of the Californias. His orders were to explore the domain, locate the coveted port of Monterey, subjugate the barbarians, and plant the seeds of Spanish culture. The King's will became his will, and he set about his labors with the spirit of the soldier. But he lacked the ardor of inner conviction.

In contradistinction we find in Anza, the worthy son of a worthy sire, born on the frontier and reared among the hardships, privations and dangers of a savage land. It will be recalled that Anza was the son of Captain Juan Bautista de Anza, a presidial captain at Santa Rosa de Cordeguachi, in Sonora, who, as early as 1737 had urged Viceroy Juan Antonio to permit him to extend the frontier and establish a pueblo on the Río Colorado. In his youth Anza, Jr., assimilated this flair for high adventure and when, in 1772, he requested authority to explore and establish a land route between the missions of Sonora and Monterey, the expedition, in his eyes, had already taken on the aspect of a holy cause.<sup>2</sup>

Don José de Galvez, visitador-general and supervisor of the "sacred expedition" of 1769 to Monterey, recognized Portolá's deficiency at the outset. According to Irving Berdine Richman, "in the land expeditions Galvez put not the same trust as in the divisions by sea, as in his opinion they had not been undertaken with the same *viva fé*."<sup>3</sup> It was true. Portolá trailed Rivera and the first land division from Misión Santa María in Baja California to San Diego, and then proceeded in quest of the Bay of Monterey, the shores of which he stood upon on October 1, 1769, but failed to recognize. Here he apparently forgot the vow he made on leaving Lo-

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2. California Under Spain and Mexico. Irving Berdine Richman.

3. California Under Spain and Mexico. Irving Berdine Richman.

reto, "to perform his commission or die,"<sup>4</sup> for we find him warning his company of the shortage of supplies and intimating the desirability of a return to San Diego. But it was not to be, for his officers, according to Costansó, "voted unanimously that the journey be continued."<sup>5</sup> And then we find him stumbling onto San Francisco Bay and reluctant to believe his eyes. Back again at San Diego he communicates to the Viceroy, with an air of finality, that as a result of his northern exploration "the illusion that Monterey exists has been dispelled."<sup>6</sup> And now that food is becoming scarce, and unable or unwilling to adapt his fare to the fare of the natives, he threatens to abandon the entire project and sets March 20, 1770, as the date for the return if succor fails to arrive. Serra, in the interim, has made a compact with Commander Vila of the *San Carlos* to seek Monterey by sea if Portolá departs. But the *San Antonio* arrives in due course with food and re-enforcements and Portolá's premature abandonment of Alta California is forestalled.

There now remains no excuse for failure to renew the search for Monterey, and Portolá departs from San Diego on his second northward venture on April 17, and on May 24 attains the self-same Punta de Pinos he had found the previous October. This time, however, he recognizes the much-prized port first seen by Vizcaíno. With the establishment of a presidio and Misión San Carlos, Portolá deems his task at an end, turns his command over to Don Pedro Fages pursuant to instructions and, on July 9, 1770, sails from Monterey for San Blas and Mexico City, to report to the Viceroy. He never returns to the Californias. His life, in fact, henceforth, is rather obscure. In 1777 he occupies the office of governor of Puebla, Mexico, from which he resigns in 1783. In 1784 we learn the last of him—returning to the Pyrenean scenes of his childhood in his native Spain. When he died, we do not know.<sup>7</sup>

In a conversation with a friend some years after he returned to Mexico, Portolá related his experiences and gave

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4. California Under Spain and Mexico. Irving Berdine Richman.

5. Diary of Miguel Costansó. Edited by Frederick J. Teggert. Academy of Pacific Coast History. Vol. II, No. 4.

6. California Under Spain and Mexico. Irving Berdine Richman.

7. Biographical Note on Gaspar de Portolá. Pacific Academy of History, Vol. I, No. 3.



this gloomy picture of a land that couldn't have been less fair in his day than it is in ours:

"We reached Monterey after struggling thirty-eight days," he says, "against the greatest hardships and difficulties; for, aside from the fact that there was in all that ungracious country no object to greet either the hand or the eye save rocks, brushwood, and rugged mountains covered with snow, we were also without food and did not know where we were."<sup>8</sup>

The diaries of Costansó and Crespi, who accompanied Portolá on this expedition, belie his statements. Both record the plenitude of antelope, deer, bear, geese, and other wild animals, and the offerings of seeds, nuts, acorns, *pinole* and *atole*—almost a daily occurrence—made them by the Indians. That there could have been a serious shortage of water in the country they traversed is almost inconceivable. Both Crespi and Costansó were equipped to take observations of the latitude and longitude and Portolá was in possession of the charts of Cabrera Bueno, the famous pilot of the Manila galleon. Being lost, in the circumstances can only reflect adversely upon Portolá's competency.

Poor, blind, stumbling Portolá! A volunteer in the "sacred expedition," a faithful soldier, "a man laconic to the point of dropping his h's, but honest withal and circumspect," as Richman characterizes him,<sup>9</sup> yet a dismal failure as an explorer and the governor of a newly delivered province. His diary, vapid and colorless, is a pathetic indictment of the man. He had a task to perform in the year that he occupied Alta California, and he performed it to the best of his ability, but the fires of nostalgia smouldered and consumed his imagination and he became a figure totally out of drawing on the California scene.

The picture we have of Anza and his exploits is somewhat different. Enspirited by a love for deeds of high emprise, honestly come by from his illustrious father, we see him on May 2, 1772, commander of the presidio of Tubac, on the frontier of Sonora, besieging Antonio María Bucareli, who had succeeded Croix the year previously as Viceroy of Mexico, for authority to open a route from the Sonora missions to Monterey. After consulting Serra and Costansó, then in the capital, Bucareli grants the license on September 17, 1773.

8. A History of California; the Spanish Period. Charles E. Chapman.

9. California Under Spain and Mexico. Irving Berdine Richman.

The start, however, is delayed until January 8, 1774, when Anza sets out with thirty-one soldiers and muleteers, Father Francisco Garcés—who had been as far as the Río Colorado in 1771—and Father Juan Díaz, and 140 head of cattle, pack and riding animals.

A month later he reaches the junction of the Gila and the Colorado, where Yuma now stands, and writes Bucareli rather proudly: "Where I am no troop of the King has ever passed the Colorado." Henceforth he is to experience tribulations. Salvador Palma, chief of the friendly Yuma Indians, leaves him at Santa Olaya, a brackish lake southwest of Yuma, and commends him to the good graces of the neighboring tribe of Cojats. Anza engages guides from among them and starts forward across the notorious sand-hills between Yuma and the Imperial Valley, that ever have plagued the traveller thereabouts. At La Posa de las Angustias (the Well of the Afflictions) his animals are so nearly exhausted that he faces the necessity of abandoning a portion of his equipment or returning with it to the Yumas. He takes counsel with the padres. Díaz concurs in the judgment to return but Garcés dissents, and the party proceeds. But at last they can go no farther through this wilderness and they return to Yuma in detachments. Palma agrees to guard their surplus equipment and Anza leaves seven of his men as well. He resumes the trek on March 1, swings much farther south than before and rounds the southern end of the treacherous sand-hills, reaching the Wells of Santa Rosa of the Flat Rocks, passes on to the base of the San Jacinto Mountains, then up the dry bed of the San Felipe River. Thence he proceeds through Borego Valley, Hemet Valley and Santa Ana Valley, arriving at Misión San Gabriel on March 22, the first white man ever to make the journey from Sonora to California by land.<sup>10</sup>

With Anza, admittedly, was a guide, Sebastián Tarabal, a Baja California Indian who had accompanied Portolá to San Diego, attached himself to Misión San Gabriel and later deserted, crossing the desert to Sonora. How much or how little assistance this guide was to Anza is purely conjectural. He didn't, at least, prevent the commander from trapping him-

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10. California Under Spain and Mexico. Irving Berdine Richman.

self in the sand-hills. How significant Anza's achievement was can only be realized when one marks his route upon a map and then observes how generally it was followed by the early trappers, by General Stephen Kearny and the Army of the West, the emigrants of '49, the Butterfield stage line of the '60s, the Southern Pacific Railroad, and the modern highways of today. His crossing of the San Jacinto Mountains alone remains unutilized and yet, from an engineering standpoint, it affords one of the best passes across this cordillera in Southern California.

The balance of Anza's first trek may be sketched briefly. He departed from San Gabriel on April 10 after sending Garcés and all of his troop but six back to Yuma, reaching Monterey May 1. Returning over the same route with six soldiers from the command of Governor Pedro Fages, who were to be acquainted with the Sonora trail, he was back again in Tubac on May 26.

The success of the doughty soldier's expedition inflamed the passions of the King's syndics in Mexico, become discouraged with Portolá's indifferent accomplishments, the loss of the packet-boat *San José*, and the lamenting reports of sickness among the party of occupation. Here was new hope. Here was a contact with Alta California free from the dangers of the all-sea route, and the hardships of the combined land-and-sea route. Here, at last, was the opportunity to colonize San Francisco, which was then deemed most desirable. A junta, called by Bucareli in December, 1774, decides to send forty soldiers and their families, under command of Anza, to settle the port of Saint Francis. A trifle conscience-stricken, we may believe, and certainly rather ingenuously, the Viceroy determines that the famous Pious Fund, as he says, "this time only," shall be called upon to contribute 10,000 pesos to the sum of "21,927 pesos and 2 reales" which the project, according to estimate, will cost. Father Garcés again is assigned to accompany the party as far as Yuma, and Father Pedro Font is instructed to remain with it throughout its journey.<sup>11</sup>

The second expedition starts from San Miguel de Horca-

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11. California Under Spain and Mexico. Irving Berdine Richman.



sitas, September 29, 1775,<sup>12</sup> with a total of 240 souls, 165 mules, 340 horses, and 302 cattle, gathered from the *alcal-días* of Sinaloa and Sonora. The course is somewhat different, for they proceed almost due northward to Tubac, Tucson and the Gila River, whence they turn westward to Yuma, Santa Olaya, the Wells of Santa Rosa of the Flat Rocks, and thence generally over the same route of the expedition of 1774. Crossing the San Jacinto Mountains, the party, acclimated to the warm valleys of Western Mexico, suffers extremely from the cold, but it reaches San Gabriel on January 4, 1776. Reading Font's intelligent diary one is impressed by the expeditious advance of the party, detained chiefly by women in childbirth, for eight children are delivered during the march, safely, but not without, as it is remarked, *dolor violento* which, of course, has ever been woman's burden since time began.<sup>13</sup>

The progress of the party is interrupted at San Gabriel while Anza with seventeen men marches to the assistance of Rivera, then military commander of Alta California, engaged in the subjugation of the hostile Diegueños who had but lately murdered Father Luís Jayme. With this task achieved, Rivera seeks to detain Anza of whom he was most jealous in San Diego. Font gives us a splendid vignette of Anza's character in commenting upon Rivera's actions.

"Every day," he records, "we talked a great deal about Monterey, and more yet of the San Francisco port; the Señor Rivera ever saying that we could omit this trip, as we would not attain the object of it. 'What is your object in going there?' he would say. 'To get tired out? I have told you that I have examined everything well and have informed the Viceroy that there is nothing there suitable for that which he has planned.' . . . 'Friend,' replied Señor Anza, ending the discussion, 'I am going there, and if we find that river (of San Francisco) I shall draw a phial of water, cork it well, have its genuineness certified by Fray Pedro here, and present it to the Viceroy.' The Viceroy, Señor Anza declared, had ordered that if he did not find a fit site at the mouth of the port, the settlement should be established where it seemed best, even if that were some leagues away—just so the port could be taken possession of by Spain."<sup>14</sup>

Anza is back in San Gabriel again on February 12, and departs for Monterey and San Francisco on February 21. At Monterey he is delayed by a week's illness but reaches San Francisco on March 28, where he chooses a site for a fort

12. Diary of Pedro Font. Pacific Academy of History. Vol. III, No. 1.

13. California Under Spain and Mexico. Irving Berdine Richman.

14. California Under Spain and Mexico. Irving Berdine Richman.

and on the following day, a site for a mission. In the face of numerous obstacles, not the least of which was Rivera's hostility, the port of San Francisco is founded. The fearful Colorado Desert twice has been crossed with safety, and the hardships of travel across mountainous regions have been endured with fortitude. "When one thinks of the scores that lost their lives in the days of '49 over these same trails" the historian Chapman aptly notes, "Anza's skill as a frontiersman stands revealed."<sup>15</sup>

Anza has already sent word to Rivera at San Gabriel of his intention to found San Francisco—a communication that Rivera chooses to ignore. Now on his return from San Francisco to Sonora, near Misión San Antonio, he is to meet his churlish contemporary.

"Señor Anza," reports Palóu, "continued on his way to San Antonio, and before reaching that mission the two commanders met, but although Señor Anza stopped, Commander Rivera passed by without halting, with a simple salutation, not stopping for a moment. Seeing this, Señor Anza said: 'Fathers and gentlemen who are accompanying me, please bear witness how this captain ignores me.' Not even for this did Don Fernando stop, but went on his way to Monterey, and Señor Anza continued to San Antonio."<sup>16</sup>

Anza was to meet Rivera again in San Gabriel but, evidencing the aristocracy of his spirit and the dignity of his office, he refused to communicate with the insanely jealous commander save by letter. On June 1 we find Anza back in Tubac, his task completed in a noble manner. How much faster the Californias might have advanced had they been placed under the administration of this capable soldier at this time is speculative, but the entire history of his behavior is such as to leave the penetrating student with regrets that he was not given the opportunity to exercise those talents which later made him such an able governor of New Mexico.

A comparative record of the expeditions of Portolá and Anza furnishes, more graphically than anything else, a gauge to the relative competency of the two commanders. Anza moved much faster than did Portolá on every journey. Portolá, for instance, required 39 travelling days to traverse the 355 miles from Misión Santa María to San Diego on his first *entrada*, which is an average of 9.1 miles a day. On the

15. A History of California; the Spanish Period. Charles E. Chapman.

16. Noticias de la Nueva California. Francisco Palóu.

first expedition from San Diego to Monterey, Portolá occupied 64 travelling days for the 492-mile journey, covering 7.7 miles a day. On his second expedition from San Diego to Monterey, Portolá required but 36 travelling days for the 492 miles, averaging 13.6 miles a day.

Now let us look at Anza's record. On his first expedition from Tubac to San Gabriel, a distance of 667 miles, he travelled 61 days, averaging 10.3 miles a day. From San Gabriel to Monterey, on this same expedition, he made the distance of 372 miles in 20 days, averaging 18.6 miles a day.

Encumbered with men, women and children colonists, and herds of stock, he traversed the 786 miles from San Miguel de Horcasitas to San Gabriel on his second expedition in 62 days, averaging 12.6 miles a day. From San Gabriel to Monterey, on this journey, he required 18 days, traversing 20.6 miles a day. It will be noted that on every expedition Anza's daily mileage was measurably greater than was Portolá's. The figures naturally take account only of days on the road.

Well may we concur in the fine tribute Zoeth Skinner Eldredge has paid to Anza:

"As the successful leader of the first party of settlers to the coast, Anza's position is unique. Only a man of splendid ability and courage, and sublime self-confidence, could have maintained the fainting hearts of the timid women and children, encouraged them to endure the privations of the desert, or to face the terrors they thought they saw in the snow-covered summits of the San Jacinto Mountains, and the still greater terrors their fancies pictured in the far northern country to which they were going. We may find here and there a figure among the half-forgotten heroes who led their straggling immigrants across the plains and through the mountains after 1842, that deserves to rank with him, but we shall look in vain for any in the Spanish history of the coast, unless we turn back to that of Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo with his broken arm, holding his scurvy-stricken sailors to the work of examining the wintry coast southward from Cape Mendocino to his grave in the Santa Bárbara Islands, and with his latest breath admonishing them not to give up the work."<sup>17</sup>

With the annals on the subject so enlightening, to whom shall we award the kudos for the temporal conquest of Alta California?

To the man who so obviously accepted his task with reluctance and sought to relieve himself from his burden at the first possible opportunity, or to the man who engaged upon it with all the fervor of a holy cause?

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17. History of California. Zoeth Skinner Eldredge, Vol. I, Page 392.



To the man who faltered, stumbled and hesitated on occasions demanding forthrightness and directness of action, or to the man who met and solved harassing situations with neatness and dispatch?

To the man whose command straggled up and down Alta California sick at heart and sick in body, or to the New World namesake of John the Baptist who twice brought his company across waterless deserts and snow-clad mountains, that composed the way called El Camino Diablo, achieved his purposes promptly, and as promptly departed?

To the man who complained of the hostility of the new land, or to the man who lost but one individual in the company of colonists transported across this self-same desert and, in compensation therefore, brought eight fledglings fresh from their mothers' wombs into the land of promise?

In brief, to whom shall be awarded the fame and the honor and the glory of the conquest of the land we love; in short, who is the secular hero of California's founding? Is he Don Gaspar de Portolá, or is he Don Juan Bautista de Anza? In the face of the evidence, can there be any doubt?

## TWO LETTERS FROM SAN GABRIEL IN THE THIRTIES

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY LINDLEY BYNUM

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### TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

Jean Augustus Alexis Bachelot, Prefect Apostolic of the Sandwich Islands, and Patrick Short, were left at the port of San Pedro, January 21, 1832. They were members of the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, or Picpus Fathers and had been expelled from the Islands in December of the previous year after a long and bitter struggle against the political machinations of rival missionaries. After a stay on the beach for two days, they were sent for by Father Sanchez of the Mission San Gabriel who had been informed of their presence.

Father Short stayed at San Gabriel for about six months, aiding in the work there, then went North to officiate at Carmel and the Presidio church at Monterey. He was later placed at the head of a school in that district. Father Bachelot remained to assist at San Gabriel and became the resident minister at the Plaza Church at Los Angeles. On two occasions, at the death of Father Sanchez on January 5, 1833 and later, on the departure of Father Esténaga, July 1835, he was the sole missionary in charge of the Mission. Both Fathers Bachelot and Short departed from California in 1837.

The two letters following were written by Father Bachelot in 1833 and 1835 to associates at the House of Picpus in Paris, France. They were published in the *Annales de la Propagation de la Foi*, Nos. XLI, July 1835 and LVIII, May 1838. The translations were made from these periodicals through the courtesy of the Library of Congress and the Henry E. Huntington Library. I have omitted the latter part of the first letter and the first part of the second, as they dealt with affairs extraneous to California. The rest I have translated as exactly as possible, omitting nothing and making no changes. The punctuation of the original has been retained.

V. C. J. S.

Mission San Gabriel, 1st August, 1833.

"It is again from Upper or New California that I send this letter; it is, I believe, the third: May God wish that I may soon be able to send you another from our poor Islands, where one leads us to hope of return, at least by next year. Meanwhile, we live with the good and venerable fathers of these Missions, helping them as best we may in the functions of their blessed ministry.

"M. Patrick is at the Mission of San Carlos, otherwise spoken of as Mount Carmel, at a league and one half from Monterey, the seat of government. He goes alternately with the Reverend Father minister (it is thus that one calls the Father placed at the head of a Mission) of San Carlos, to the Presidio to say the Mass, Sunday, and to aid the sick; he is even almost entirely charged with the Presidio. To this motive of authority which he holds at Monterey is joined also that of being near the harbor, where nearly all the boats come to reload, which is for us of the greatest utility, in order not to miss any occasion to communicate with our Isles and Europe. The Divine Providence placed us in a little port, at ten leagues from the Mission San Gabriel, and at about four leagues from the nearest habitation. The good Father of the Mission (dead these seven months) received us with the charity which is eminently characteristic of all the old and venerable Fathers. His Mission being the most extensive of all without being the most numerous in neophytes, and, in addition, having in her dependencies the most creoles or descendants of the Spanish. I stayed with him to aid him in his numerous works.

"The great distance from the port, so disagreeable for our communications with our Islands, is compensated for by the gatherings of merchants who always find here business to transact.

"After the death of the good Father, I was by this fact, charged with the spiritual administration of the Pueblo and of the dependencies, that is to say, of all those who are not at the Mission. I have been for six months at the request of the Pueblo, I have been given the power, that is to say, the ministerial functions. Of course, that will only be until



the moment when I am able to reenter my beloved Mission. In order to be more able to fulfill my new charge, I have been located here for a month. The separation from M. Patrick does not hinder us from communicating together by letter, about every 15 days, and more often if there is need of it.

Although we may not have any regular correspondence with our islands, the relations are rather frequent; four or five ships have come this year, they bring here the effects, or more often the rubbish of the warehouses of America, of England, etc., which they exchange for the hides of cattle and tallow, the only branch of commerce of the country, if one excepts the otter skins which come from the Northern part.

Brother.

Letter of Mr. Alexis Bachelot, prefect apostolic, to Mr. Hilarion, priest of the house of Picpus, at Paris.

Mission de San Gabriel, Upper California, the 18th of December 1835.

. . . ; finally, the captain sent for all our provisions two bottles of fresh water (we were not able to prevent our laughter at this effort of generosity), and he had the farmer informed at the same time that he had undertaken to transport us to California, but that once having deposited us he had fulfilled his commission and had no further responsibility with us. We were expecting that response: we were on land and we blessed the Good Master. Mr. Patrick Short especially seemed to be in another world: he was delivered from terrible sea sickness which had tormented him during all the time of the voyage; but the enforced fasting of a month did not dispose him to pass tranquilly the thirty-six or forty-eight hours of waiting until we were announced. We had placed our trunks next to that uninhabited house of which I have spoken, in such a manner that we would be sheltered from the wind which is very cold at night, because it comes from the distant mountains which we could see covered with snow: these trunks were obliged to serve us as beds for two nights. In visiting the outside of the house (for it was locked), M. Patrick perceived by a window, which was held closed only by a bar of wood a morsel of dried meat: "Good," said he

laughing, "if necessity presses us, we shall not die of hunger." After having recited our office we set ourselves to visit the country; we were particularly surprised to see the thousands of gray squirrels which covered the plain, and who diverted us much by their play. The approach of night gave us a bit to think about. We had often heard spoken of the bears which were not lacking here; we judged that there ought to be some in this desert: we understood that the bears came, at the low tide, to gather the shellfish and the other objects that the sea left on its ebb; in addition we noticed on the neighboring hills several beasts which we supposed would serve to attract them: we thought before the night was over, sleeping out of doors, we would probably receive a visit from some of them. We knew, moreover that one found in these parts, vipers and rattlesnakes; we had learned that those who slept thus had in their sleep, sometimes found next to them a rattlesnake attracted by the heat, and that it is dangerous to awaken them and especially to irritate them. A half hour determined the life of a man bitten by this reptile. All this gave me little desire to sleep; I should have been much more disturbed if I had known that the house next to which we had made our bed was filled with these serpents. M. Patrick did not appear to fear as much as I.

"Toward evening we saw arrive the young guardian of the animals, who brought us a bottle of milk and a bottle of water; he gave us great pleasure when he told us that he had come to pass the night with us: this reassured me a little. He came, indeed with one of his companions; they neither of them delayed to sleep: I had more need of it than they, but I was not as easy in mind. After having said our prayers we walked a little time. Providence permitted that the wind be calmed a little: the night was less cold than we had feared would take place. We lay down then, on our trunks, which were placed against the walls of the house. But hardly had we taken a few moments of rest, than we felt a horde of little animals which passed over us continually on the body: they were either the squirrels, or rather some rats who wished to get into the house while our trunks prevented their entry. It was necessary to have patience; the night appeared to us very long. At daybreak we recommenced our promenade to

warm up a little. When the two young men who had passed the night near us were awakened, I asked them if they would be able to procure me a bit of bread: (still thinking myself to be in Europe). He made the same response that had been given to me the day before. I wanted to know what they ate. He responded that he had *Tortillas*: they are cakes of corn, like those of black wheat that they make in Brittany. He offered to kill me a calf: I believed that this was a great sacrifice which he wished to make out of charity for us. I did not understand that here one kills the cattle by thousands to get the skins, the suet, and the fat, and that one leaves the flesh to the wolves and other voracious animals.

“As soon as the day appeared, we sought to see again the vessel which had brought us; but it had disappeared. I ought to observe that on the 22d. there presented themselves to us, two men, whom we judged to be custom officials. After the civilities of greeting, they demanded of us that which we brought; I showed them our trunks, and proposed that they might examine them; they did not. One of them was the majordomo of the city where I now am. He addressed questions to me about the merchandise which was in the vessel: I said to them that I had been brought as a prisoner; that I did not know the plans of the captain; that I had only heard that he wished to hunt the otter and to load horses. One of the officials told me that this was not permitted; he approached the edge of the sea, and made a signal with his handkerchief. One of the little boats was fishing at some distance, another, was moving so near the shore that one might hear the voices of the rowers; but the employee, in spite of his best efforts for a good half hour, conveyed nothing to them in any case. He returned to find us and engaged me to write to the alcalde or mayor of the village. I traced several lines on a loose sheet, and returned them to him. I had written already by the farmer to the Father of the Mission, whom we knew by letters and by the assistance which he had sent us to the Sandwich Islands.

“I have learned since that the captain, going out of the port where he had left us, had gone to Santa Barbara, in the hope that not being announced he would be able to make some



trade. He sent a boat to get him some water, the boat was siezed with all the crew. The other employees of the Government were sent to the vessel, where they arrested the captain, his second, the passenger and all those whom they found. They conveyed them ashore where they kept them prisoners three days, until they had visited the boat from top to bottom. I believe the captain got out of it for several piasters which he had to give; they released him at the end of three days and the ship retook the route to the islands. The old Queen Kaahamanu was obliged to pay to the sailors the price that she had promised for their services.

"The 24th of January, 1832, at six o'clock in the morning we perceived at a distance our farmer who returned from his errands. He had made more than twenty-four leagues, having been obliged to detour and to go many places, to hasten the aid of which we had need. We had not expected him until the following day. He brought us some provisions, with a letter from the Father of the Mission of San Gabriel who made us acquainted with the desire he had to welcome us. He told us at the same time that he sent us a carriage to take us more comfortably to the Mission, and a cart to transport our effects. The carriage arrived two hours after; the farmer offered himself to guard our trunks and accompany them. We were not able to get to the Mission this day; we stopped at a *rancho* (farm) which was at a distance of three leagues: we were here received and treated as though it had been the Father himself. The next day we arrived at the Mission, amid the ringing of all the bells: It was a veritable fête. At last, said the good Father to us as he received us, you now have a home. This is the history of our expulsion from the Sandwich Islands.

"I have thought, my dear friend, that all these details would give you pleasure: excuse the length of this letter, and know of the sincere devotion with which I am etc.

"Alexis Bachelot,

"Apostolic prefect."

P. S. "I am alone here charged with over two thousand souls scattered over thirty leagues from East to West, and without limit to South and North; but I am able to communi-

cate at least every year with our Mission in the Sandwich Islands and to do a little good with the aid of the mercy of God. There is no priest available in this country, which will be left without spiritual aid on the day I leave; nevertheless, this consideration will not deter me as soon as I see that the port of our Isles is open: It is my duty to act thus; but after the letters of good brother Melchoir, it appears that I will not be able as yet to do any good, nor perhaps even return to it: that the blessed will of God be done. The two missionary Fathers, our neighbors are aged and infirm; the one is at ten and the other at twenty leagues. I aid them as I am able as well as governing the flock with which I am provisionally charged; there is no hope immediately at least to have here a reinforcement of priests. I am obliged to go ten leagues to confess; the good Father is unable to abridge the distance. I have accustomed myself to these trips and it is a good thing I have, for I am day and night exposed to my duties: day before yesterday I went 20 leagues to give the sacrament to an invalid, and not any of this way by made roads; the horses bore the greater part of the fatigue, but the horseman has his little part as well. There are sometimes that I am forced to go nearly thirty leagues in one day, always at a gallop, and the most of the time empty, and in rainy weather. The good God gives me means to support these fatigues, although in the meantime, however, I do not feel as strong as I used to.

"The good F. Patrick has another kind of work better adapted to his talents; he is in charge of a small college, the first which has been seen here: it is the Government who has asked him to take charge of it. Retired in the country, he is very happy, while awaiting, nevertheless, the call of the mission of Sandwich: it is this restriction that I placed, when M. the Governor asked my agreement. Although we may do the good which we are able, with all the disinterest possible, because we content ourselves with that which St. Paul permits to missionaries: *Alimenta et quibustegamur* we did not fail to receive last year from the supreme government an order of expulsion which was conveyed us by the territorial government. We disposed ourselves to obey, but the local

authorities no doubt made their objections and had it countermanded; the motive was that we were strangers, and introduced into the country without authorization. The country is still, moreover, in a political upheaval which may cause us trouble. I am more the butt of it than F. Patrick because of my position. We will not tire of doing the good that we can, and as much as we can: the good God will arrange the rest.

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### A TRIP TO ARIZONA

The following letter was written at Gold Hill, Nevada, July 26, 1872 and published in the Jefferson County Journal of Adams, Jefferson County, New York. The writer, a young teacher, came to Nevada in 1870. There she taught a while then went to Southern California and taught near San Diego. In 1872 she taught in Arizona being among the first women to teach in the then new Territory.

At that early date the only way to reach Southern California and Arizona from San Francisco was by steamer or stage. The only railroad in Southern California was the one connecting San Pedro and Los Angeles. Virginia City, the great mining camp on the Comstock Lode of Nevada, was then a far more important city than Los Angeles. The position of San Francisco as the center of the entire West Coast is brought out in this letter. In 1870 the population of San Diego was less than 2,500 and that of Arizona less than 10,000.

FRANK ROLFE

Editors Journal:—By far the easiest and most agreeable way of getting to Arizona from the world [San Francisco] is to take the steamer Newbern at San Francisco. It makes a monthly trip to the mouth of the Colorado River. You have an ocean voyage of twelve days, pretty good accommodations, an opportunity to see the outlines of most of the coast of lower California and most of Mexico, and usually some good company, for as the Newbern has a government transportation contract, all military and other government officials travel with her.

The Colorado River is a great stream for a desert country. It is formed by the confluence of the Grand and the Green, as we learned from our geographies, and as we have since



learned by observation, (the union of the Grand and the Green sometimes results in a power that is not practical.) The Colorado hides beneath its muddy waves sandbars changing their locality every day and making the most experienced river captain "tie up" at night.

At Port Isabel, at the mouth of the Colorado, you leave the Newbern and take a river steamer. The trip of 140 miles up the river to Arizona City is a little slow and tiresome. The steamers are small on account of the sandbars and the extremely low water in winter. At Port Isabel they have, with one or two exceptions, the highest tide in the world, and you may experience the novelty of going to sleep on board, with only a view of the water and banks, and find when you awake, that although the vessel is anchored in the same place, you can have a wide view of the country.

If you have never visited Lower California, it is best to make the trip only one way, by the Newbern. You may come overland by railroad to Gilroy and stop at the hot springs, and then by stage to Los Angeles and San Diego. There is not much [words lost] stage ride down the coast interesting excepting the towns, and if you take the steamer from San Francisco to San Diego and stop off one trip at Santa Barbara, and another at Los Angeles, you will probably please yourself better.

Santa Barbara has been called one of the gardens of California and has become one of the most favored of health resorts, its climate doing wonders for the lungs of the consumptive. All manner of fruits excepting oranges and lemons are raised without irrigation. It has a sleepy Spanish population, yet enough American element to form a pleasant society, while at all seasons there is a throng of health and pleasure seekers. I do not know that its climate is better than in some portions of San Diego County but the surroundings are more cheering.

You leave the ocean steamer and take a small steamer to make the port of San Pedro. It connects with the cars and a short ride brings you to Los Angeles. More Spaniards, more gardens and the orange groves of California. Here you may luxuriate in all the fruitage and flowers of the tropics.

Los Angeles is yet ashamed of the massacre of the Chinamen, but it was really a riot of the roughs, with which the citizens had no sympathy.

From Los Angeles you may take stage to San Bernardino thence to Ehrenberg and you are in Arizona. You would have a pleasant ride to San Bernardino, see a queer pretty town and lots of Mormons, but having seen it had better return to Los Angeles, for between you and the Colorado lie 300 miles of desert travel, and more than likely there are no covered stages running. So take the steamer the third time, and within fifteen hours you see the waves dashing over the rocks of False Bay, you see the light house of Point Lema (Loma), and presently you are riding on the Most Beautiful Harbor in the World. San Diegans live on their climate, their harbor, and the coming of the R. R. Their harbor is certainly the perfection of harbors—land locked and calm as a sheltered lake. All it lacks are the white winged fleets, and they are not here. No finer site for a city could have been selected. A climate that does not vary ten degrees the year around and is always near 55°. A soil, that with proper irrigation, will give you all the fruits of the tropics; what is wanting? San Diego sits by her beautiful harbor that opens into the largest ocean on the globe, and says, "Give me water or I cannot live."

All California has suffered from drought. Last winter gave promise of a wet season, and the farmers put all they owned and many of them more into the ground, looking for an abundant harvest. It did rain, too much in many places, but in San Diego Co., the skies were cloudless and every day like your balmiest June days. Just enough rain fell to carpet the hills and make the valleys arable so that nothing should hinder putting in the seed; just enough to start the wheat nicely, and make the farmers who came to this land of promise two or three or four years ago, and have been repeating this gloomy experience every year, sure that this year would cover all former loses, and then the rain ceased. It came within a few miles of them, but all the beautiful valleys about San Diego were unvisited. I spent the winter of 1871-72 in San Diego and cannot imagine weather more delightful.

Four years ago New San Diego was only a military post, and Old San Diego the sleepest of old Spanish towns as it is now. The prospect of a railroad that should take the China trade across the southern part of the U. S., the natural advantages of the place, and finally the rich gold discoveries where Julias [Julian?] city now is, induced many to come here, and in a few months New San Diego became a busy city.

One of the finest Court houses and one of the finest Hotels outside of San Francisco, and many other fine buildings were erected. All the business of a busy city was commenced, for there was certain to be a large city here as soon as the R. R. was commenced, and that was to be in thirty days you know. Many, after many months of waiting and steady decline in real estate, have lost faith and gone. Many others who came in feeble health and now find themselves strong wait on. At last surveyors have arrived and work is to be commenced during the present year. Yes, verily, and comfort for the weary waiting ones, twenty-five miles to be built every year, which will compel the Co. to complete the road to Fort Yuma within *eight years*.

As there is nothing but mountains and desert between the two places and the railroad will amount to nothing practical until it touches this point, our friends look rather blue. The attempt of the Central Pacific to possess themselves of Goat Island, to compel San Francisco to give them the site, upon which to build her rival, has started the people into a recognition of the giant monopoly that they have been feeding by renewed concessions, until it owns and claims almost all possible R. R. entrances to San Francisco. Now the famous committee of one hundred are holding nightly meetings, and making an effort to have a R. R. run down to a junction with the Atlantic and Pacific road, or do "anything" to beat the C. P. R. R. But a part of them have been bought by the C. P. R. R. and the rest quarrel every day.

San Diego is not a good place to make money but it is a very pleasant place to get rid of it. Railroad or not, it will undoubtedly be a favorite winter resort for all who like fair



skies, and the permanent home of many who came for health and found it.

The stage route from San Diego to Arizona city [words lost] south of the proposed Texas Pacific [words lost] near the 32 parallel, most of it [words lost] California. The first hundred [words lost] you beyond the valley about San Diego and over the mountains. After you have left San Diego, a few miles beyond you pass no towns or hamlets, and no ranches except a few in Milquitay valley. No one lives on the route excepting the station keepers and now and then a transitory Mexican family. The insurrection in Mexico has rendered outlawry common, and travel hazardous on all its borders, but our trip was made in safety with only an occasional glimpse of a company of Mexicans, well mounted who were probably returning from an expedition commenced on foot. Down the western(?) side of the mountain is a well constructed grade of three miles, winding around its almost perpendicular sides, revealing a new view of the desert with every curve.

It is a hundred miles across the desert. A large part of it is below the level of the sea, and supposed to have been once connected with the sea. Over some portions of it there is a liberal growth of the mezquite, or gum arabic tree, and a few cottonwoods. Besides this we find a coarse kind of bunch grass, which is sometimes used for hay for want of better. Many and curious varieties of cactus abound, one kind which grows to the height of ten or twelve feet bears on its very top a flaming red flower, and growing in groups, looks at a little distance like a group of savages with bright colors flying. Sand storms are frequent, and although there is enough of interest to reward the traveler for once crossing it, it is a wearisome journey that he will not care to repeat.

FRANC V. BISHOP.























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